



lemire sorrentino stewart

GIDEON FALLS™

book I. the legend of the black barn



GIDEON FALLS THE LEGEND OF THE BLACK BARN



GIDEON FALLS

DELUXE EDITION BOOK ONE

THE LEGEND OF THE BLACK BARN

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A film producer once told me that the great movies—the classics that stand the test of time—happen as if by magic, emerging from the perfect combination of director, writer, cast and crew. And, of course, one other vital ingredient: an idea, a creative concept that sparks into flame when the right talents assemble. Under these rare conditions, he said, miracles happen.

Comic books, like film and television, evolve from the same kind of collaborative spirit. Writers, illustrators, colorists (and others) come together to create a unique kind of art. Sometimes, when the talent and ideas are just right, magic happens here as well.

Which brings us to GIDEON FALLS.

Jeff Lemire and Andrea Sorrentino are magicians. Together they have conjured a graphic novel that so wondrously and fearlessly embraces its medium that it ultimately transcends it. Like all great magicians, these creators know their craft. They know how to entrance an audience, know how to keep them guessing. They have, in these pages, expertly cast a spell. GIDEON FALLS is their evocation.

Or, to put it more plainly: It's a great read and fun to look at it! But, here's the deal—after you're done reading it and after you're done looking at it, you'll still be thinking about it. GIDEON FALLS stays with you.

GIDEON FALLS has been called a horror comic but that label is restrictive; it reduces the story to one basic genre. Granted, there is a grisly murder in the first chapter; yes, demonic images recur throughout; and, certainly, a central component of the story is the spectral, looming presence of a haunted building—the Black Barn. But GIDEON FALLS is more than horror. The closer we examine it the more we see that it defies easy labels, does not fall neatly into one particular genre. It is horror, yes, but it is also a mystery (with a hint of science fiction and a dollop of noir thrown in for good measure). There are puzzles in these pages, puzzles that the reader (along with the characters) must decipher in order to understand a deeper backstory.

GIDEON FALLS reminds me of *Twin Peaks*, the phantasmagoric televisual narrative brought to life by David Lynch and Mark Frost. *Twin Peaks* also defied genre. When it premiered it was described as a mystery (disguised as a soap opera) but over time its story expanded into cosmological territory, addressing themes of time and space, duality and identity. *Twin Peaks* was—and is—a heady mix of science fiction and Eastern mysticism; it is one of those filmic miracles mentioned above—a masterwork that stays with you long after you've watched it.

Twin Peaks is another thing: it is a potent influence on GIDEON FALLS. The parallels between the works are not coincidences; Jeff Lemire is an admitted *Twin Peaks* fanatic and it is easy to see how he drew inspiration from *Peaks* when crafting FALLS.

Examples abound: Father Wilfred Quinn's assignment to a remote parish is similar to Agent Dale Cooper's mission to the isolated town of *Twin Peaks*. The Ploughmen—a secret society pledged to protect its rural community—mirror Twin Peaks' Bookhouse Boys, local men who combat “evil in the woods.” Most strikingly, the dreadful manifestation of the Black Barn recalls the mysterious, otherworldly realm of the Black Lodge, a dimensional rift near Twin Peaks that has the power to “totally annihilate your soul.”

With its nuance and complexity *Twin Peaks* asked much of its audience. So does GIDEON FALLS. The book challenges us to pay attention, to participate in making sense of the narrative. Close readings reveal many of its pleasures, and if we slow down to really look at it we see how beautiful and intricate it is. Lemire and Sorrentino have painstakingly established a fully realized world, one they reveal to us, carefully and deliberately, as the story progresses.

And it's how the story is conveyed in GIDEON FALLS that makes it such a delight. As you read, you notice all manner of ingenious visual devices employed within the narrative. In some places, panels and pages are inverted, a technique that illustrates the psychology of Norton and establishes a link, of sorts, with Father Wilfred, whose story runs parallel (sometimes literally) with Norton's. Pages are “torn” away to reveal a dark red void underneath, hinting at something ominous and pervasive. Later, panels tumble and fall “off” the page as Dr. Angie Xu's world shifts radically around her. And—in one exceptional sequence—panels overlap like Venn diagrams, cleverly cementing connections between various plotlines and characters.

Andrea Sorrentino knows how each panel works on the larger canvas of the page; Lemire and Sorrentino together know how each page works in the larger context of the book. And let's make special note of Dave Stewart's coloring, which adds extra dimension to the presentation. Stewart fluidly moves the action across the page, something made strikingly evident in the Venn diagram sequence mentioned above.

GIDEON FALLS is an example of what makes graphic novels so thrilling. Its creators have crafted a kaleidoscopic and captivating tale of dark secrets, troubled characters and supernatural forces. Lemire, Sorrentino and Stewart take full advantage of their medium and tell a story that plays to the power of comic books.

Like *Twin Peaks* and other great works of magic, GIDEON FALLS will haunt your dreams.

Turn the page and become part of it.

John Thorn

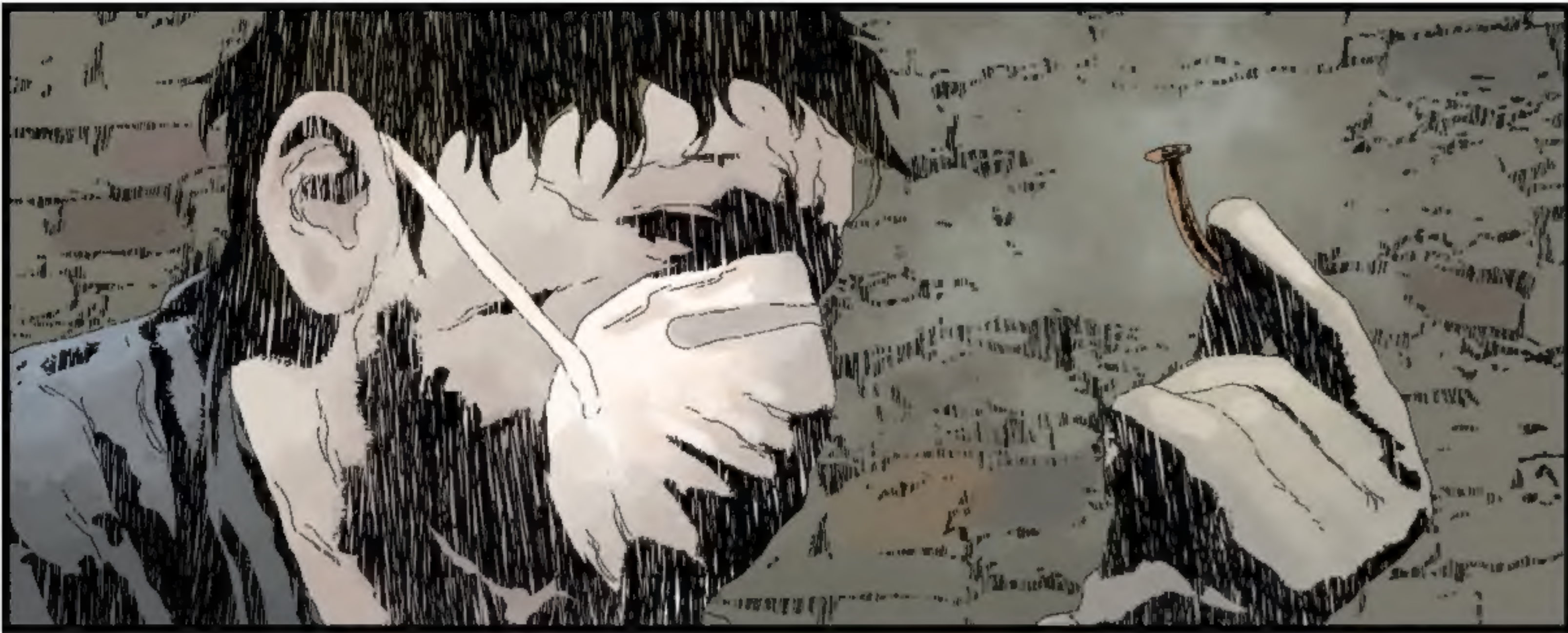
Editor, *The Blue Rose Magazine*.

Author, *The Essential Wrapped In Plastic: Pathways To Twin Peaks*



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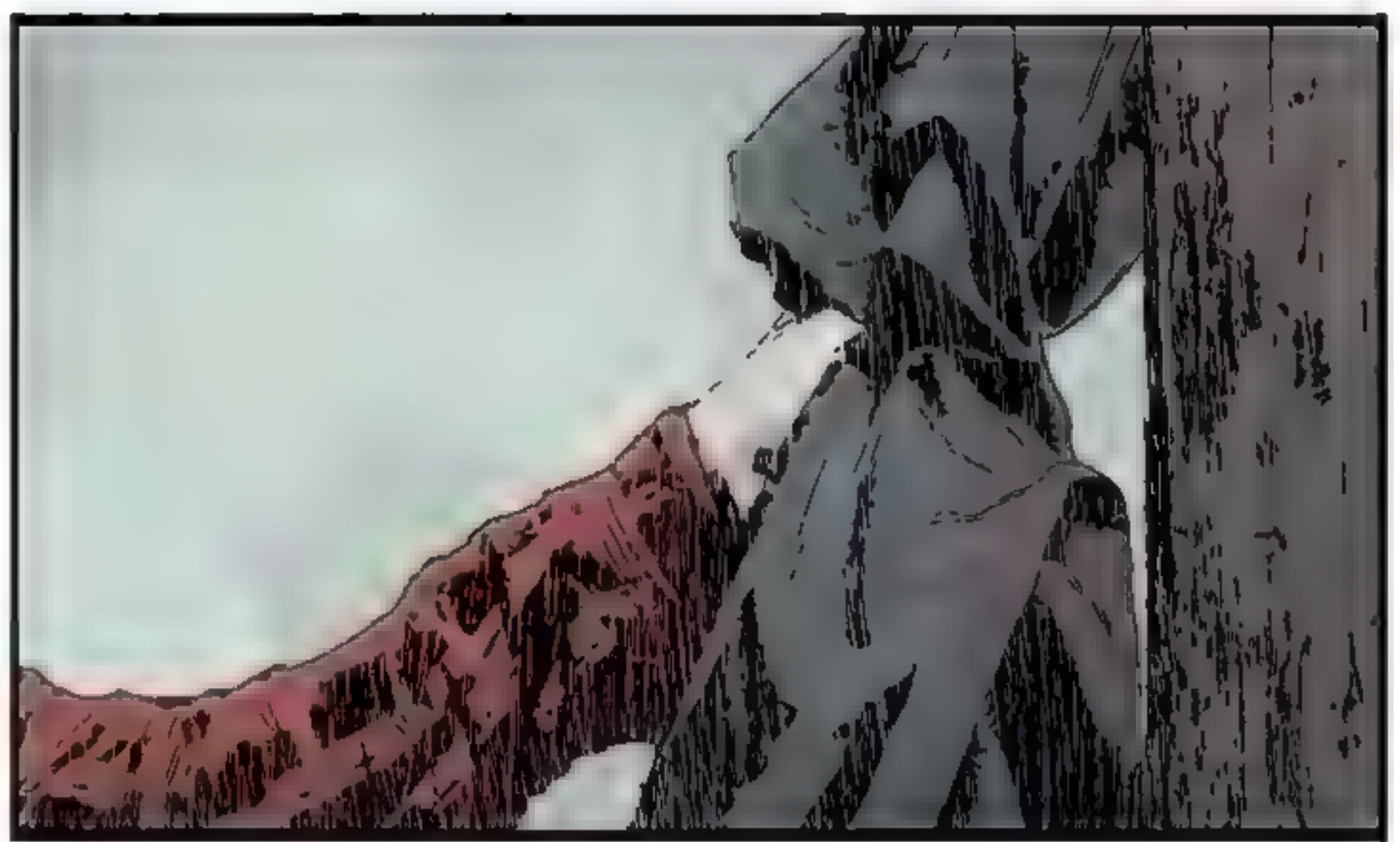


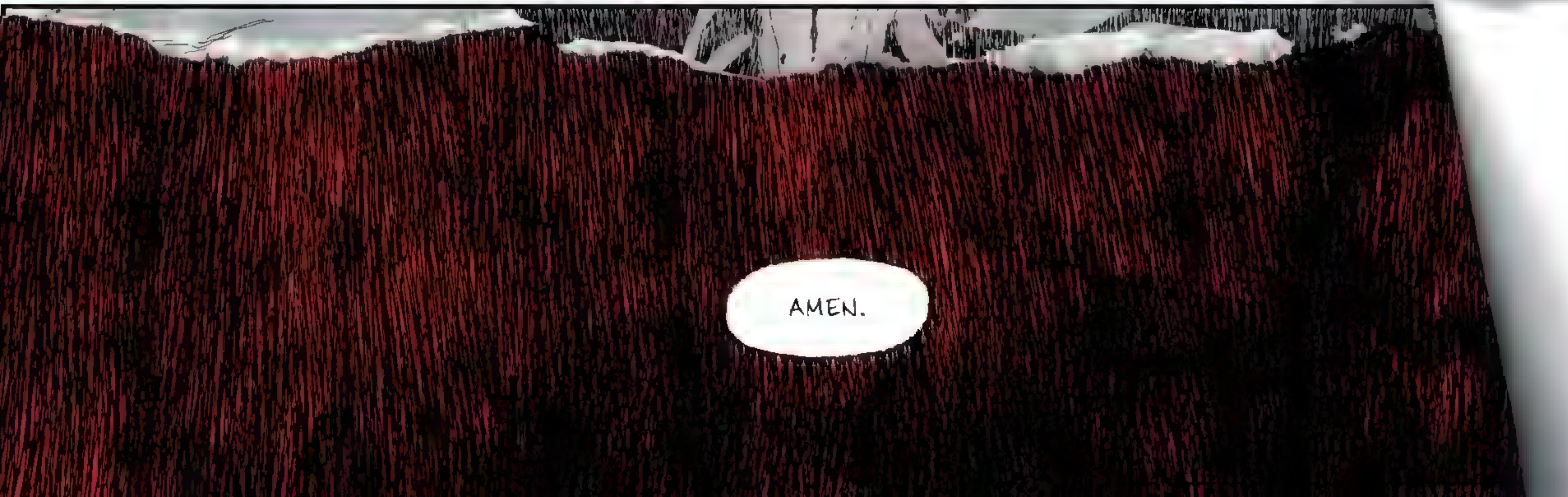
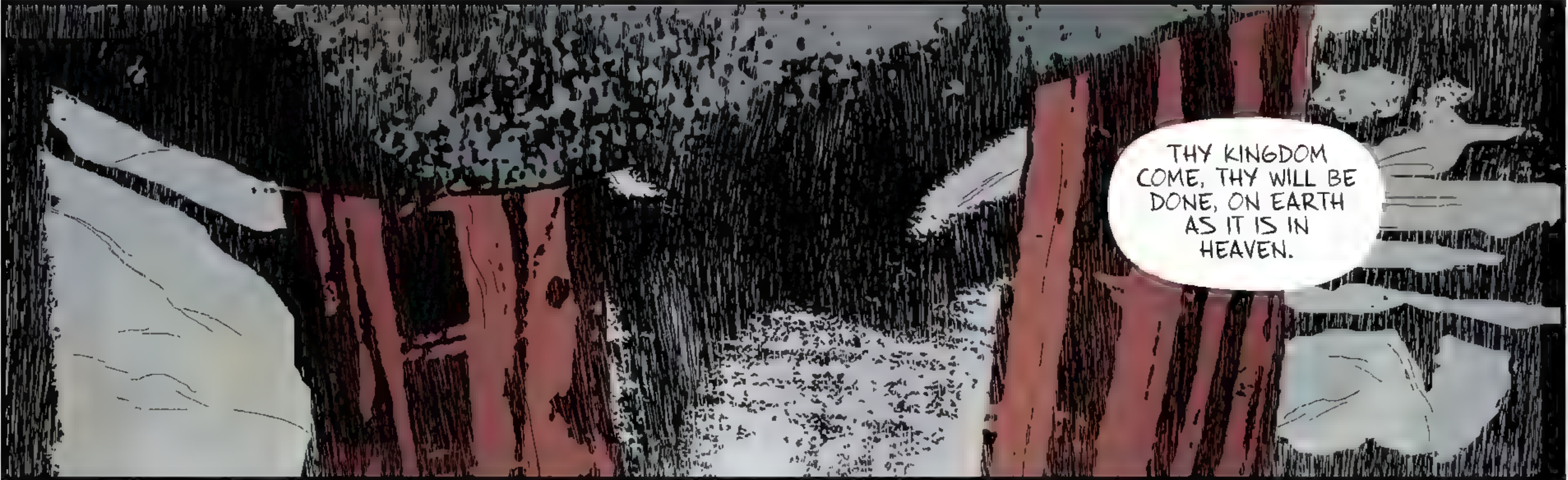




OH...







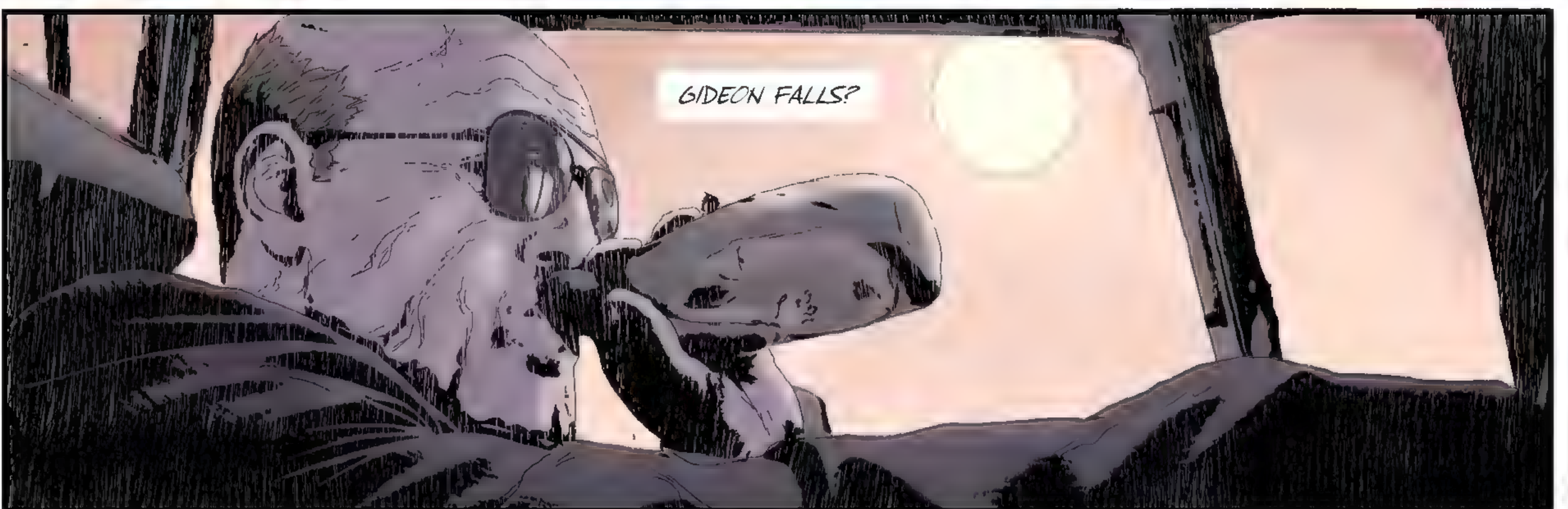
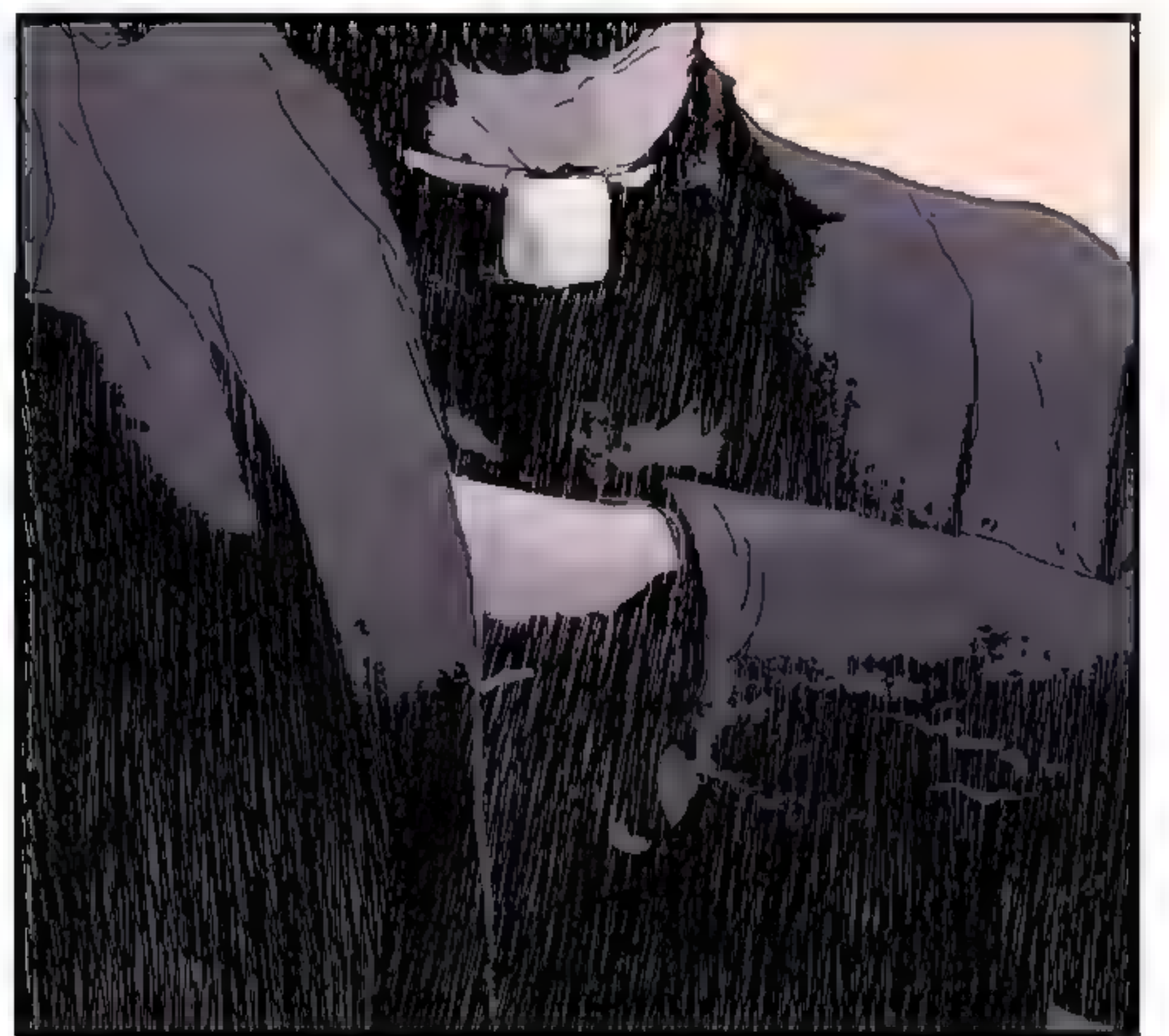
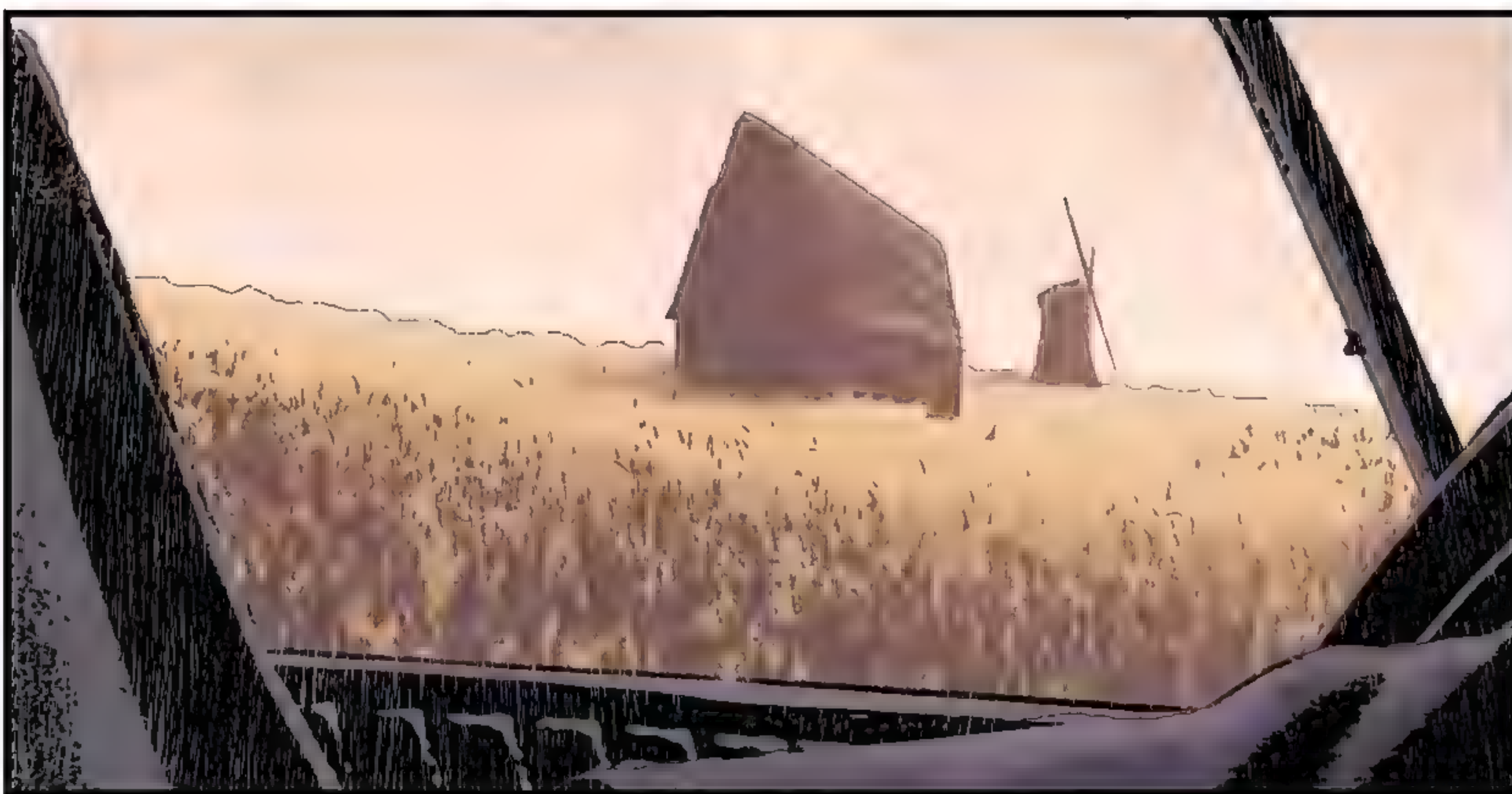
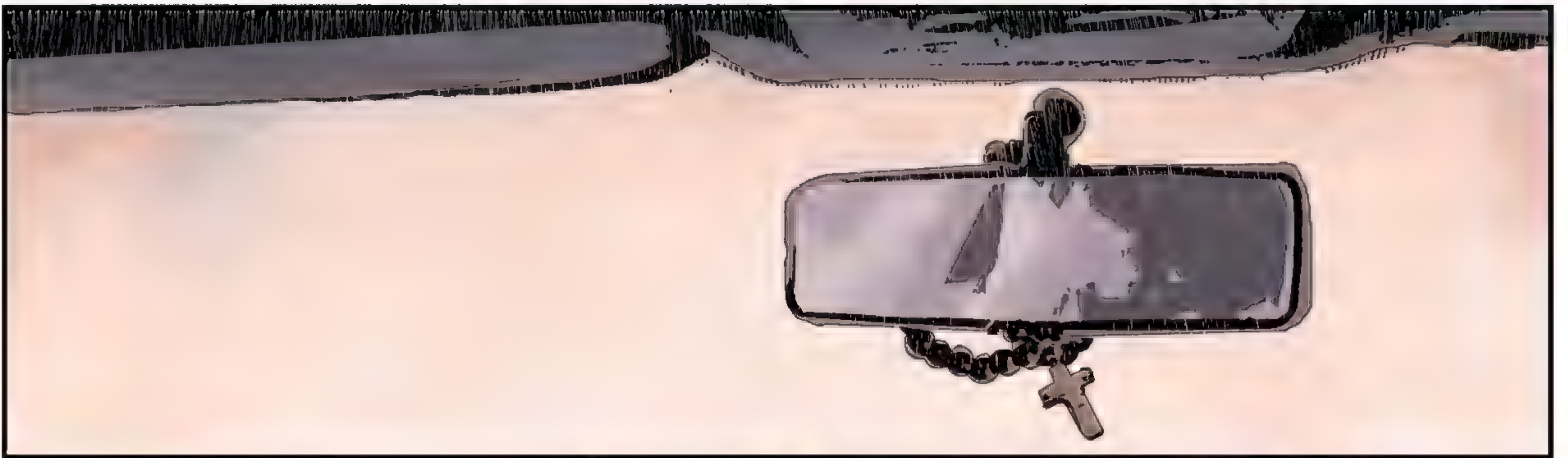
Jeff Lemire
Andrea Sorrentino

with colors by:
Dave Stewart

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Steve Wands

and edited by:
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GIDEON FALLS





THAT'S RIGHT, WILFRED. IT'S A NICE LITTLE TOWN. QUIET. I THINK, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, IT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED RIGHT NOW.

ALL DUE RESPECT, BISHOP, BUT QUIET IS NOT WHAT I NEED RIGHT NOW. IDLE HANDS AND ALL THAT.



"I TRUST YOU TO FIND SOMETHING PRODUCTIVE TO KEEP YOU BUSY, WILFRED.

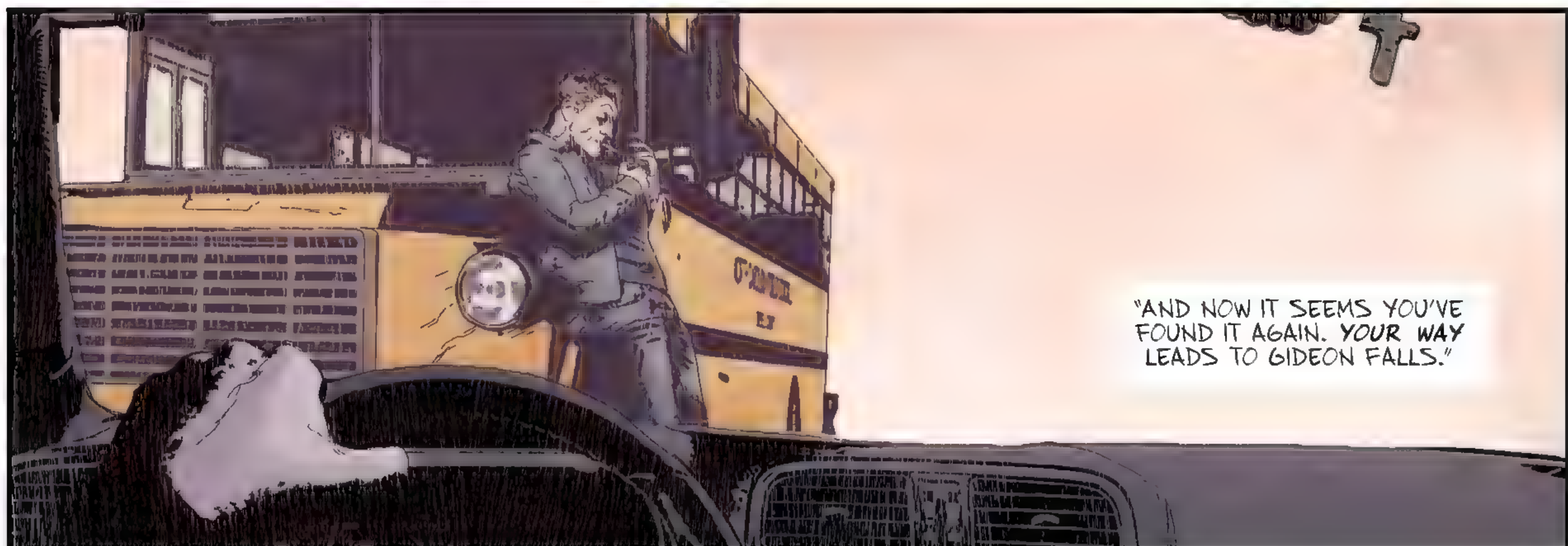
"ITS PREVIOUS PASTOR OF MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS, FATHER TOM CHASELY, JUST PASSED AWAY. GIDEON FALLS NEEDS YOU."



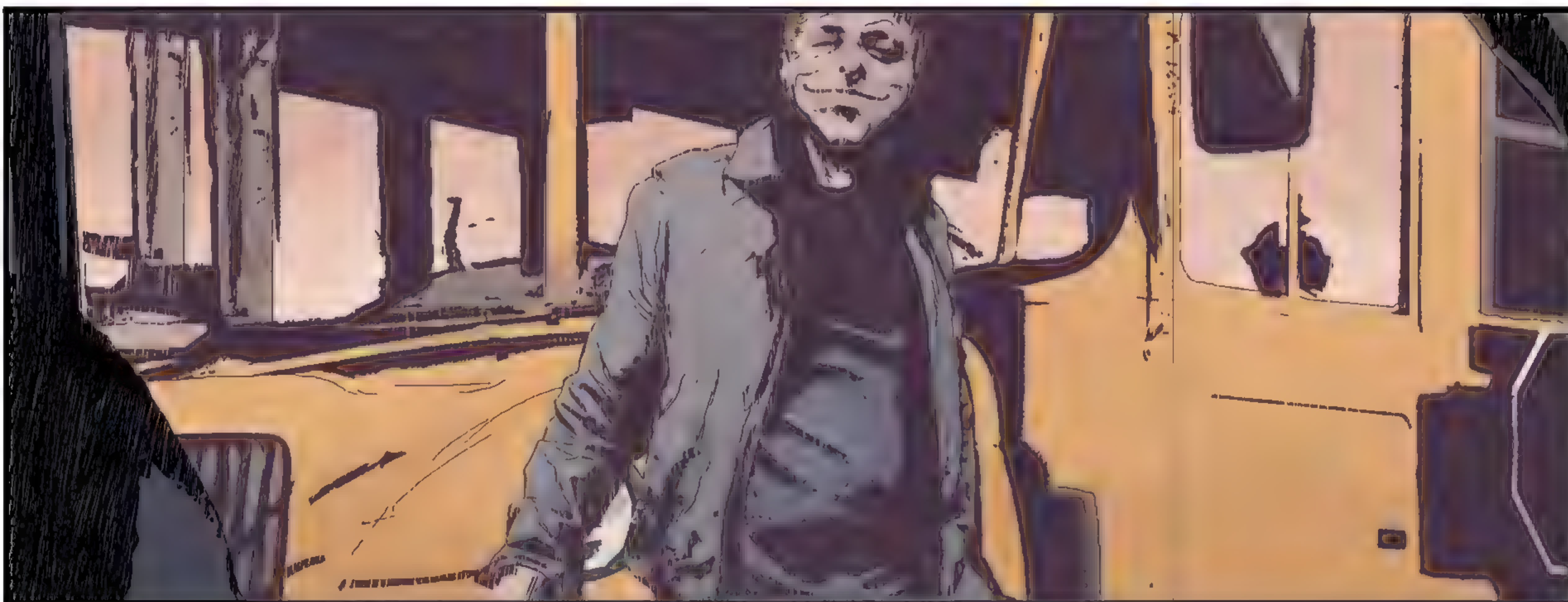
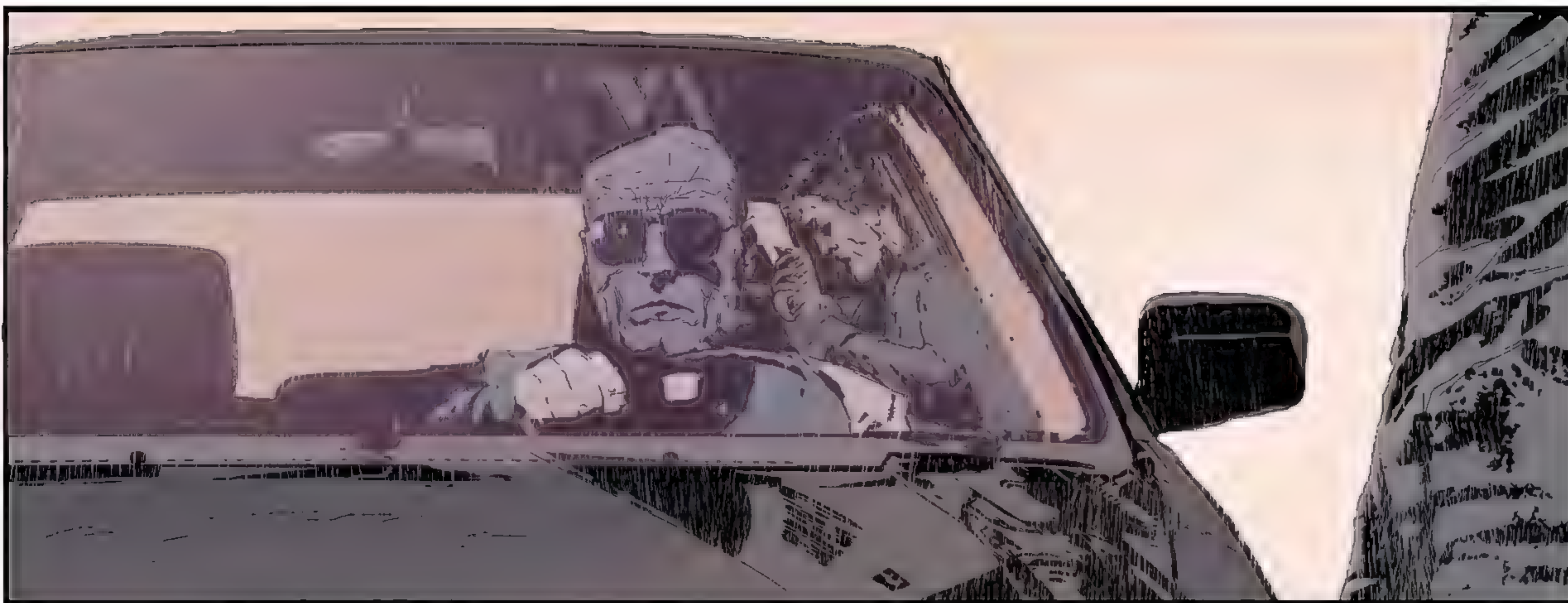
SURELY THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE YOU CAN SEND? I'M FINALLY SETTLING IN HERE AT THE SEMINARY. TEACHING HAS BEEN GOOD FOR ME.

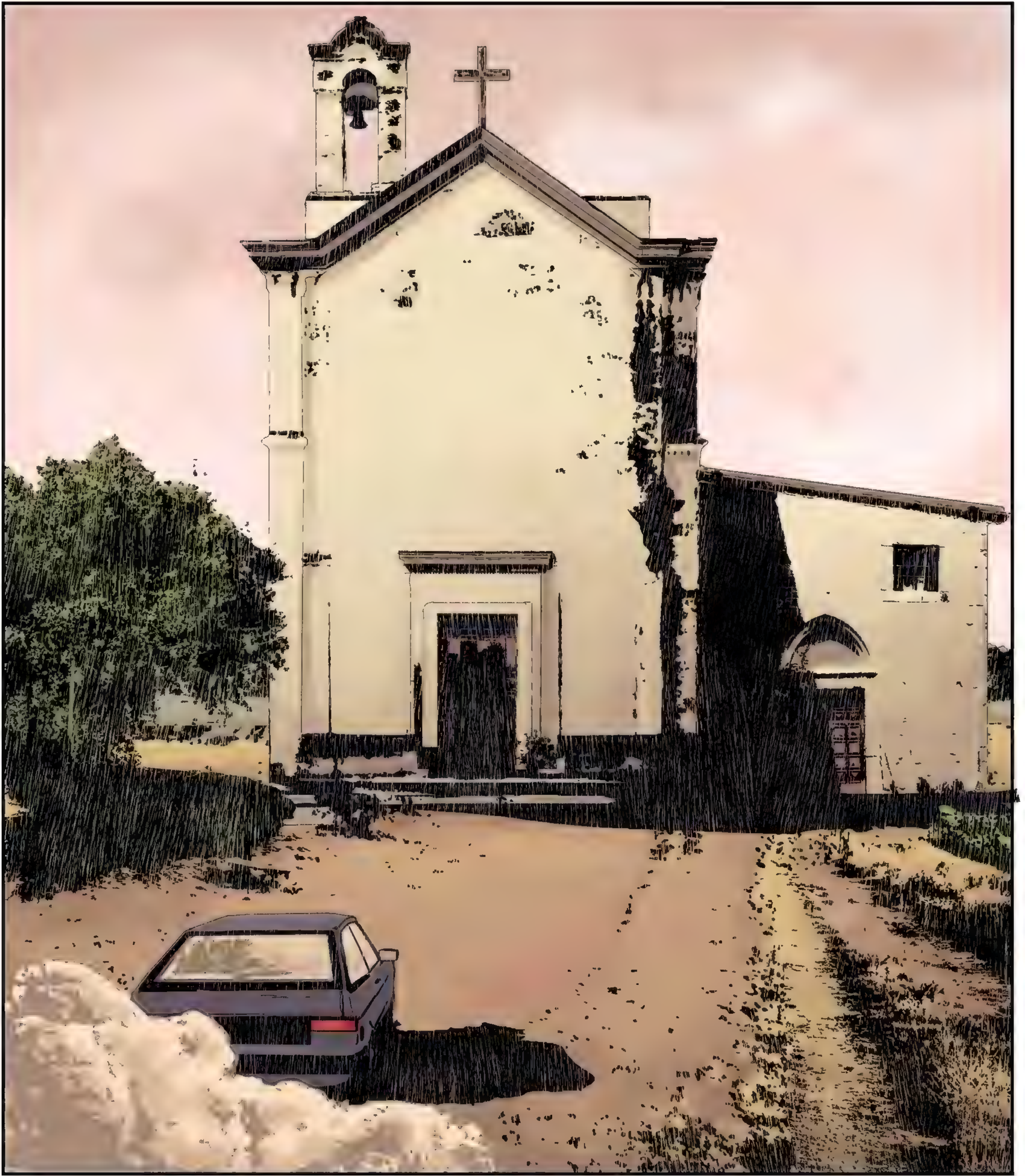
I HAVE A LOT OF MEN WHO CAN TEACH, FRED. I NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN LEAD. THAT TOWN IS FLOUNDERING WITHOUT TOM.

I'M NO LEADER. WE BOTH KNOW WHY I CAME BACK HERE. I LOST MY WAY, BISHOP.



"AND NOW IT SEEMS YOU'VE FOUND IT AGAIN. YOUR WAY LEADS TO GIDEON FALLS."

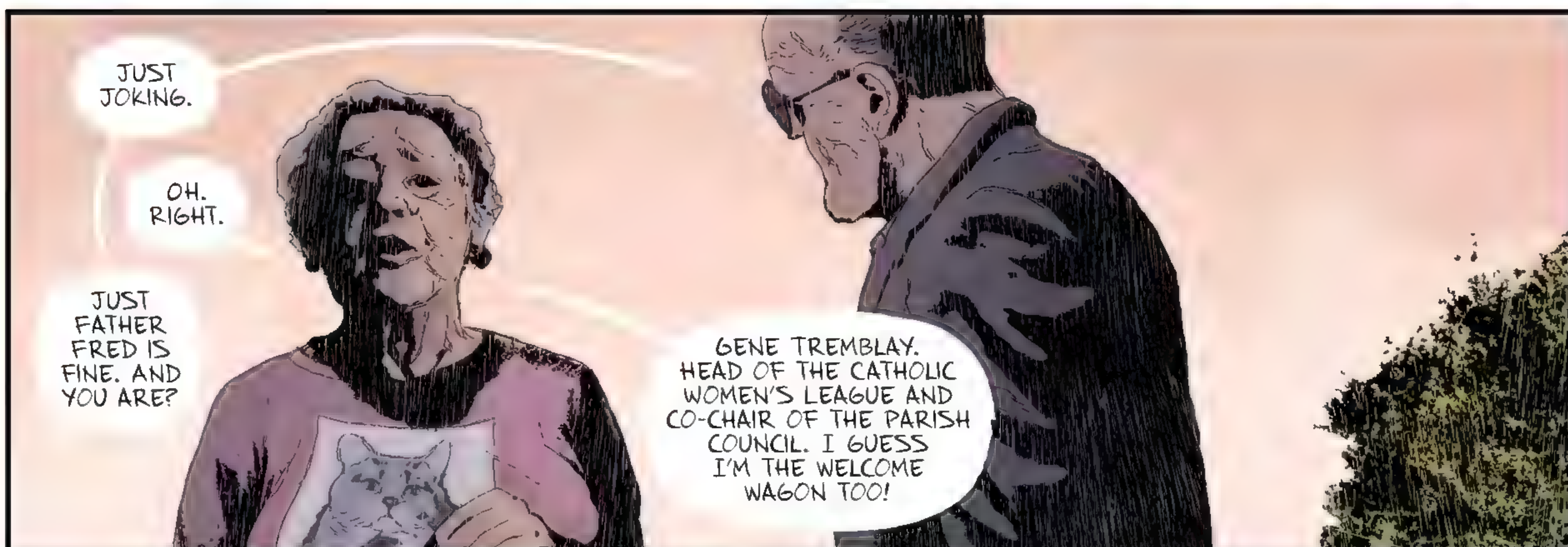






WHAT
GAVE ME
AWAY?

THE--THE
CLOTHES.



JUST
JOKING.

OH.
RIGHT.

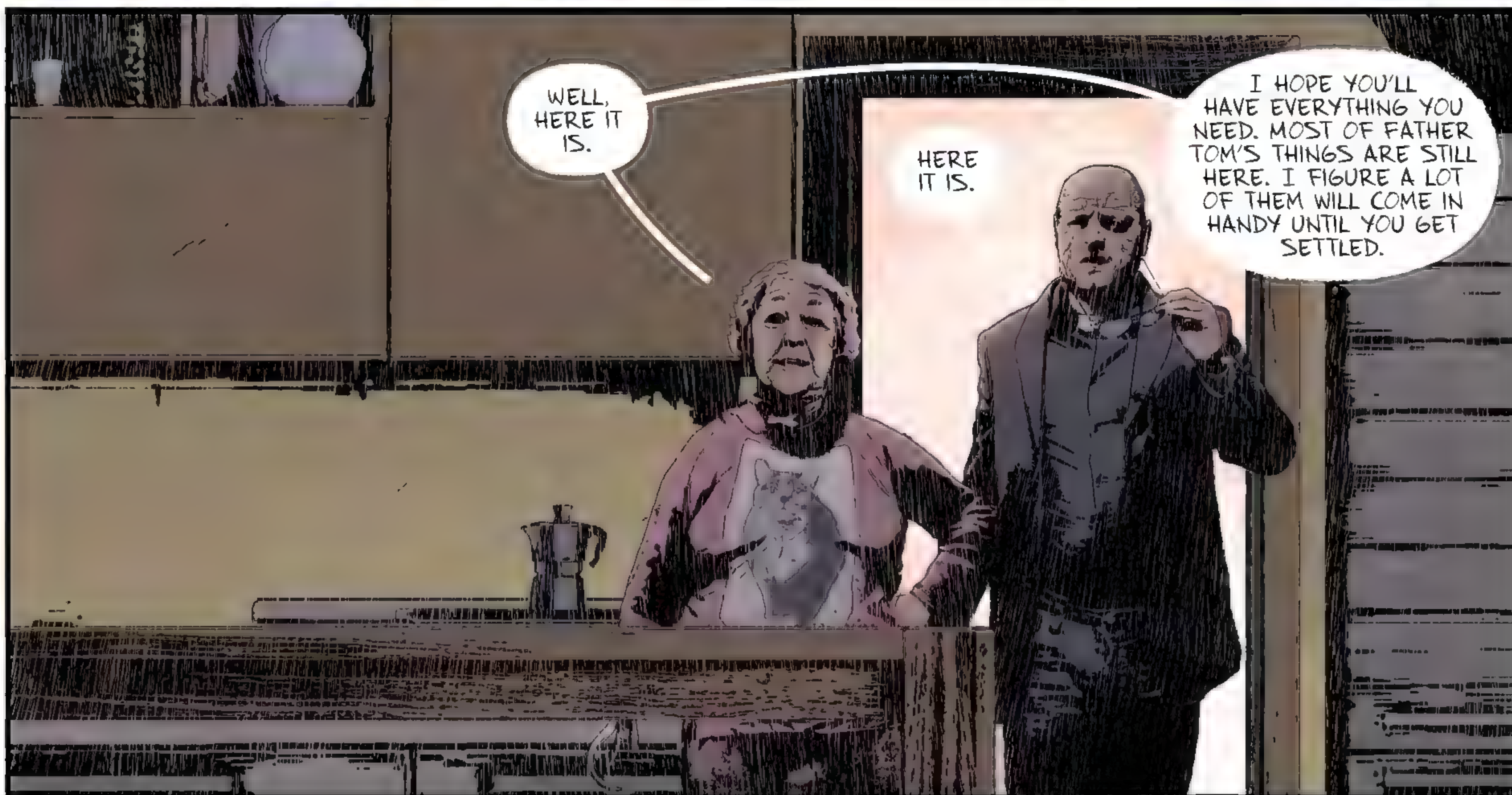
JUST
FATHER
FRED IS
FINE. AND
YOU ARE?

GENE TREMBLAY.
HEAD OF THE CATHOLIC
WOMEN'S LEAGUE AND
CO-CHAIR OF THE PARISH
COUNCIL. I GUESS
I'M THE WELCOME
WAGON TOO!



HOPE YOU DON'T
MIND, I TOOK THE LIBERTY
OF UNLOCKING THE RECTORY
AND DOING A BIT OF
CLEANING BEFORE
YOU ARRIVED.

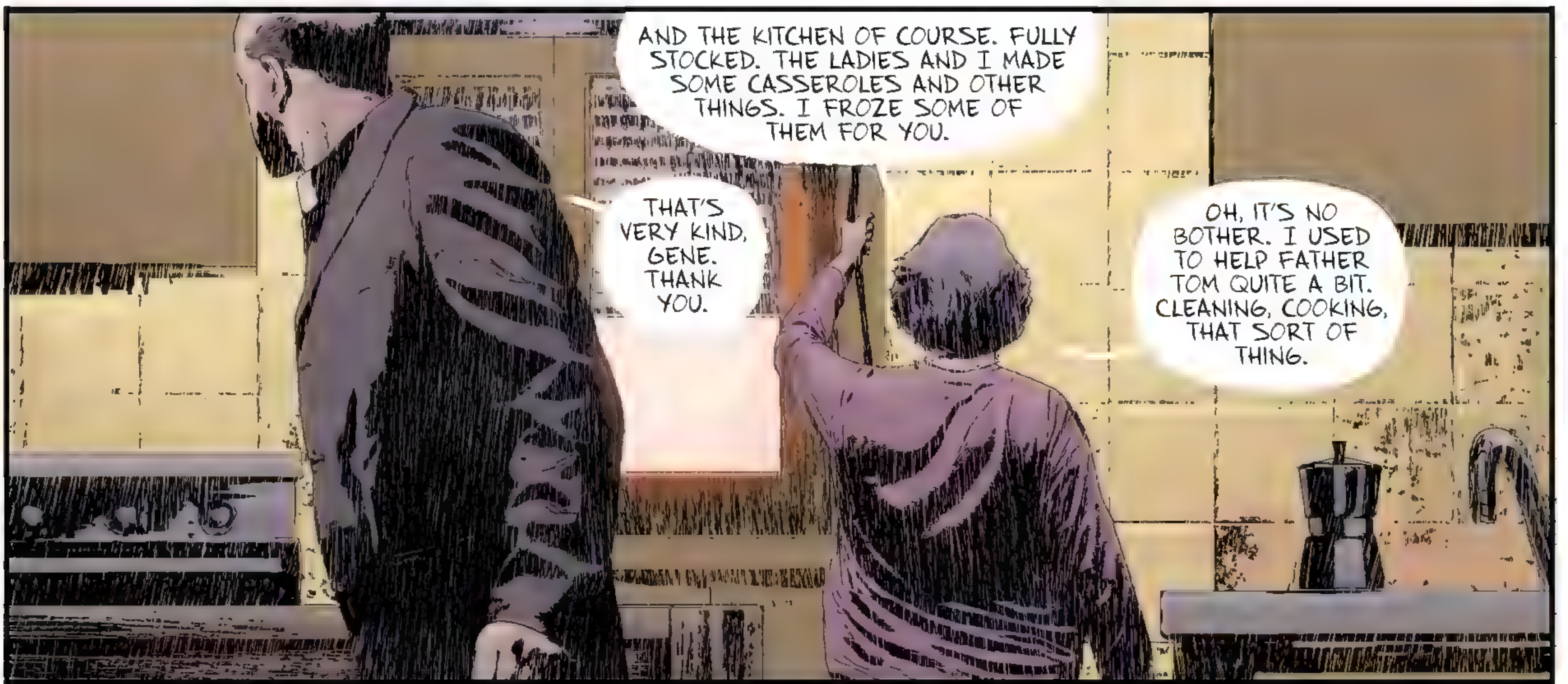
OH. THANK
YOU. THAT'S
VERY KIND.



WELL,
HERE IT
IS.

HERE
IT IS.

I HOPE YOU'LL
HAVE EVERYTHING YOU
NEED. MOST OF FATHER
TOM'S THINGS ARE STILL
HERE. I FIGURE A LOT
OF THEM WILL COME IN
HANDY UNTIL YOU GET
SETTLED.



AND THE KITCHEN OF COURSE. FULLY STOCKED. THE LADIES AND I MADE SOME CASSEROLES AND OTHER THINGS. I FROZE SOME OF THEM FOR YOU.

THAT'S VERY KIND, GENE. THANK YOU.

OH, IT'S NO BOTHER. I USED TO HELP FATHER TOM QUITE A BIT. CLEANING, COOKING, THAT SORT OF THING.



OH, LET ME TAKE YOUR BAG! I CAN SHOW YOU WHERE YOUR ROOM IS.

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M SURE I CAN MANAGE ON MY OWN. I'M UH, SORT OF USED TO BEING THE NEW GUY IN TOWN. I MOVE AROUND A LOT.



WELL, AT LEAST LET ME FIX YOU SOME LUNCH? YOU MUST BE FAMISHED.

NO, NO. I DON'T WANT TO TROUBLE YOU, MRS. TREMBLAY. I'LL BE FINE.

NO TROUBLE AT ALL!



WELL, I'M QUITE CAPABLE. BUT THANK YOU AGAIN, REALLY.

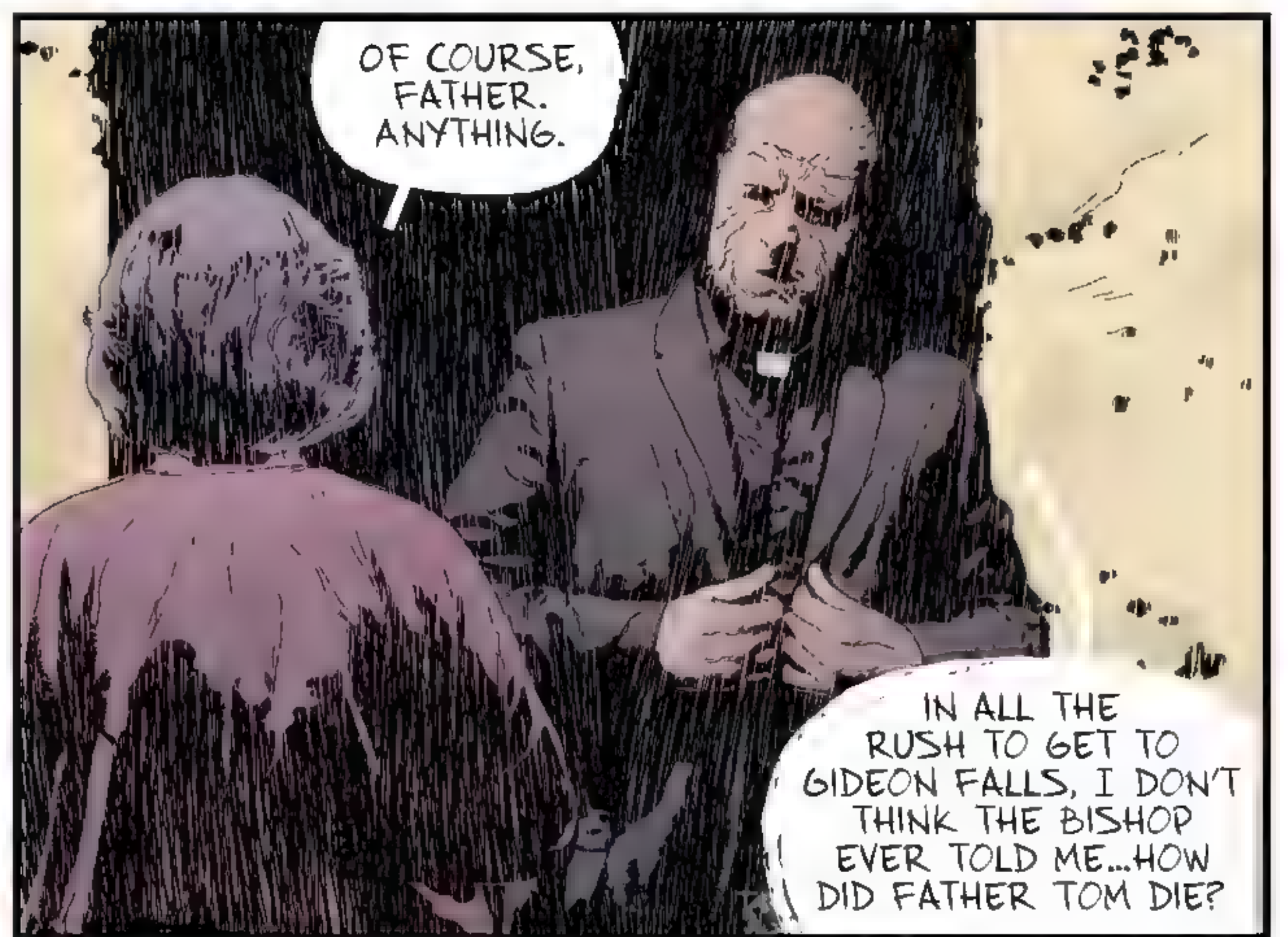
MAYBE A CUP OF TEA?

IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY, AND I THINK I MIGHT JUST LIE DOWN FOR A BIT. SOME OTHER TIME, MRS. TREMBLAY.

OH. OKAY. OF COURSE.

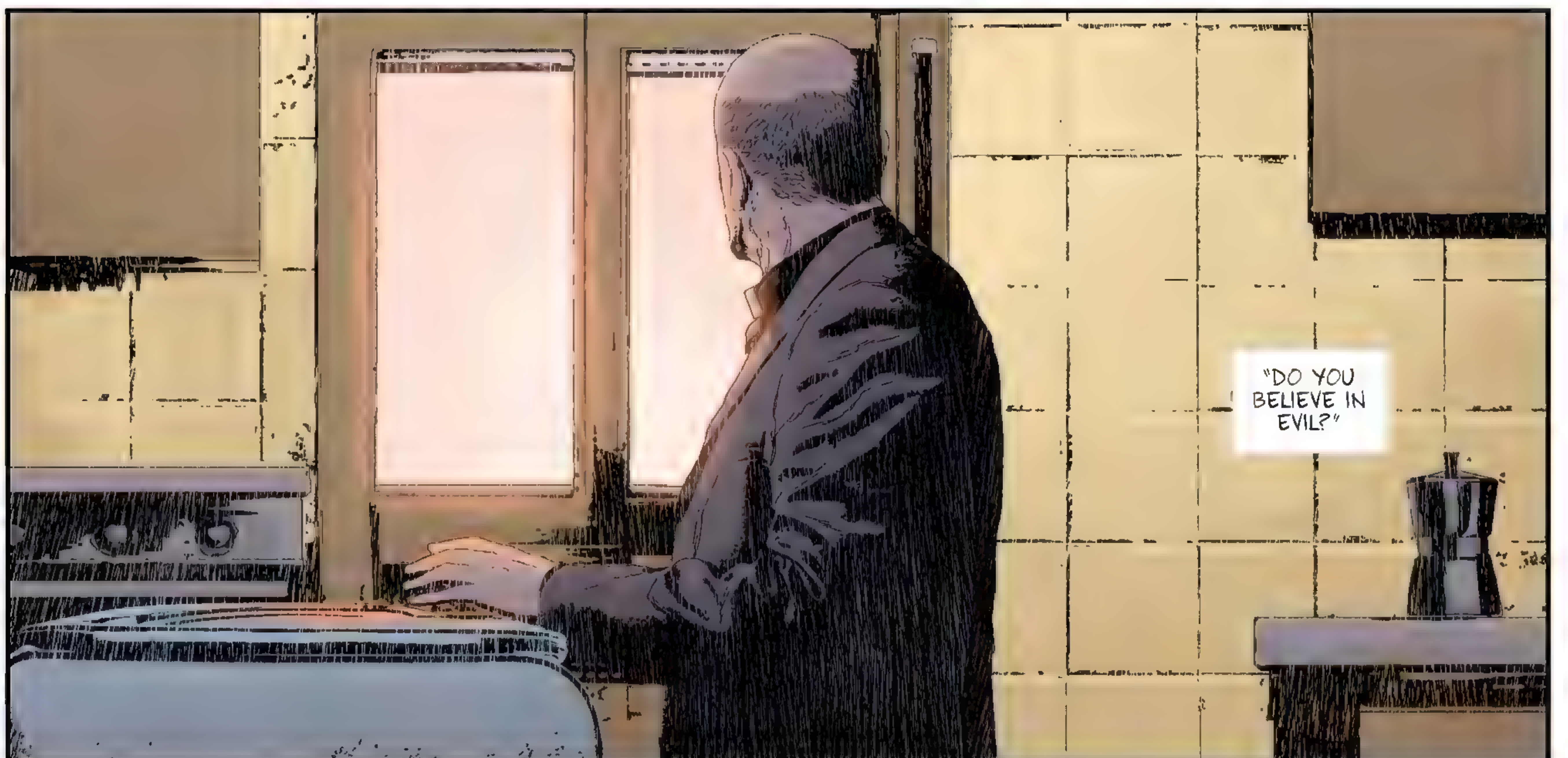


ACTUALLY, MRS. TREMBLAY-- THERE IS ONE THING.



OF COURSE, FATHER. ANYTHING.

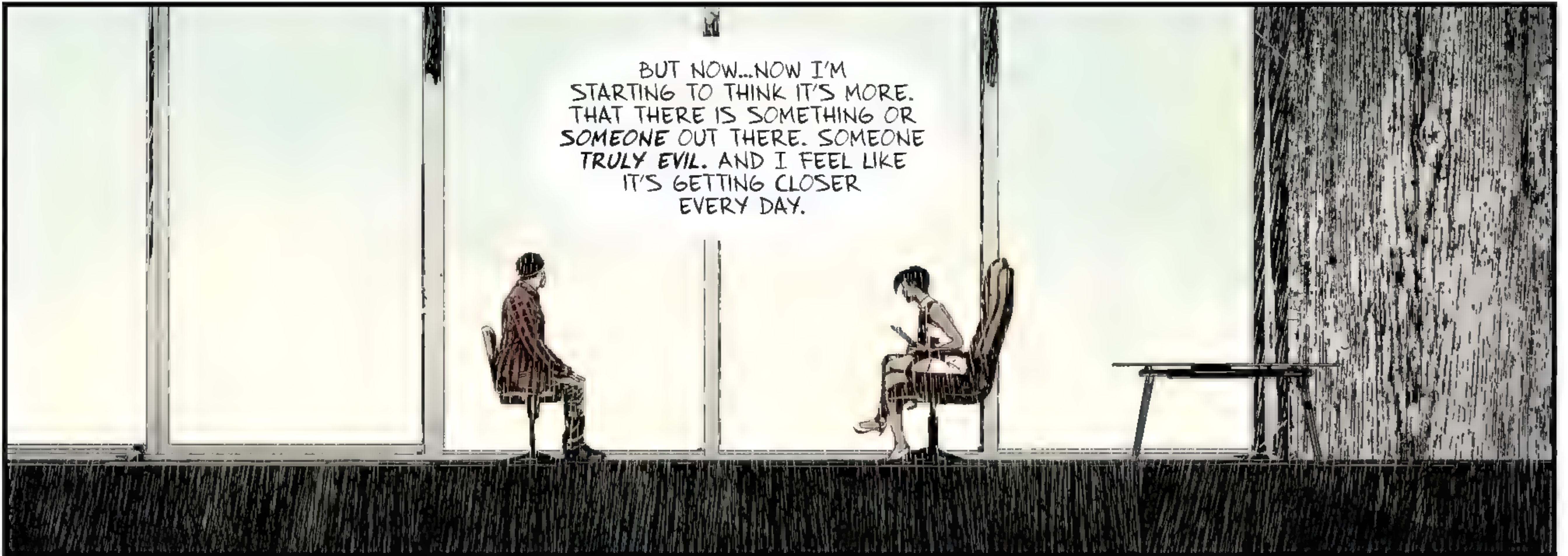
IN ALL THE RUSH TO GET TO GIDEON FALLS, I DON'T THINK THE BISHOP EVER TOLD ME...HOW DID FATHER TOM DIE?





...I DON'T
MEAN AS AN
ABSTRACT. I
MEAN *LITERAL*
EVIL. EVIL
INCARNATE.

I USED TO THINK
IT WAS LIKE AN ENERGY
OR SOMETHING. I COULD
FEEL IT FLOATING THERE,
HANGING JUST OVER THE
CITY, A WEIRD PRESSURE...
A DARKNESS WAITING
TO DESCEND.



BUT NOW...NOW I'M
STARTING TO THINK IT'S MORE.
THAT THERE IS SOMETHING OR
SOMEONE OUT THERE. SOMEONE
TRULY EVIL. AND I FEEL LIKE
IT'S GETTING CLOSER
EVERY DAY.

IS THIS...IS THIS ABOUT THE
GARBAGE AGAIN? YOU KNOW THAT
ISN'T REAL, RIGHT, NORTON? THIS
OBSESSION WITH HUNTING THROUGH
THE TRASH. IT'S *YOUR DISEASE*
TALKING, FINDING WAYS TO
EXPRESS ITSELF.

AND I'VE
TOLD YOU BEFORE,
DR. XU, I AM
NOT SICK.

NORTON, I
THOUGHT WE
WERE PAST THIS
OBSESSION.



I KNOW.
BUT IT'S
DIFFERENT
THIS TIME.



THE CITY'S
TRASH, IT'S
REALLY SHOWING
ME THINGS
NOW...



AT FIRST THE THINGS I FOUND IN THE DARKNESS WERE RANDOM. I KNEW THAT BUT I KNEW THEY WERE IMPORTANT. I JUST DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE.

I GREW MORE AND MORE FRUSTRATED BY THE SCATTERED NATURE OF THE THINGS THAT DREW MY ATTENTION. THAT'S WHEN I REALIZED I NEEDED TO BE THE ONE TO MAKE SENSE OF THEM. I NEEDED TO ORGANIZE THEM INTO A SYSTEM.

SO I STARTED LABELING THE THINGS I COLLECTED. I WAS REFERRING THEM AGAINST A MAP OF THE CITY AND I STARTED TO SEE PATTERNS. NOW I CAN BETTER ANTICIPATE WHERE TO FIND THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS.

THEY'RE SO MUCH MORE RARE THAN THE THINGS I'M LOOKING FOR. THEY SEEM TO COME FROM THE SAME SOURCE. ALL OF THEM. GLASS, NAILS.

BUT THE MORE OF THEM I FIND, THE CLOSER THE DARKNESS FEELS.

WHAT IF IT'S NOT GOD WHO'S SHOWING ME THESE THINGS? I'M SURE IT'S THE DEVIL.



I'M A
BUDDHIST,
NORTON. I DON'T
BELIEVE IN THE
DEVIL.



LOOK, NORTON,
I'M VERY WORRIED
ABOUT YOU. YOU HAD
BEEN DOING SO WELL,
MAKING SO MUCH
PROGRESS, AND NOW
THIS AGAIN.

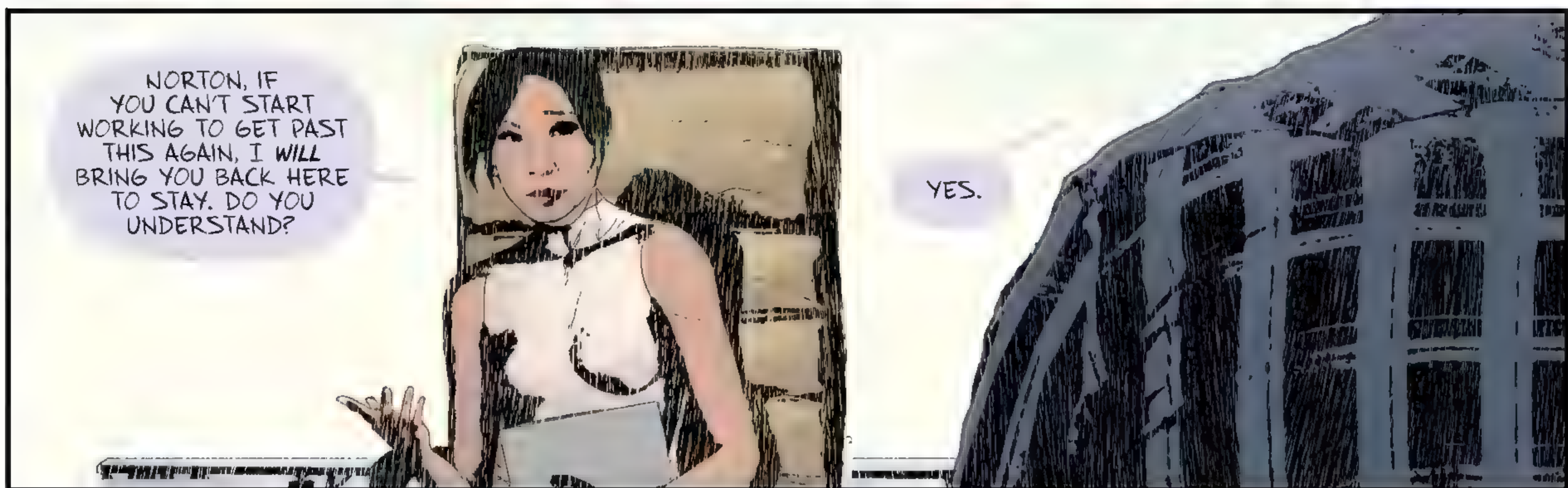
BUT--

NO, NORTON,
LET ME FINISH. YOU
KNOW THAT YOU WERE
FINALLY ALLOWED TO LEAVE
THE HOSPITAL AND LIVE ON
YOUR OWN BECAUSE YOU
WERE GETTING BETTER. AND
I'LL BE HONEST WITH YOU,
IF THE HOSPITAL STAFF
WASN'T ALREADY SO
STRETCHED, I'D SERIOUSLY
CONSIDER HAVING
YOU COMMITTED
AGAIN.



I DON'T WANT
TO COME BACK HERE.
I LIKE HAVING MY OWN
APARTMENT. I LIKE
BEING FREE.

I KNOW THAT.
AND I ALSO DON'T
THINK YOU'RE A
THREAT TO YOURSELF
OR ANYONE ELSE, WHICH
IS WHY I'M GOING TO
LET YOU STAY AS AN
OUTPATIENT...
FOR NOW.



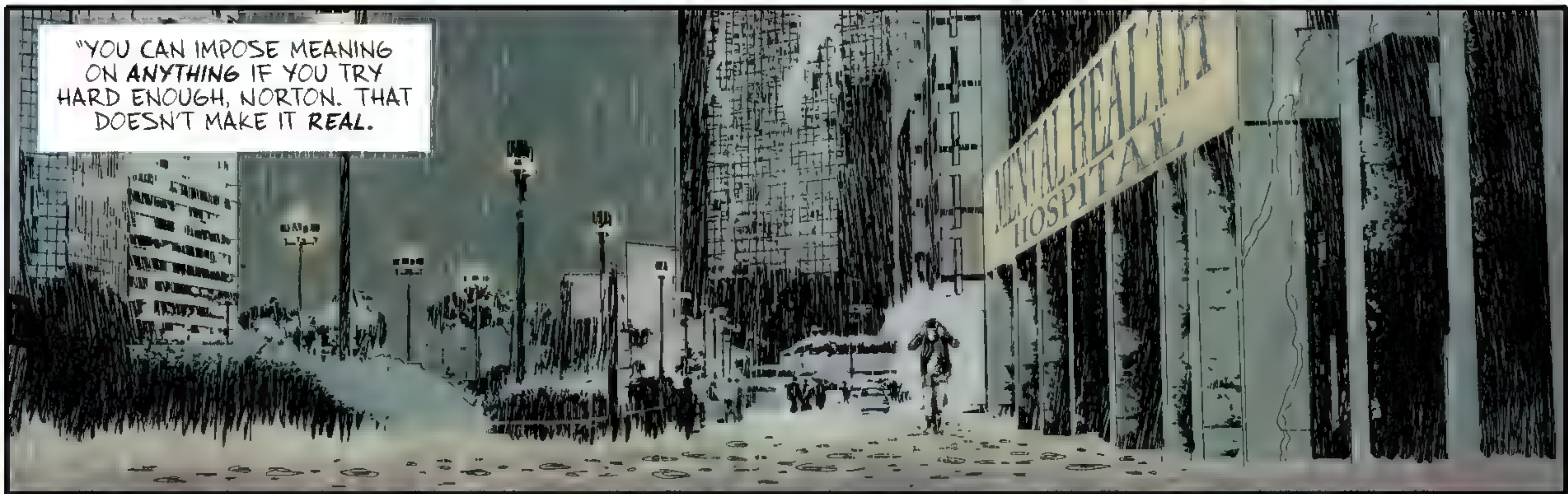
NORTON, IF
YOU CAN'T START
WORKING TO GET PAST
THIS AGAIN, I WILL
BRING YOU BACK HERE
TO STAY. DO YOU
UNDERSTAND?

YES.



NOW, DO YOU
REMEMBER THE
EXERCISES I GAVE
YOU? THE MEDITATION
TECHNIQUES?

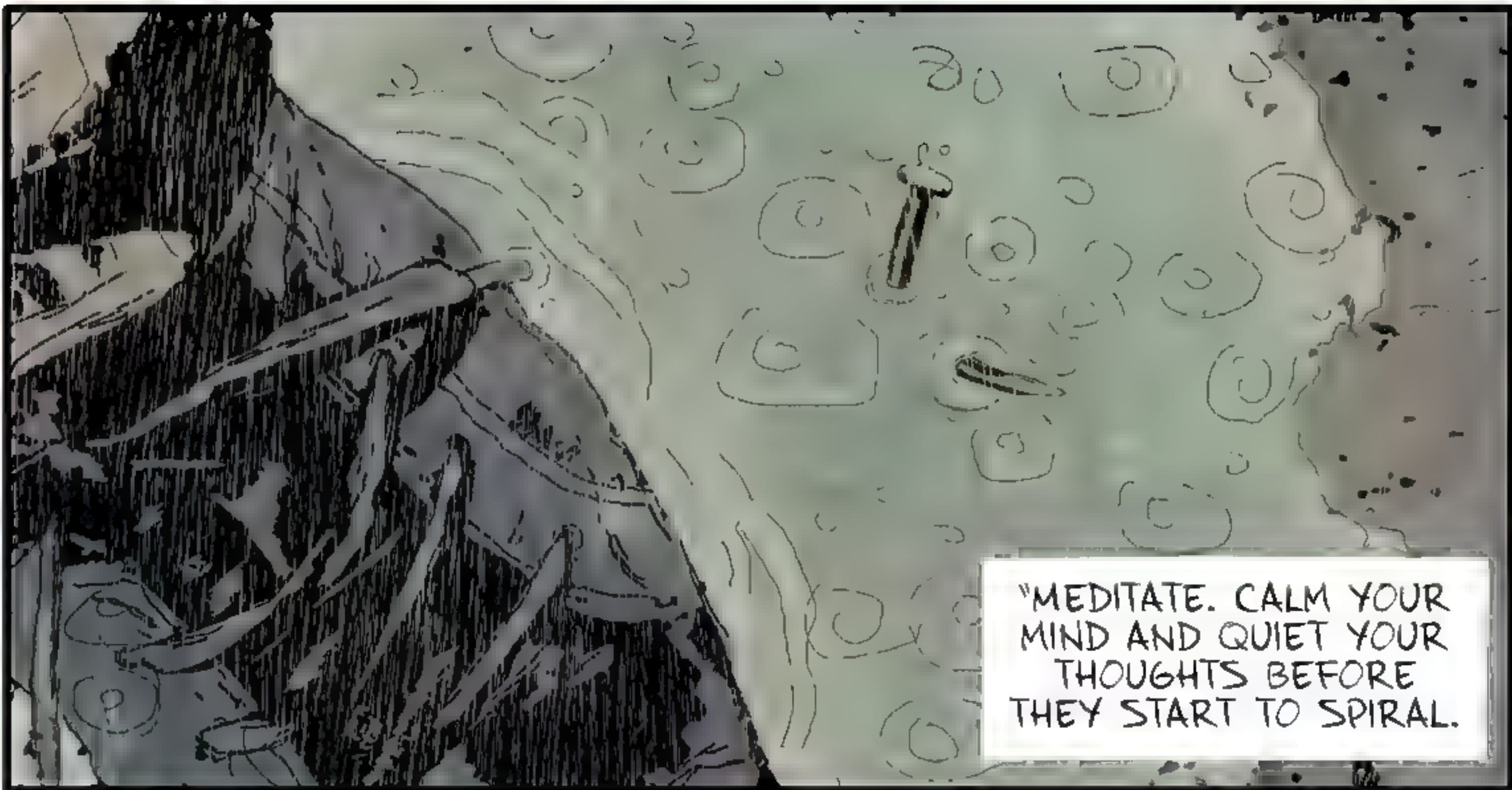
YES.



"YOU CAN IMPOSE MEANING
ON ANYTHING IF YOU TRY
HARD ENOUGH, NORTON. THAT
DOESN'T MAKE IT REAL."



"WHEN THESE
FANTASIES
START, YOU
NEED TO
REMEMBER
TO GROUND
YOURSELF."



"MEDITATE. CALM YOUR
MIND AND QUIET YOUR
THOUGHTS BEFORE
THEY START TO SPIRAL."



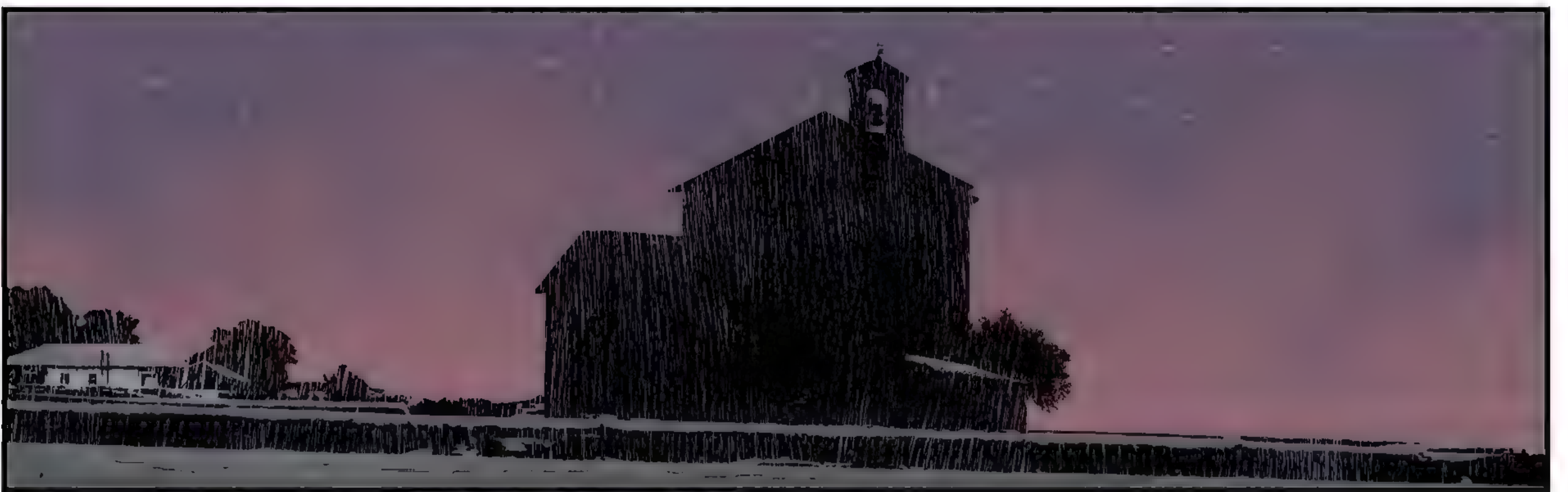
"YOU ARE
IN CONTROL,
NORTON."

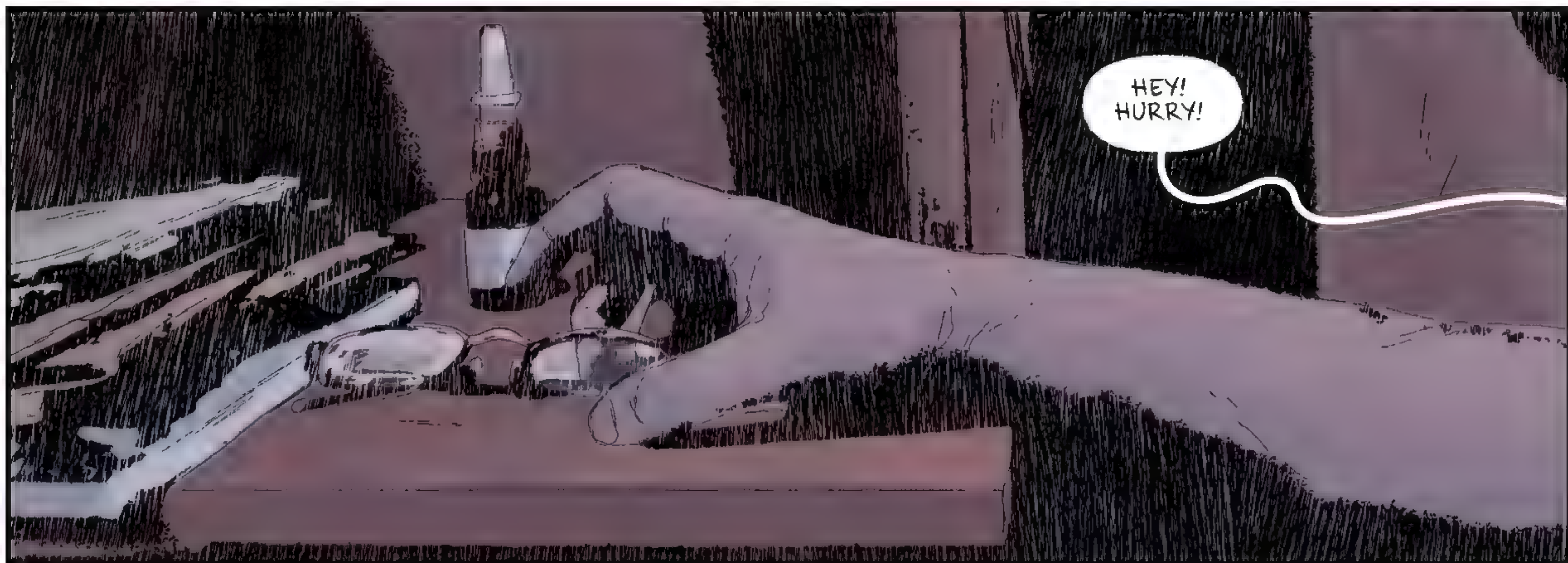
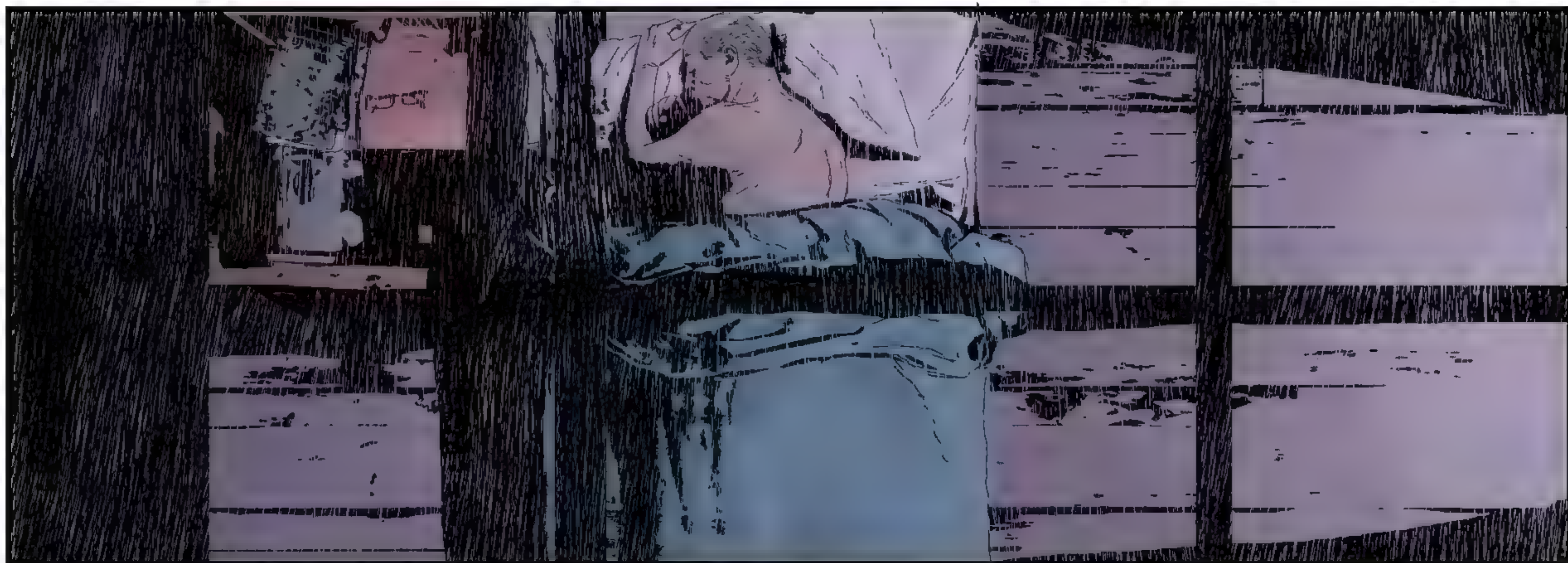


"YES...YOU'RE
RIGHT,
DOCTOR."



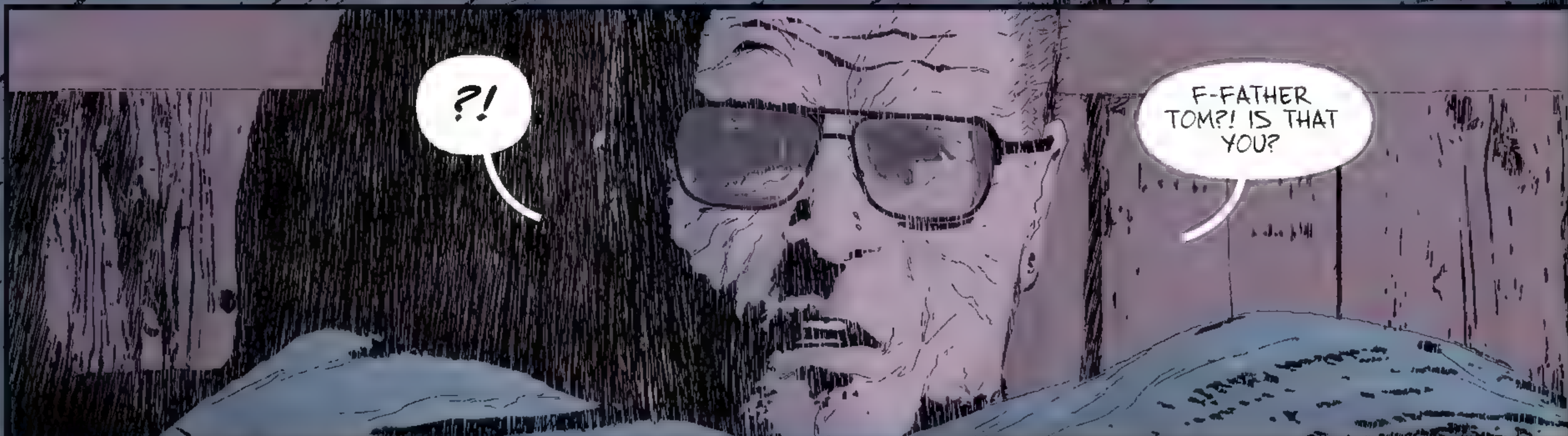
"I AM IN
CONTROL."





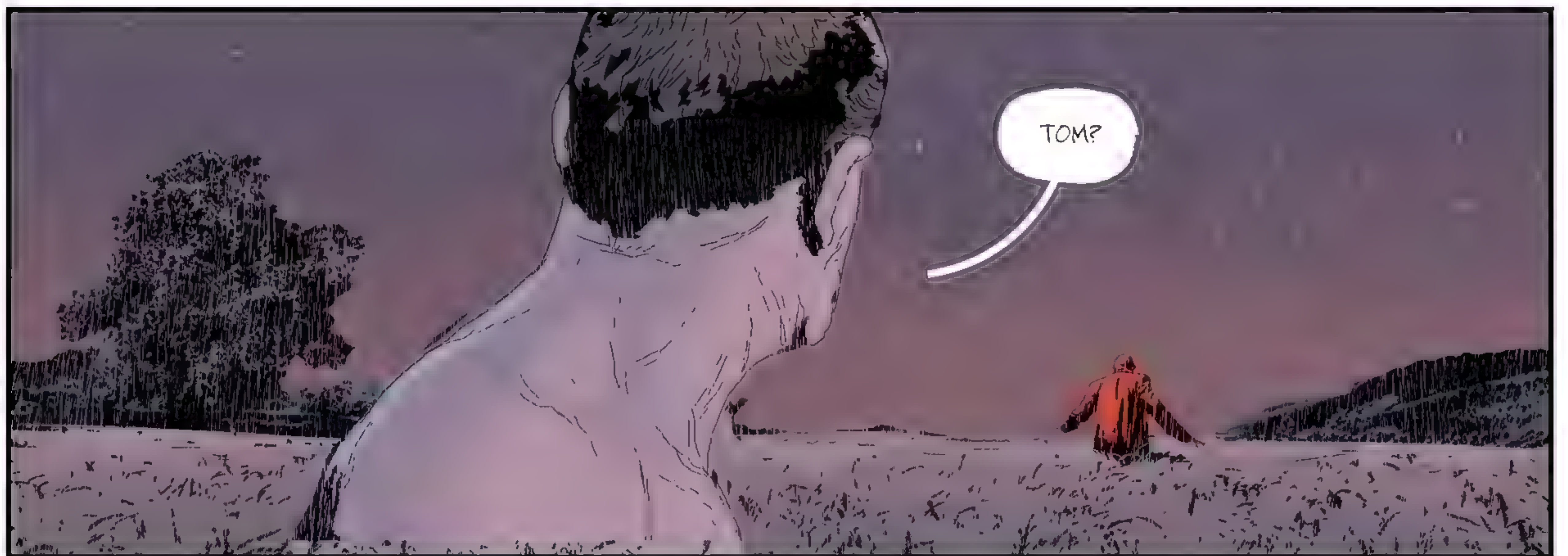
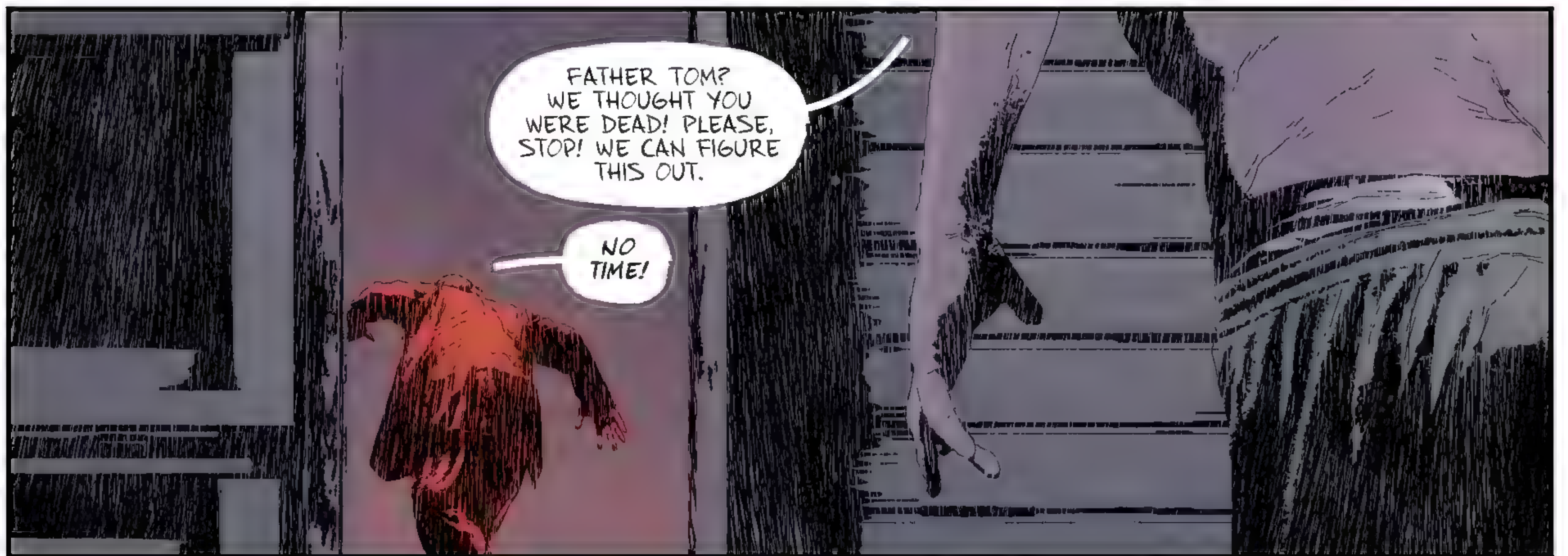


WAKE UP!
HE'LL NOTICE I'M
MISSING.



?!

F-FATHER
TOM?! IS THAT
YOU?



PERSONAL JOURNAL AUGUST 12.
I SAW DR. XU AGAIN TODAY AND
NOW I'M WORRIED THAT MY WORK
MAY BE IN JEOPARDY...



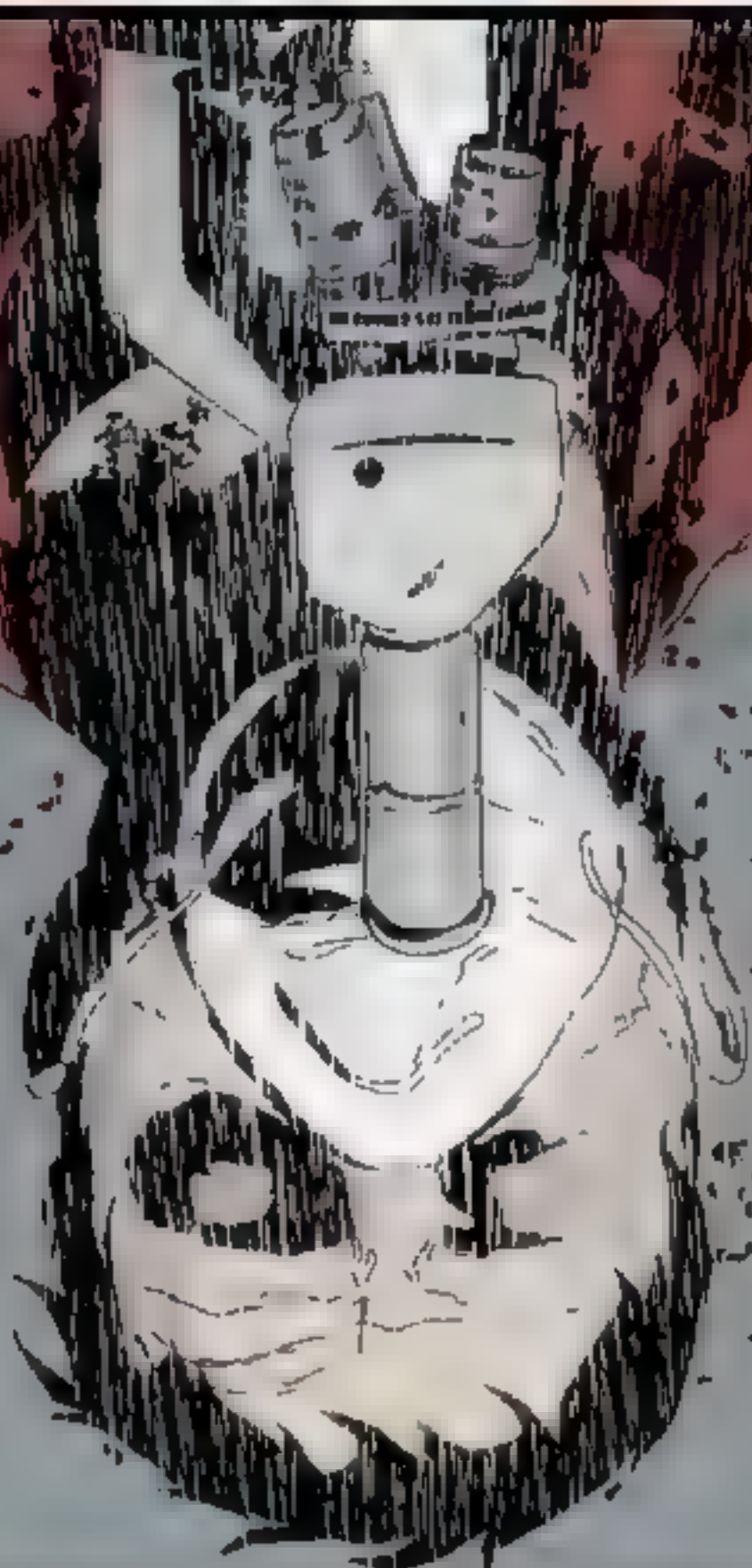
I KNOW THAT SHE MEANS WELL. I
KNOW THAT SHE THINKS SHE IS
HELPING ME. BUT, I CAN'T GO BACK
TO THE HOSPITAL. I CAN'T.

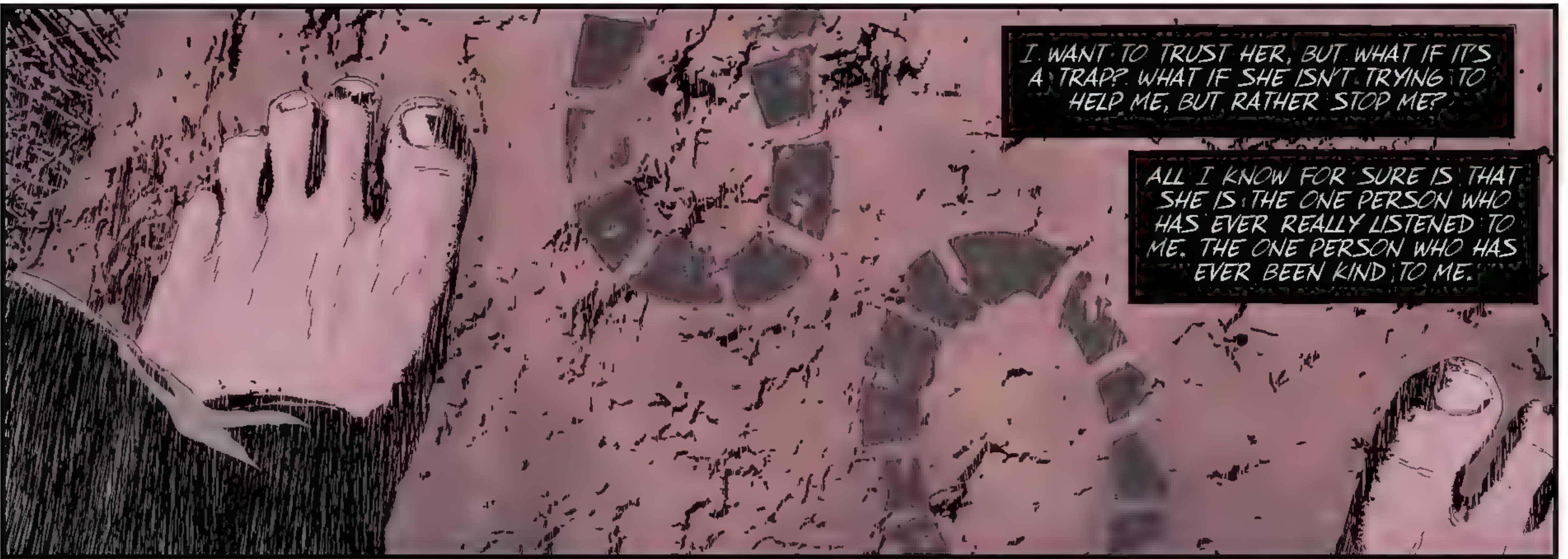


I'M SO CLOSE NOW. I CAN
FEEL IT. A PART OF ME
WANTED TO TELL DR. XU THE
TRUTH, BUT I'M SCARED THAT
WOULD MAKE HER EVEN MORE
SKEPTICAL OF MY WORK.



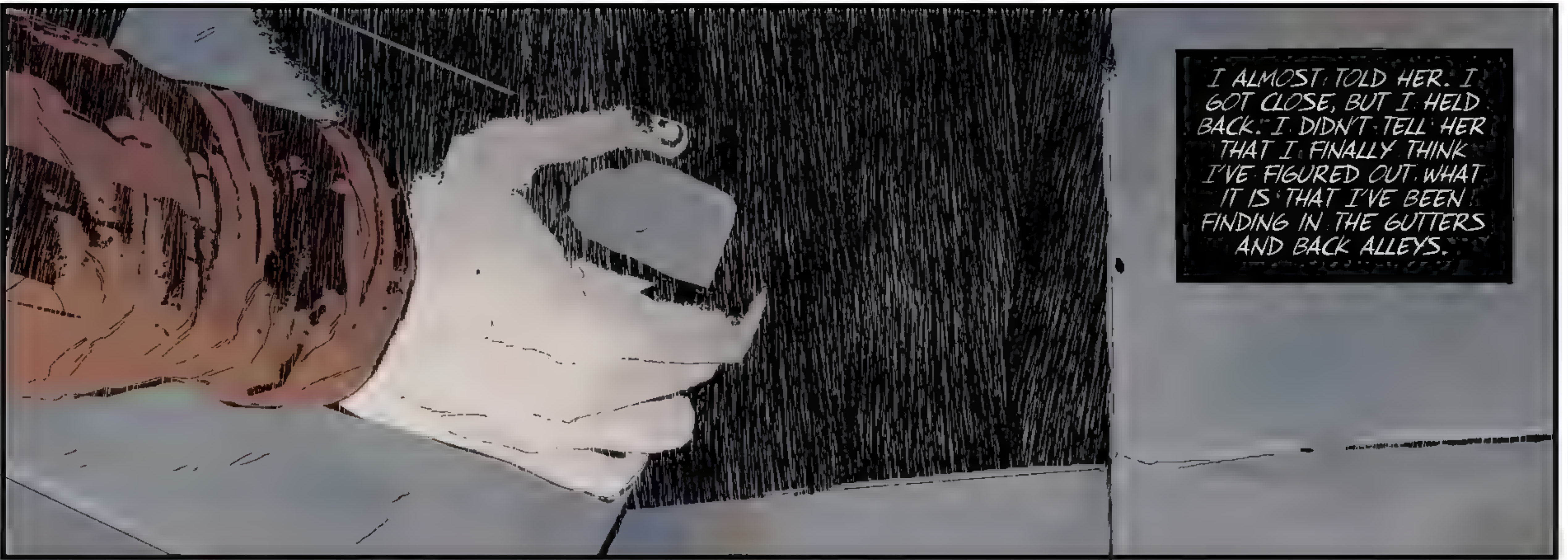
EITHER WAY, I'M NOT
READY TO REVEAL THE
FULL SCOPE OF WHAT I'M
DOING YET. SOON, BUT NOT
QUITE YET. NOT UNTIL I
KNOW MORE MYSELF.





I WANT TO TRUST HER, BUT WHAT IF IT'S A TRAP? WHAT IF SHE ISN'T TRYING TO HELP ME, BUT RATHER STOP ME?

ALL I KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT SHE IS THE ONE PERSON WHO HAS EVER REALLY LISTENED TO ME. THE ONE PERSON WHO HAS EVER BEEN KIND TO ME.



I ALMOST TOLD HER. I GOT CLOSE, BUT I HELD BACK. I DIDN'T TELL HER THAT I FINALLY THINK I'VE FIGURED OUT WHAT IT IS THAT I'VE BEEN FINDING IN THE GUTTERS AND BACK ALLEYS.



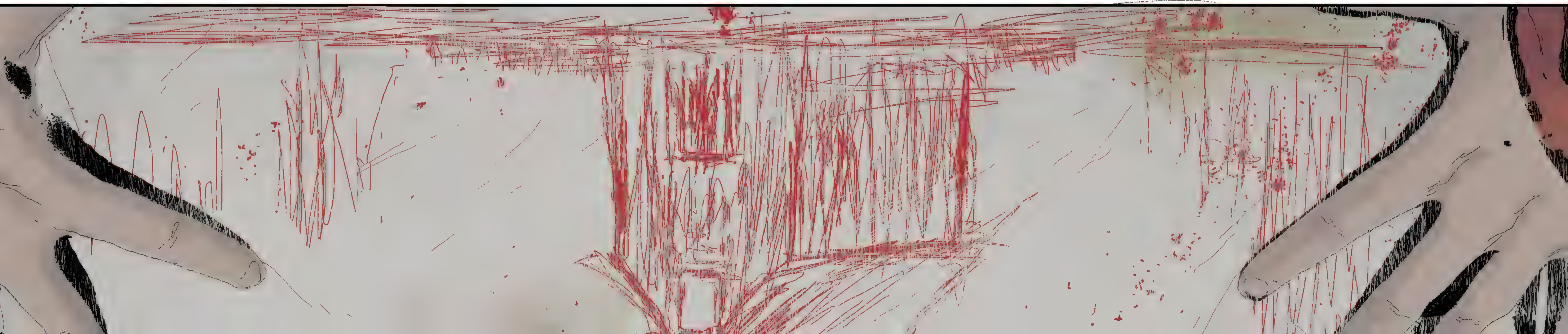
IT CAME TO ME IN A DREAM LAST WEEK. NO...NOT A DREAM, A VISION.



ITS TRUE SHAPE HAS REVEALED ITSELF TO ME AT LAST. I FINALLY KNOW WHAT IT IS I'VE BEEN FINDING. I HAVE SEEN IT...



THE BARN...
THE BLACK BARN.

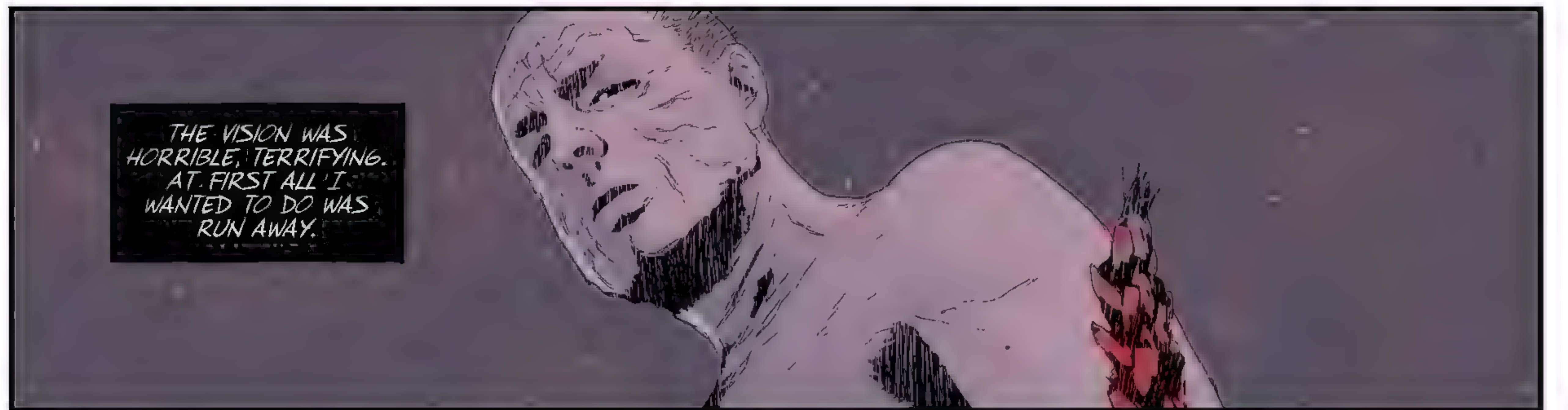




I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS
YET. BUT I KNOW IT'S BAD.



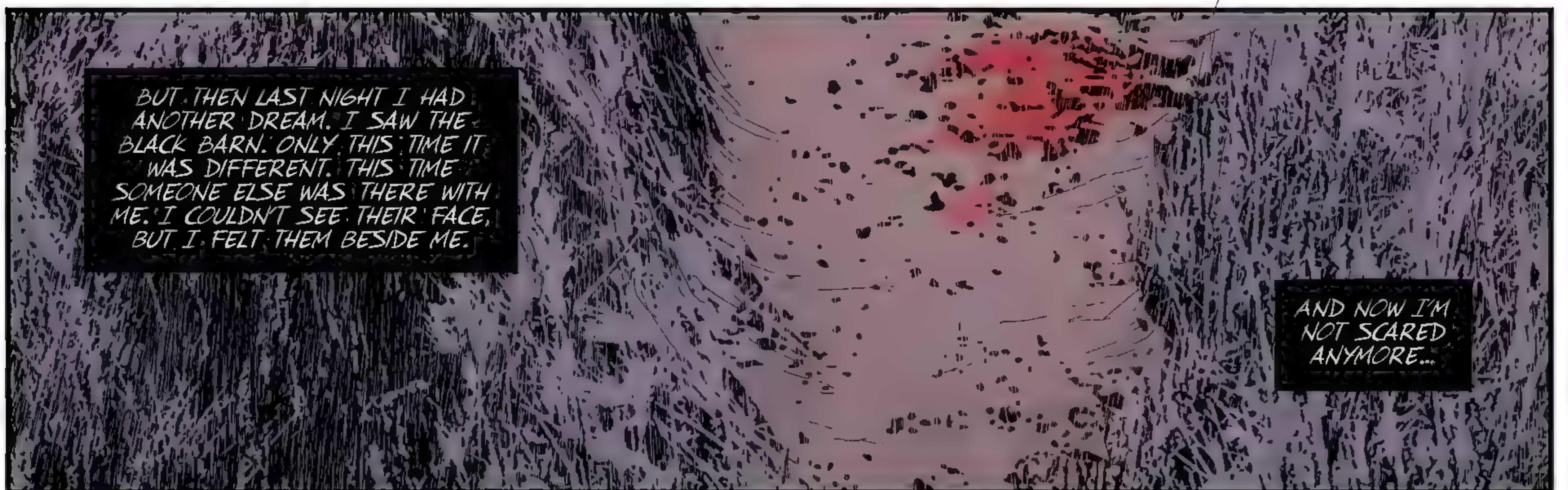
THE VISION WAS
HORRIBLE, TERRIFYING.
AT FIRST ALL I
WANTED TO DO WAS
RUN AWAY.




I SPENT THE WEEK
CURSING GOD. I JUST
COULDN'T UNDERSTAND
WHY HE'D GIVEN ME, OF
ALL PEOPLE, THIS BURDEN.
THIS KNOWLEDGE.



BUT THEN LAST NIGHT I HAD
ANOTHER DREAM. I SAW THE
BLACK BARN. ONLY THIS TIME IT
WAS DIFFERENT. THIS TIME
SOMEONE ELSE WAS THERE WITH
ME. I COULDN'T SEE THEIR FACE,
BUT I FELT THEM BESIDE ME.



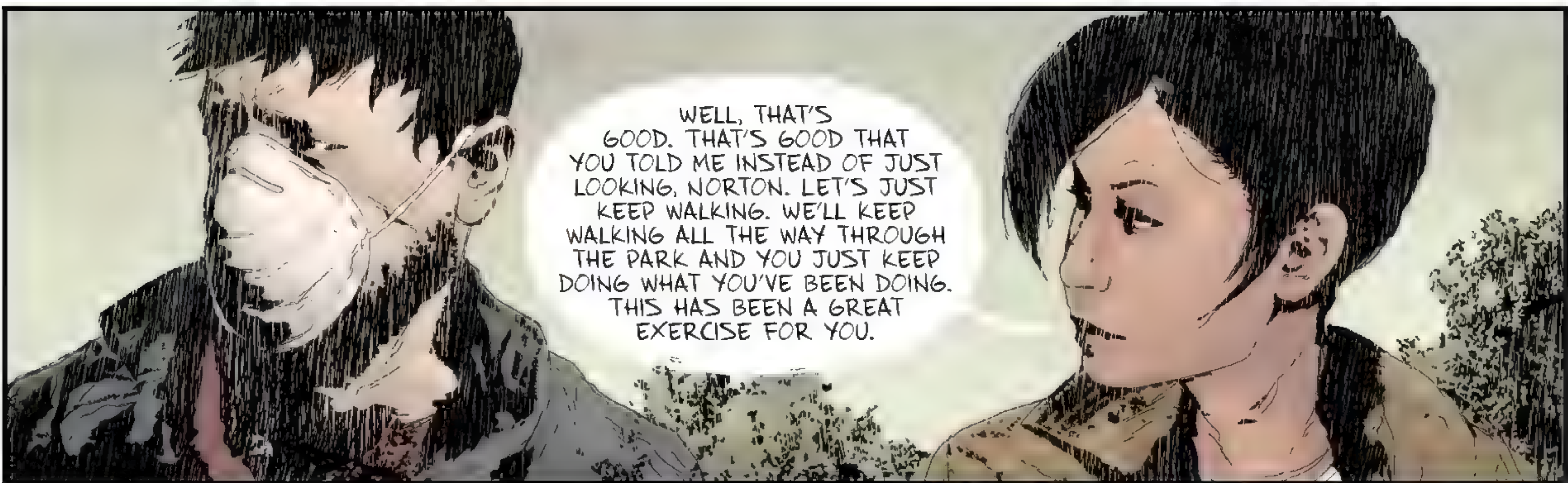
AND NOW I'M
NOT SCARED
ANYMORE...

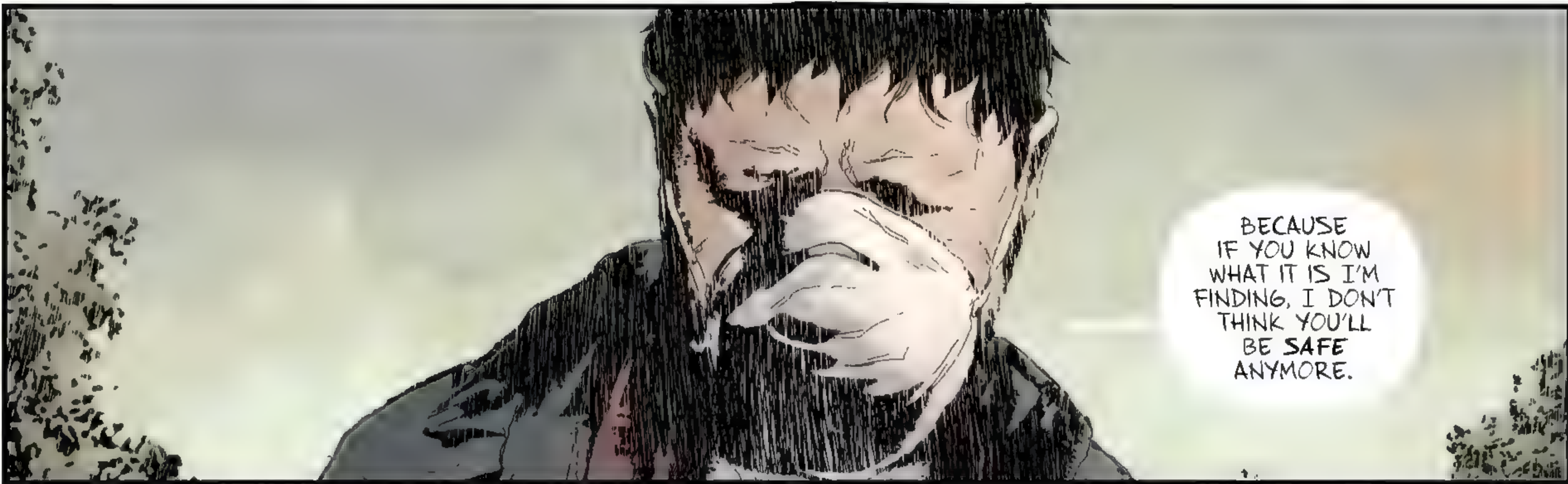
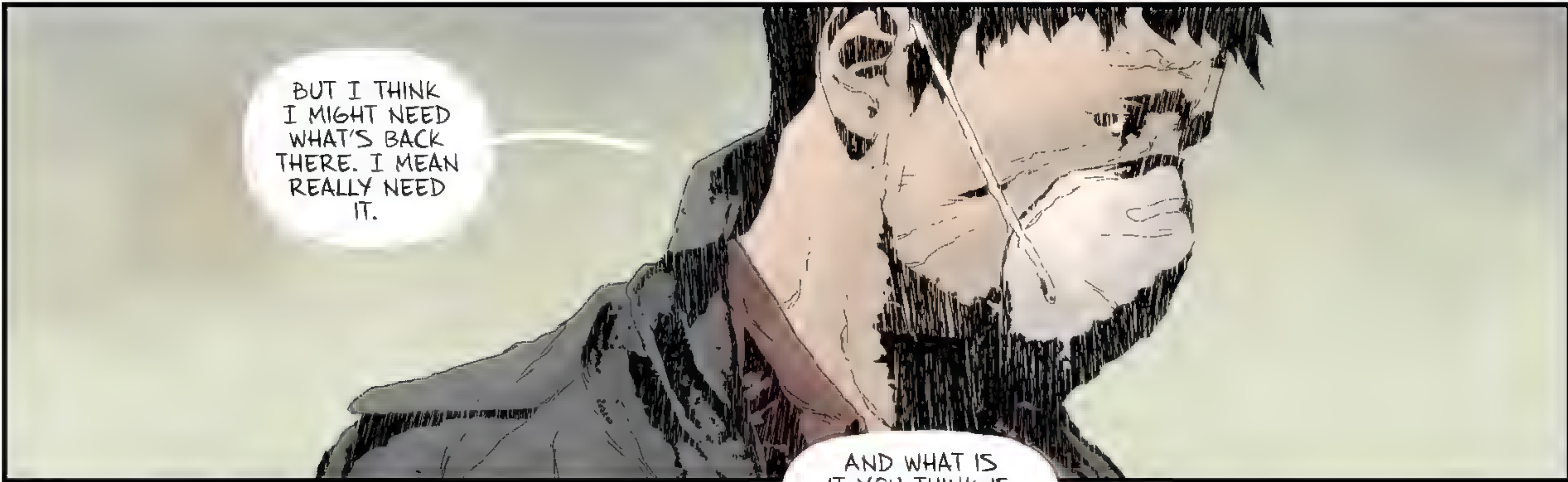
A man with dark hair and a mustache lies on his back in a field of tall grass. He is wearing a red long-sleeved shirt. A large, jagged, bloody wound is visible on his chest, with a small, dark object embedded in the center. His eyes are wide open, and his mouth is slightly agape. The background is a dense field of tall grass, with some large, dark, leafy plants in the foreground.

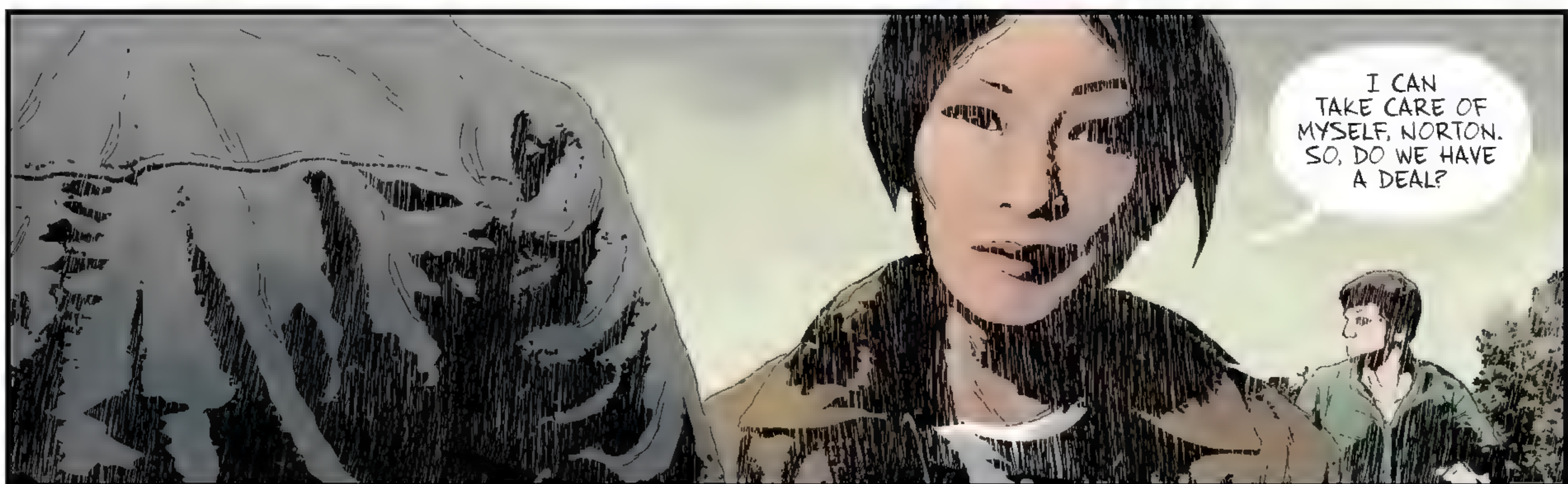
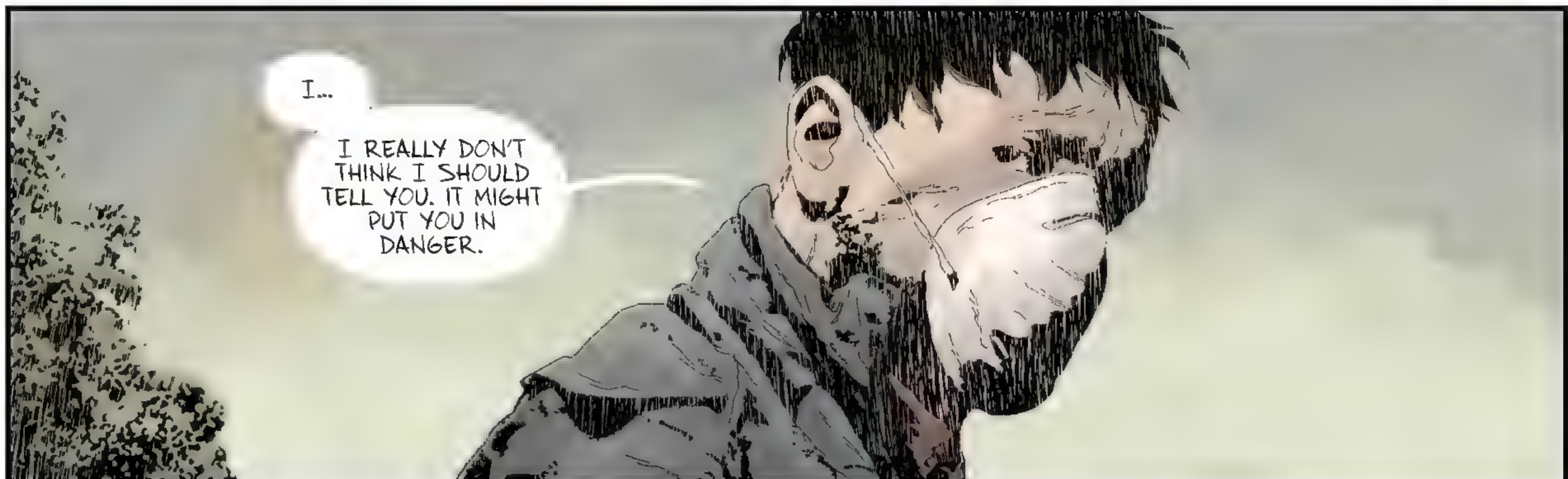
THERE IS NO
DOUBT. THAT EVIL
EXISTS. I HAVE
SEEN IT.

BUT NOW I KNOW
THAT I DON'T
HAVE TO FACE IT
ALONE.



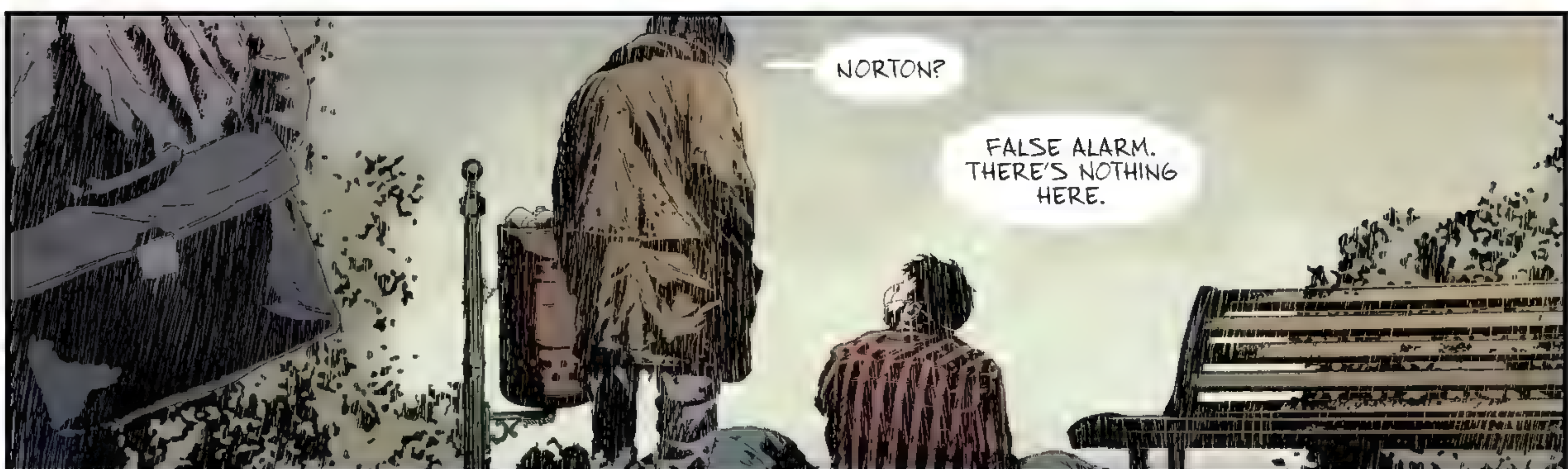








COME ON...



NORTON?

FALSE ALARM.
THERE'S NOTHING
HERE.



OKAY. NOW
YOU TELL
ME.

I REALLY
DON'T THINK
I SHOULD.

NORTON, I NEED TO KNOW. IF WE
ARE REALLY GOING TO TRY AND
HELP YOU GET BETTER, I NEED TO
KNOW **EVERYTHING**. WHAT IS IT
YOU THINK YOU'RE FINDING
IN THE TRASH?

I ONLY
RECENTLY CAME
TO KNOW WHAT IT
WAS I'VE BEEN
HUNTING.

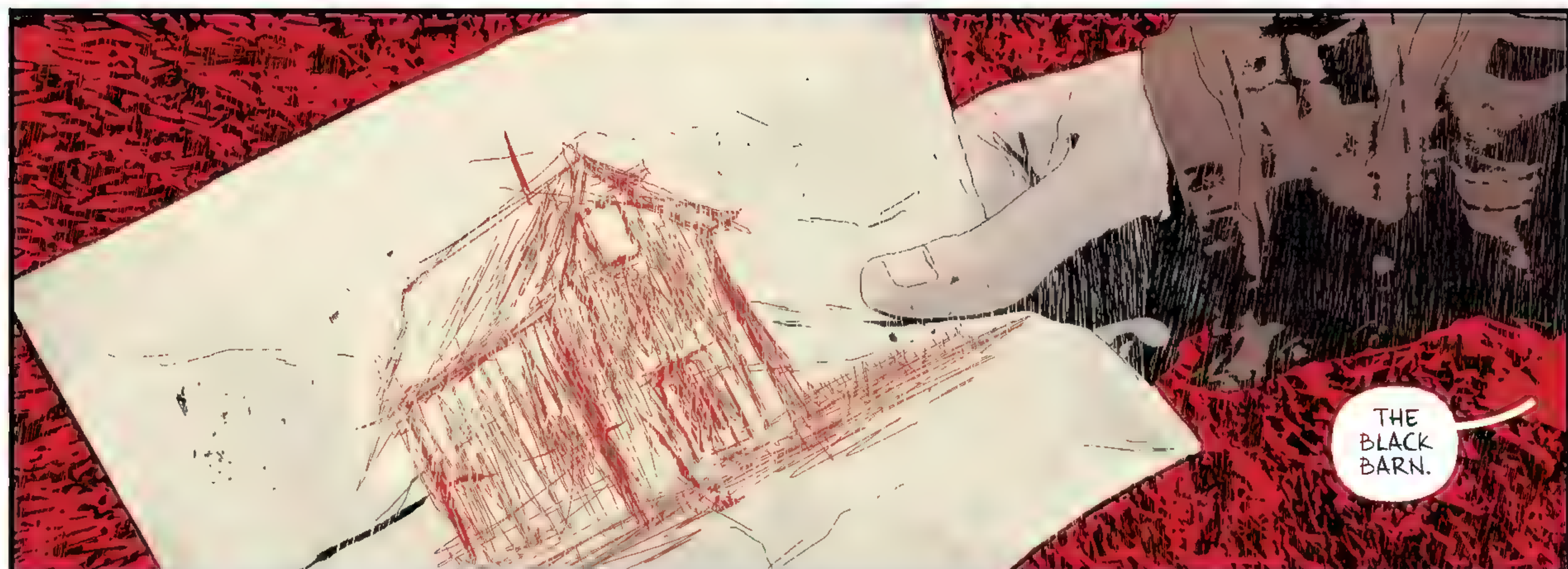
HOW
DID THIS
REVELATION
COME TO
YOU?



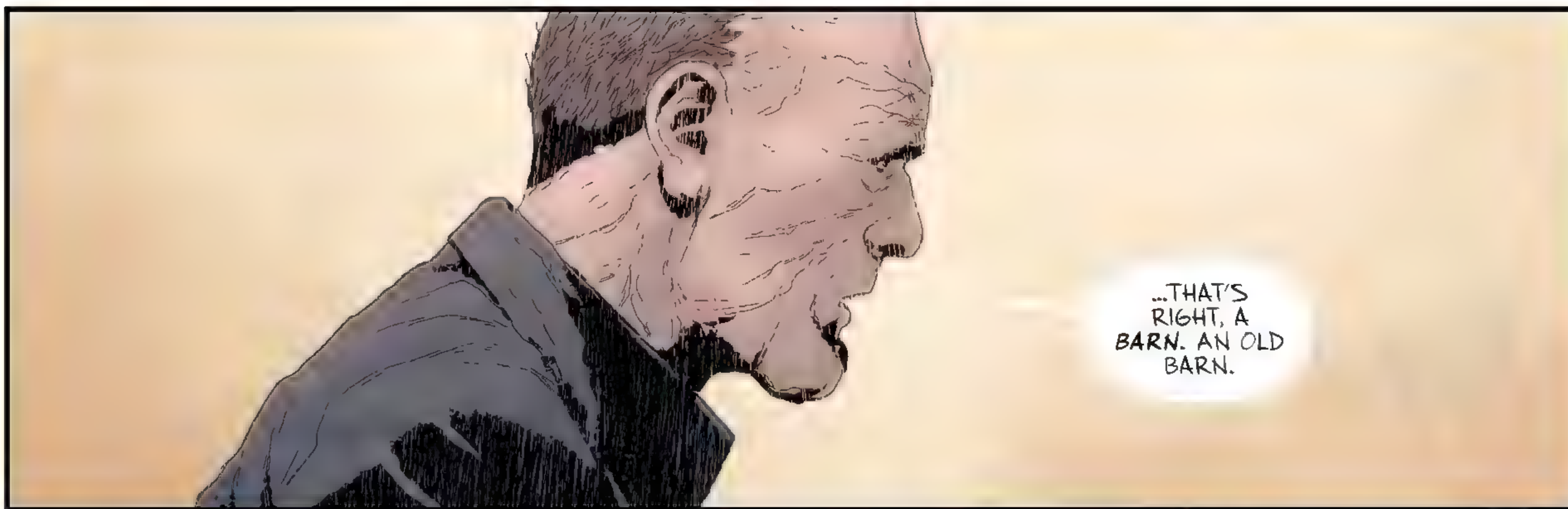
DREAMS.
ALWAYS THE SAME.
I'VE BEEN HAVING
THEM SINCE I WAS
A KID. BUT MORE
FREQUENTLY AGAIN
LATELY.



AND THEN IT
DAWNED ON ME,
THIS IS WHAT I WAS
FINDING. PIECE
BY PIECE...



THE
BLACK
BARN.



...THAT'S
RIGHT, A
BARN. AN OLD
BARN.



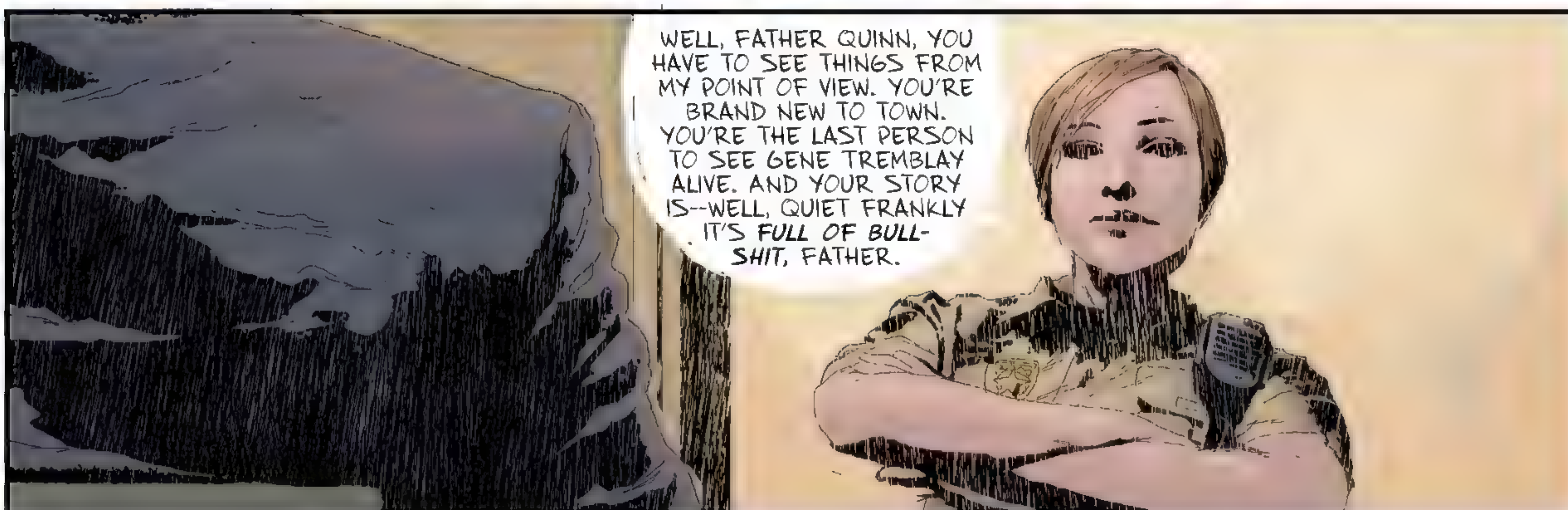
THERE'S NO
BARN BACK BEHIND THE
REDDING HOUSE. THERE'S
NOTHING BACK THERE
EXCEPT THE CORNFIELD,
FATHER.

WELL, I-I SAW
A BARN. MAYBE IT WAS
EARLIER, ON MY WAY BACK
THERE. I DON'T--IT'S ALL A
BIT OF A BLUR NOW. ALL I
REALLY REMEMBER CLEARLY
IS POOR MRS. TREMBLAY
LYING THERE.

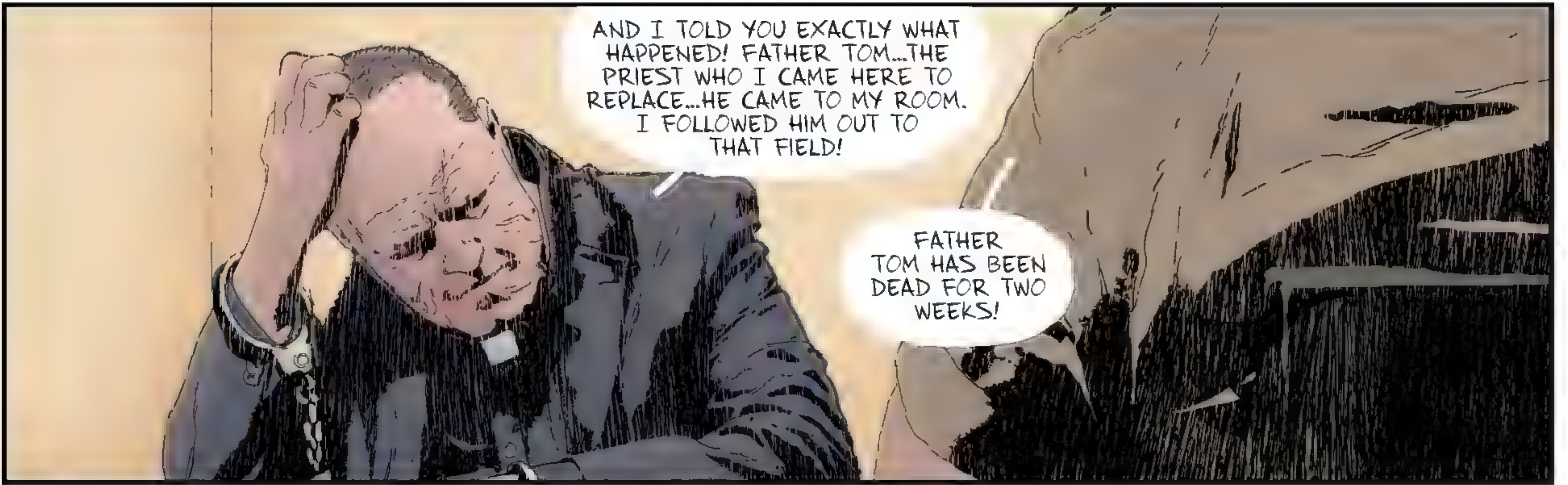


YOU HAVE
TO BELIEVE ME,
SHERIFF. I FOUND
HER LIKE THAT. I
WOULD NEVER--

IT WAS SO
HORRIBLE.



WELL, FATHER QUINN, YOU
HAVE TO SEE THINGS FROM
MY POINT OF VIEW. YOU'RE
BRAND NEW TO TOWN.
YOU'RE THE LAST PERSON
TO SEE GENE TREMBLAY
ALIVE. AND YOUR STORY
IS--WELL, QUIET FRANKLY
IT'S FULL OF BULL-
SHIT, FATHER.

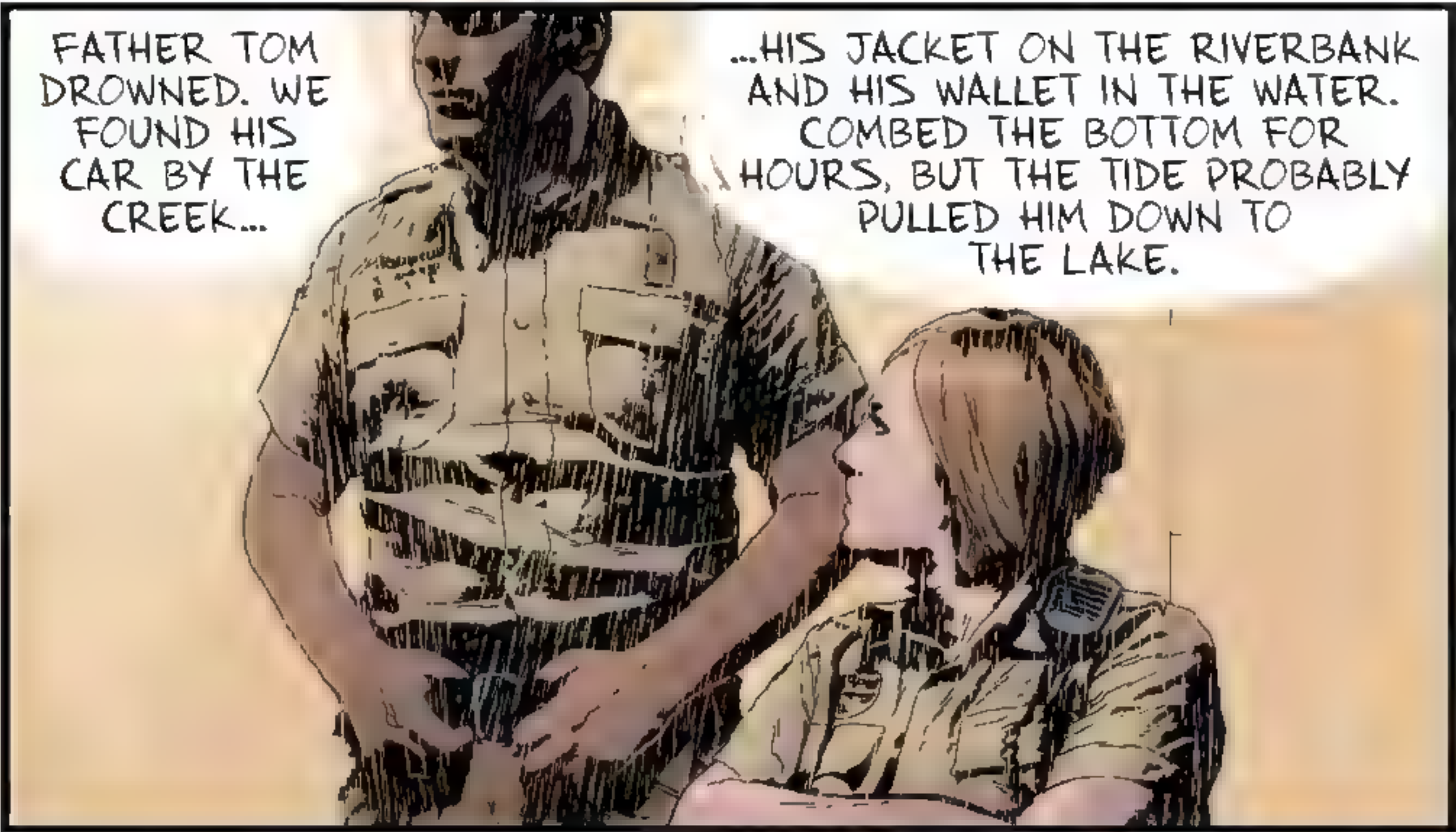


AND I TOLD YOU EXACTLY WHAT
HAPPENED! FATHER TOM...THE
PRIEST WHO I CAME HERE TO
REPLACE...HE CAME TO MY ROOM.
I FOLLOWED HIM OUT TO
THAT FIELD!

FATHER
TOM HAS BEEN
DEAD FOR TWO
WEEKS!



WELL, THEN
WHAT THE HELL
WAS HE DOING
IN MY BEDROOM?
I AM TELLING
YOU HE IS ALIVE!
AND IF I WERE
YOU, I WOULD BE
OUT THERE
LOOKING FOR
HIM, NOT
WASTING YOUR
TIME HERE
WITH ME!



FATHER TOM
DROWNED. WE
FOUND HIS
CAR BY THE
CREEK...

...HIS JACKET ON THE RIVERBANK
AND HIS WALLET IN THE WATER.
COMBED THE BOTTOM FOR
HOURS, BUT THE TIDE PROBABLY
PULLED HIM DOWN TO
THE LAKE.

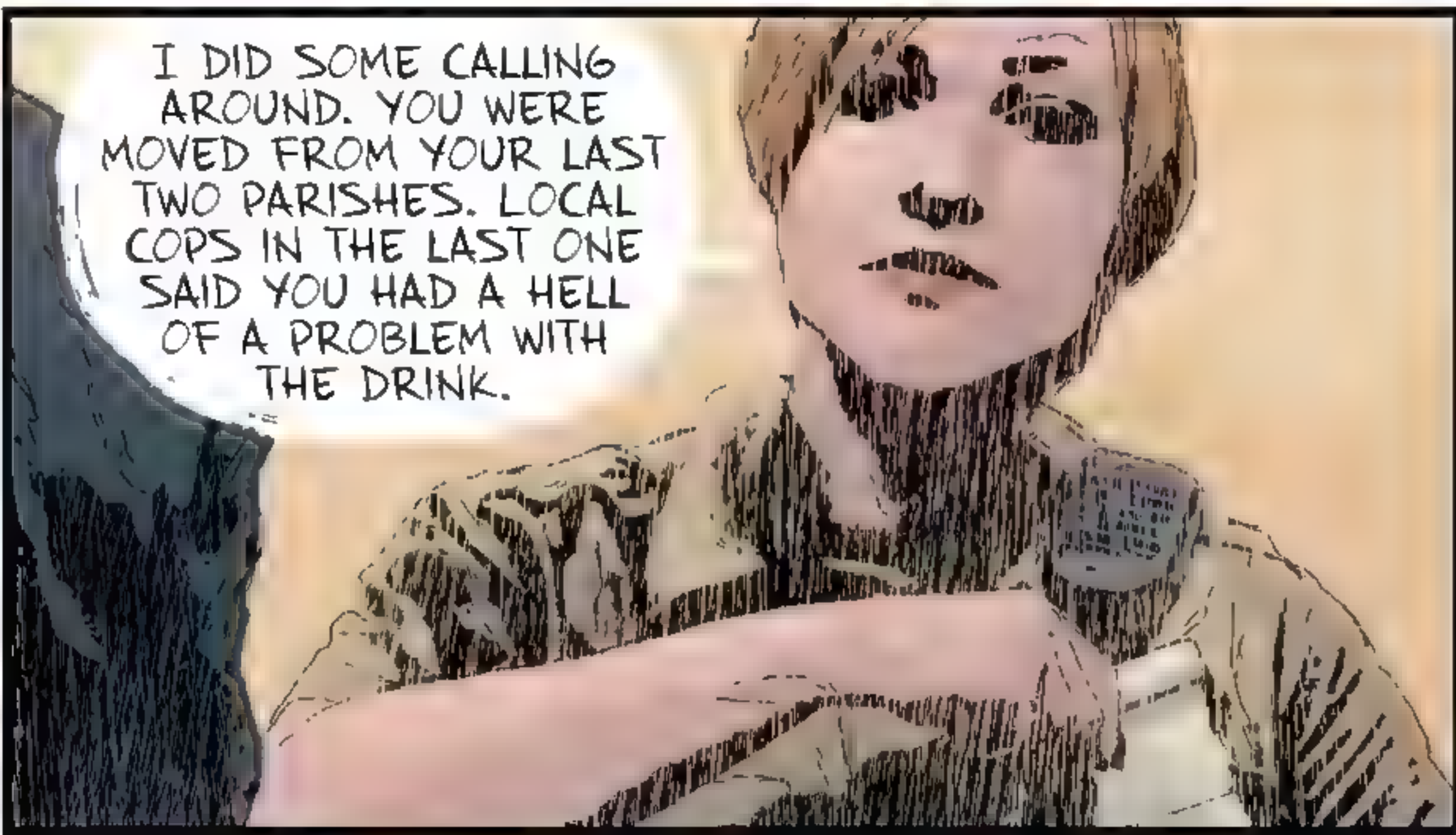


SO THERE
WAS NO BODY!
SEE! I AM TELLING
YOU, HE IS NOT
DEAD!

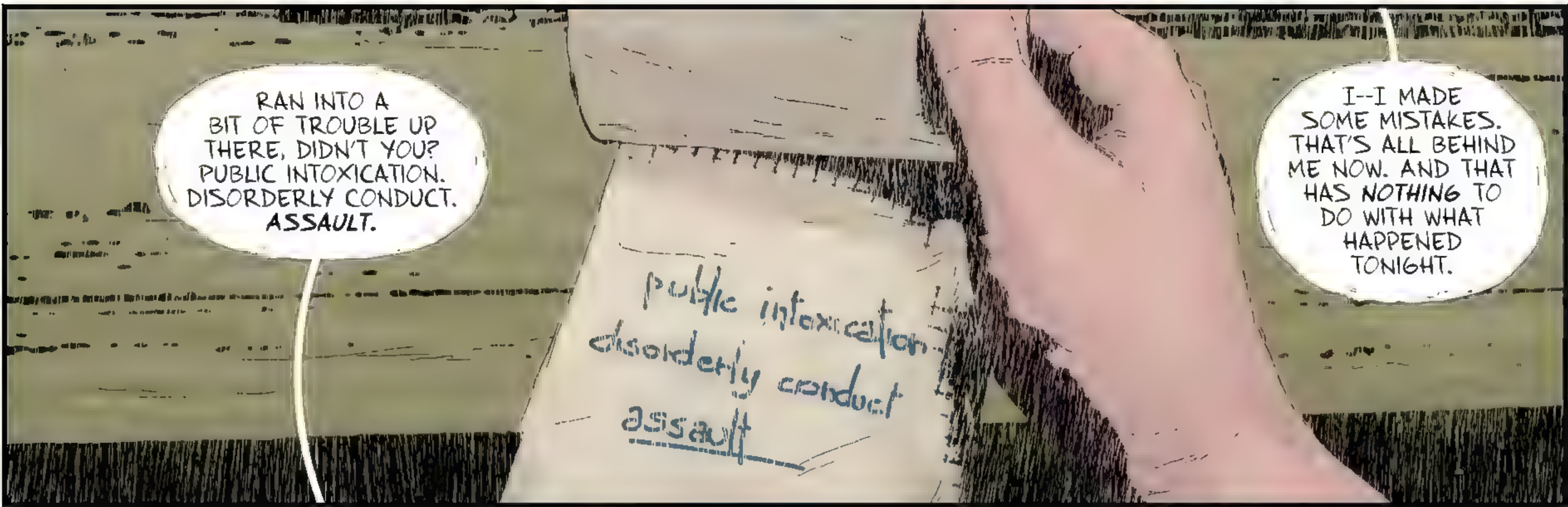
LET ME ASK
YOU, FATHER, WERE
YOU DRINKING
TONIGHT?



WHAT? NO.
WELL, A COUPLE
BEFORE BED, BUT
WHAT DOES THAT
HAVE TO DO WITH
ANYTHING?!



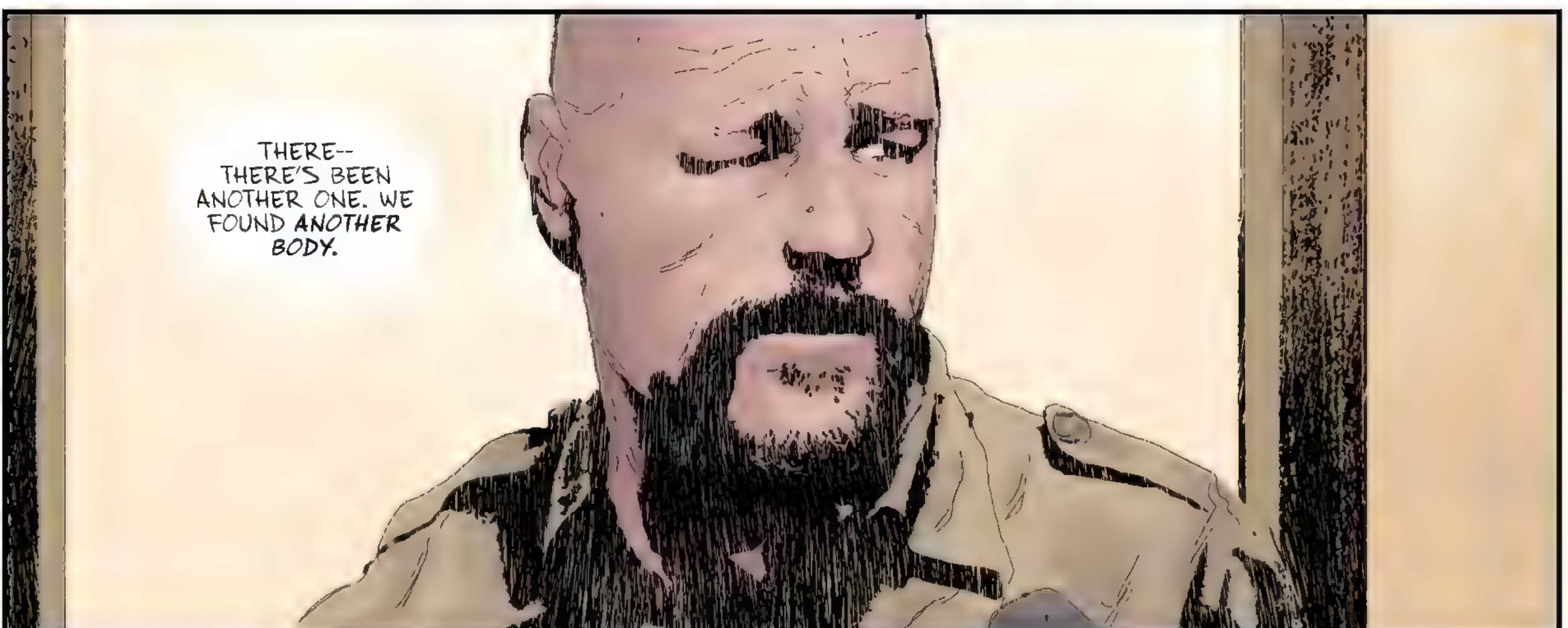
I DID SOME CALLING
AROUND. YOU WERE
MOVED FROM YOUR LAST
TWO PARISHES. LOCAL
COPS IN THE LAST ONE
SAID YOU HAD A HELL
OF A PROBLEM WITH
THE DRINK.



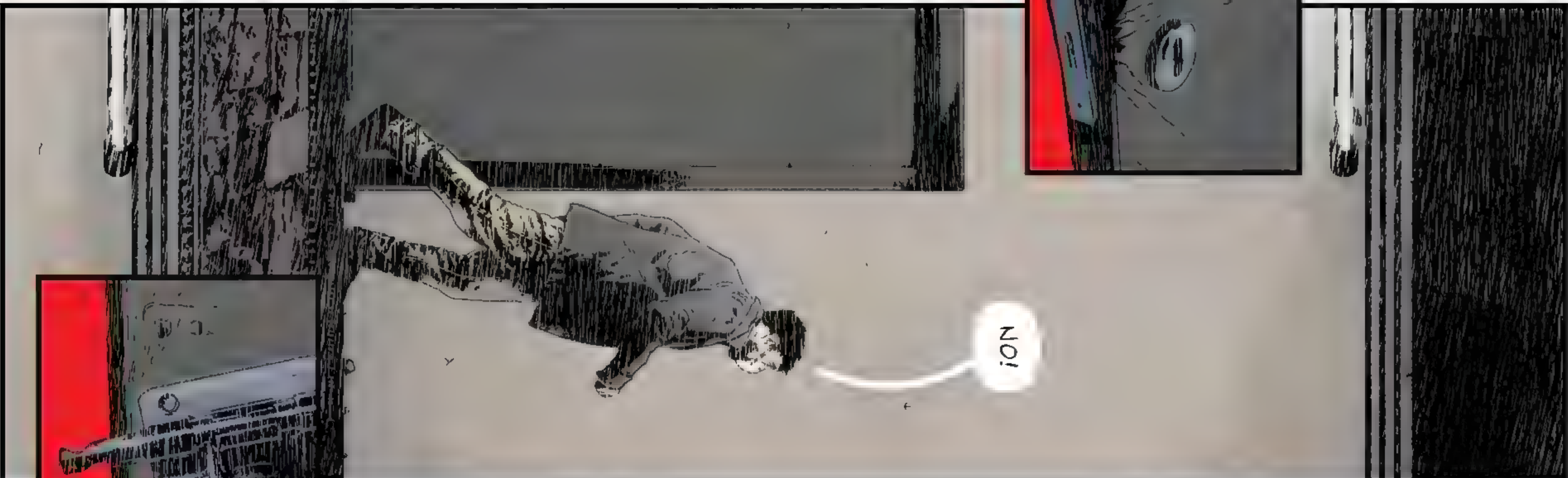
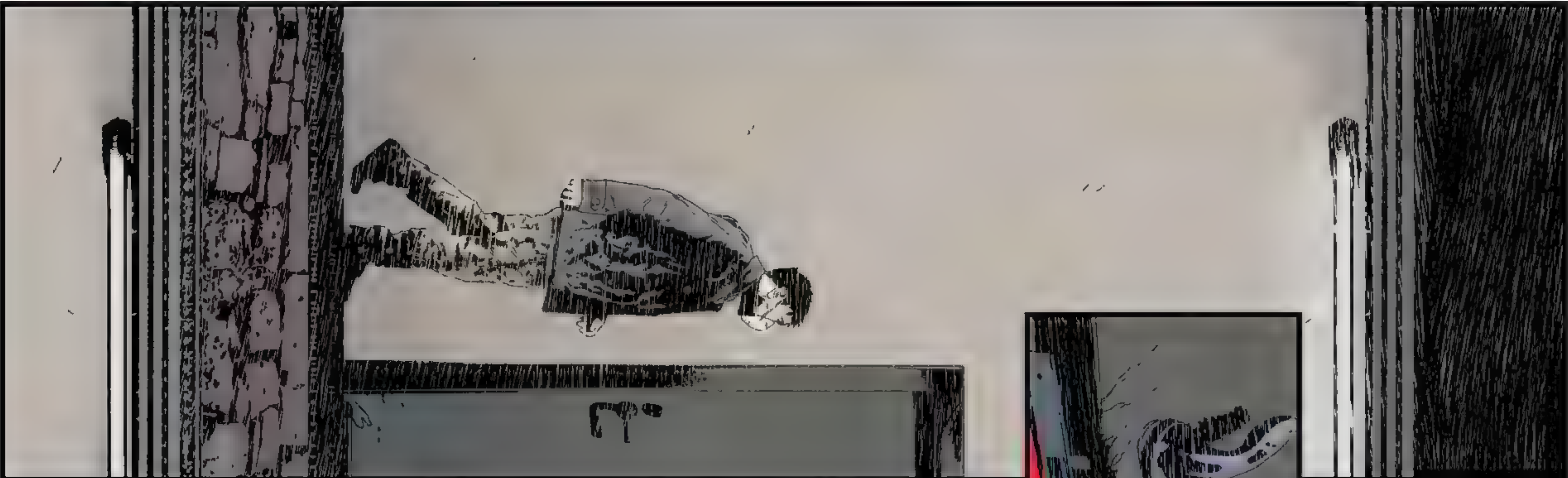
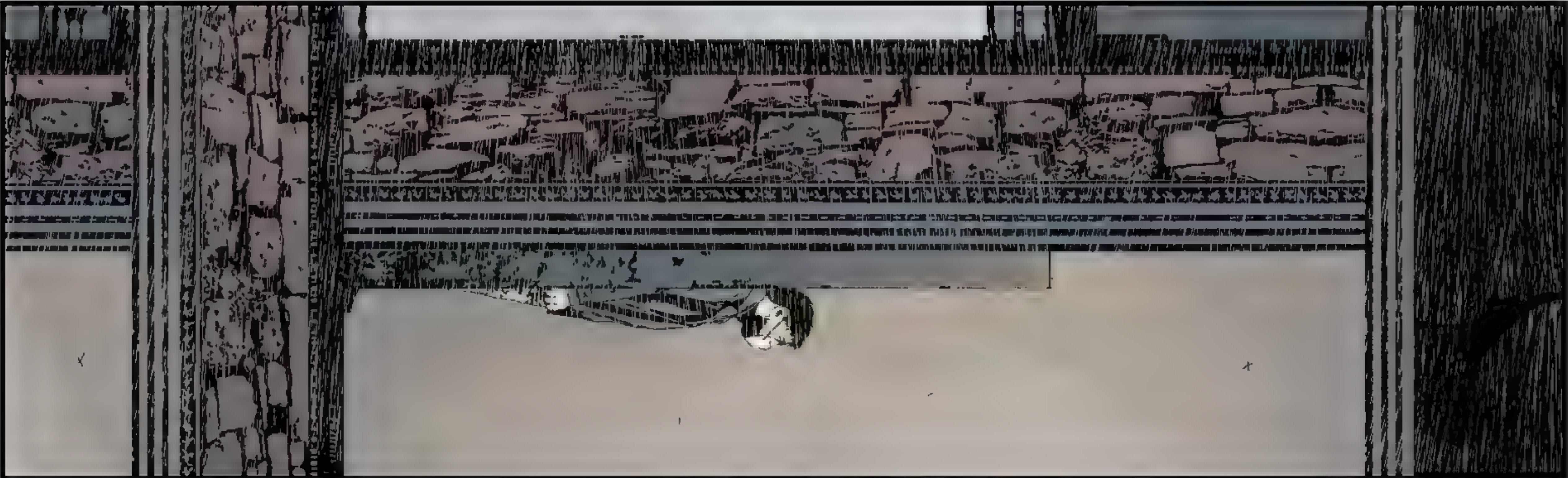
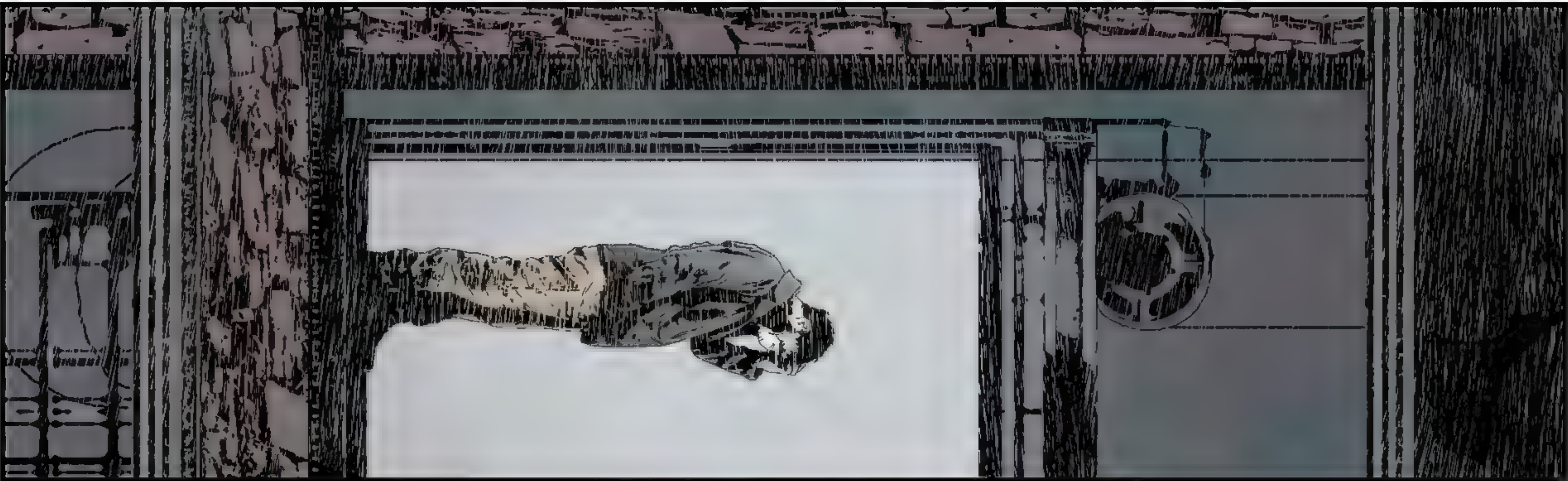
RAN INTO A
BIT OF TROUBLE UP
THERE, DIDN'T YOU?
PUBLIC INTOXICATION.
DISORDERLY CONDUCT.
ASSAULT.

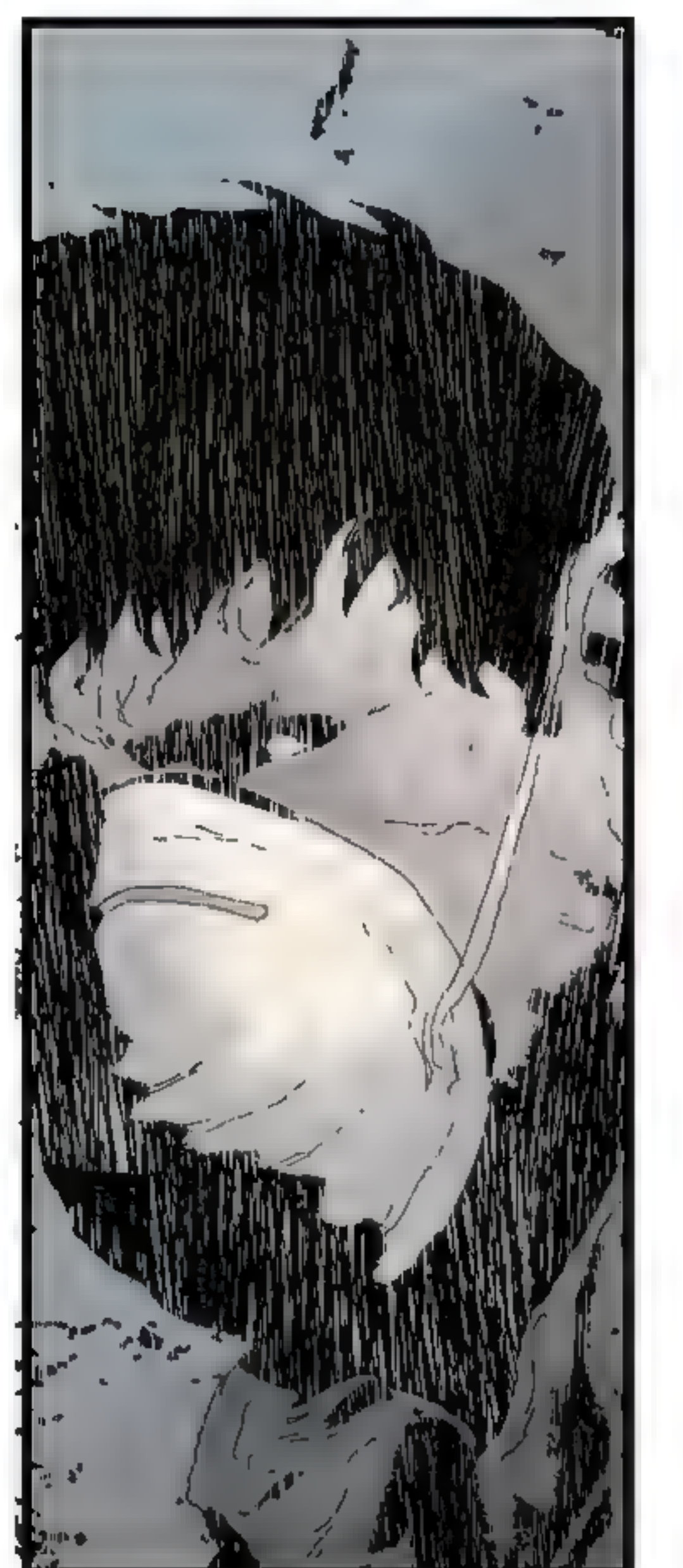
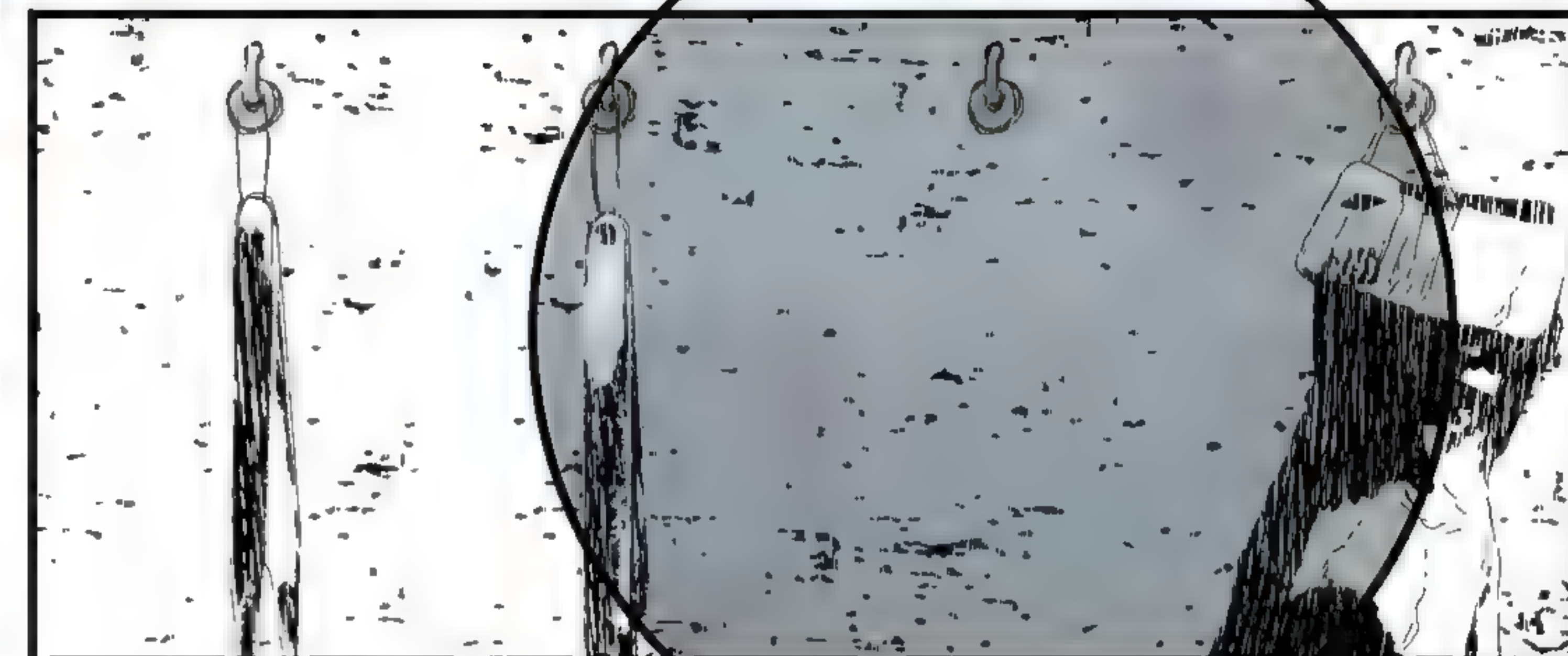
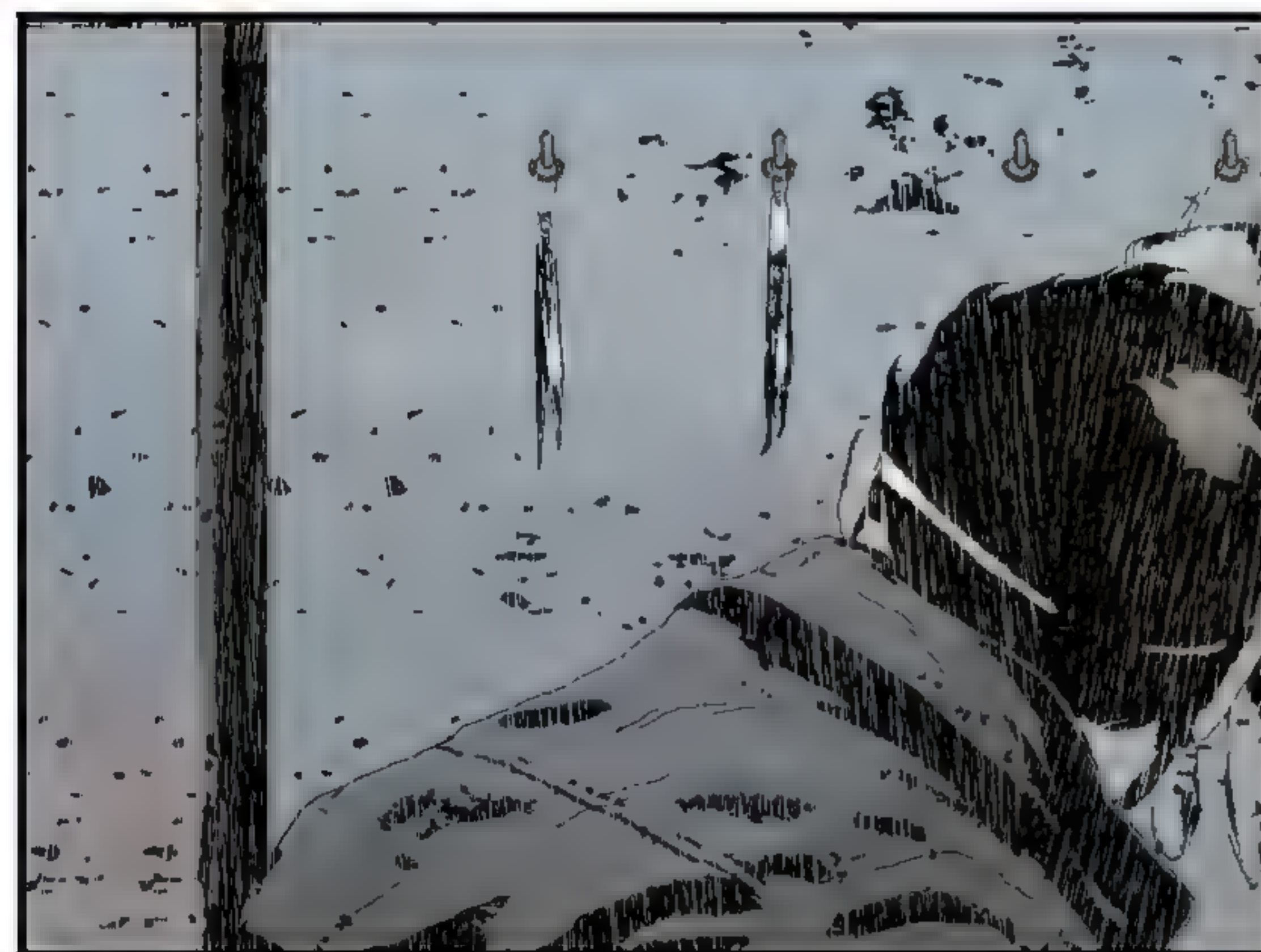
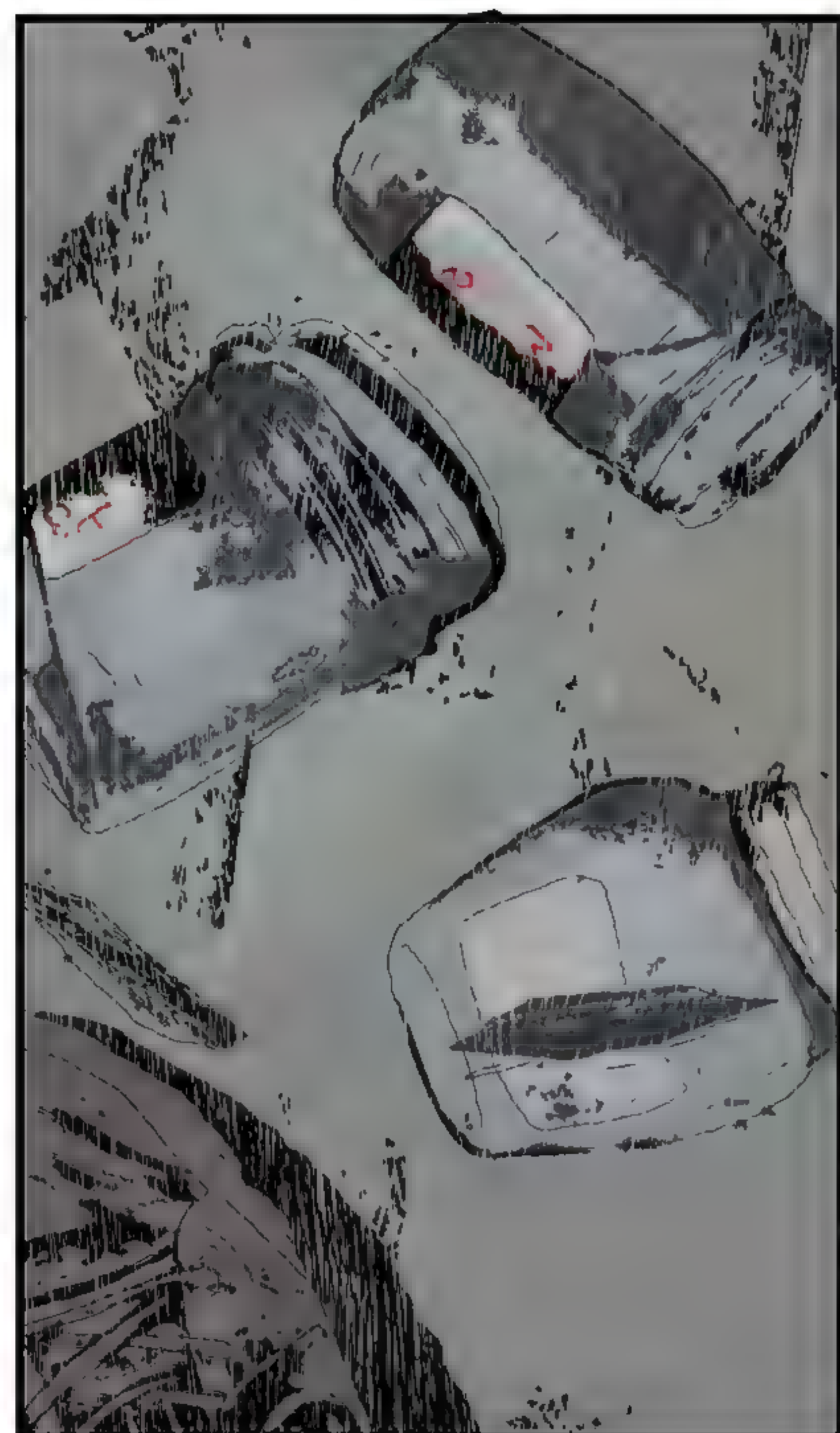
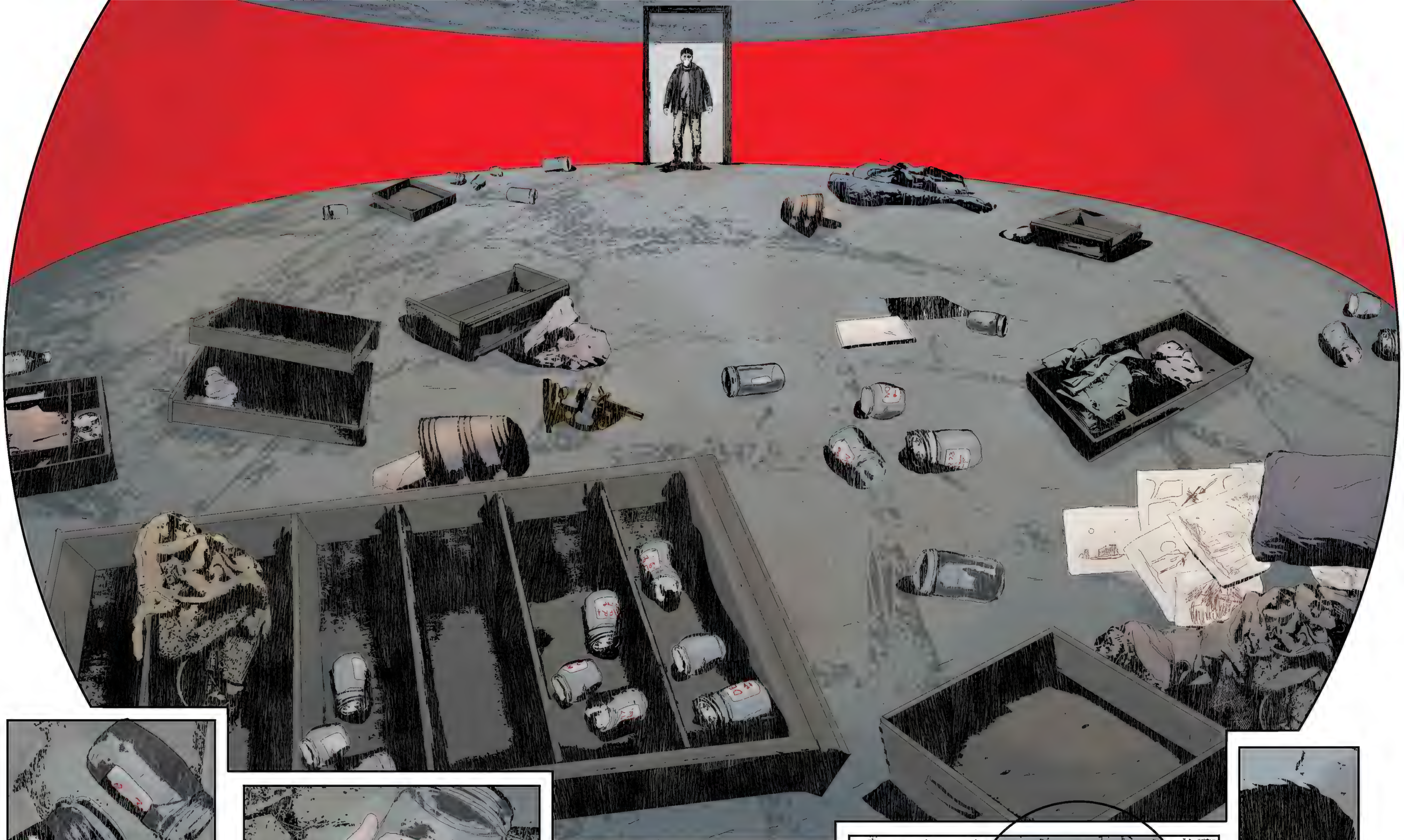
public intoxication
disorderly conduct
assault

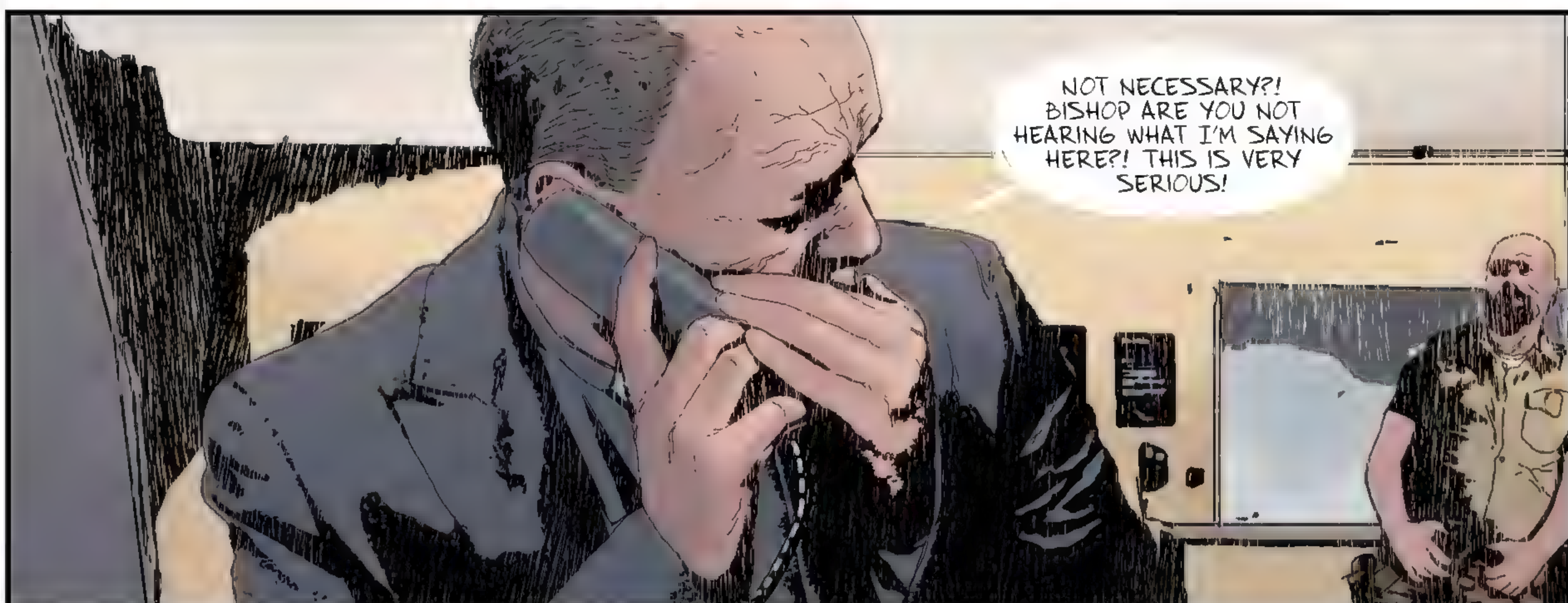
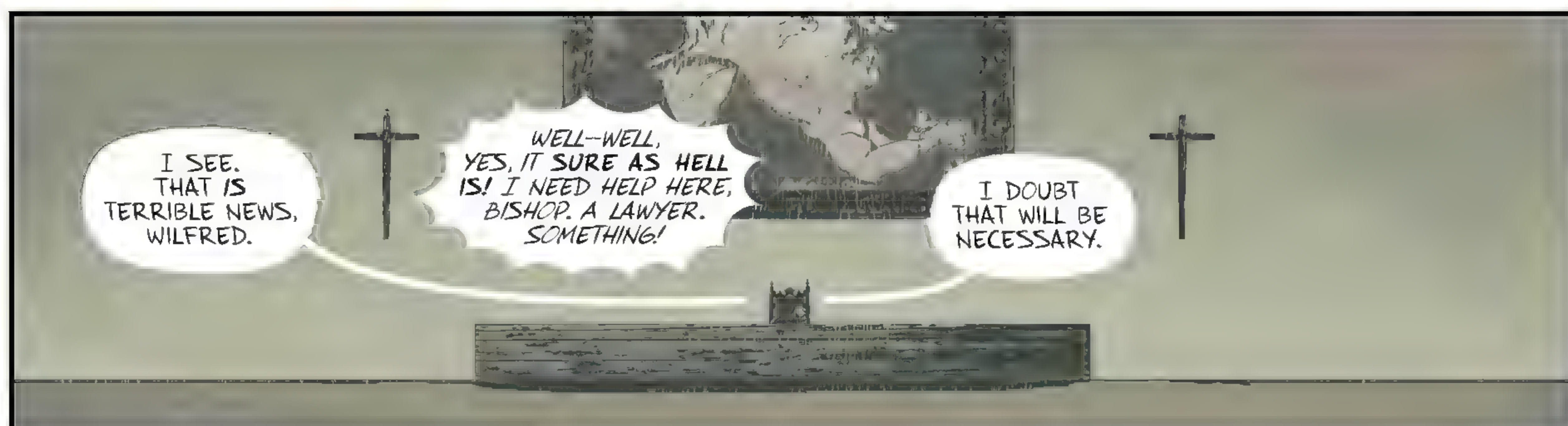
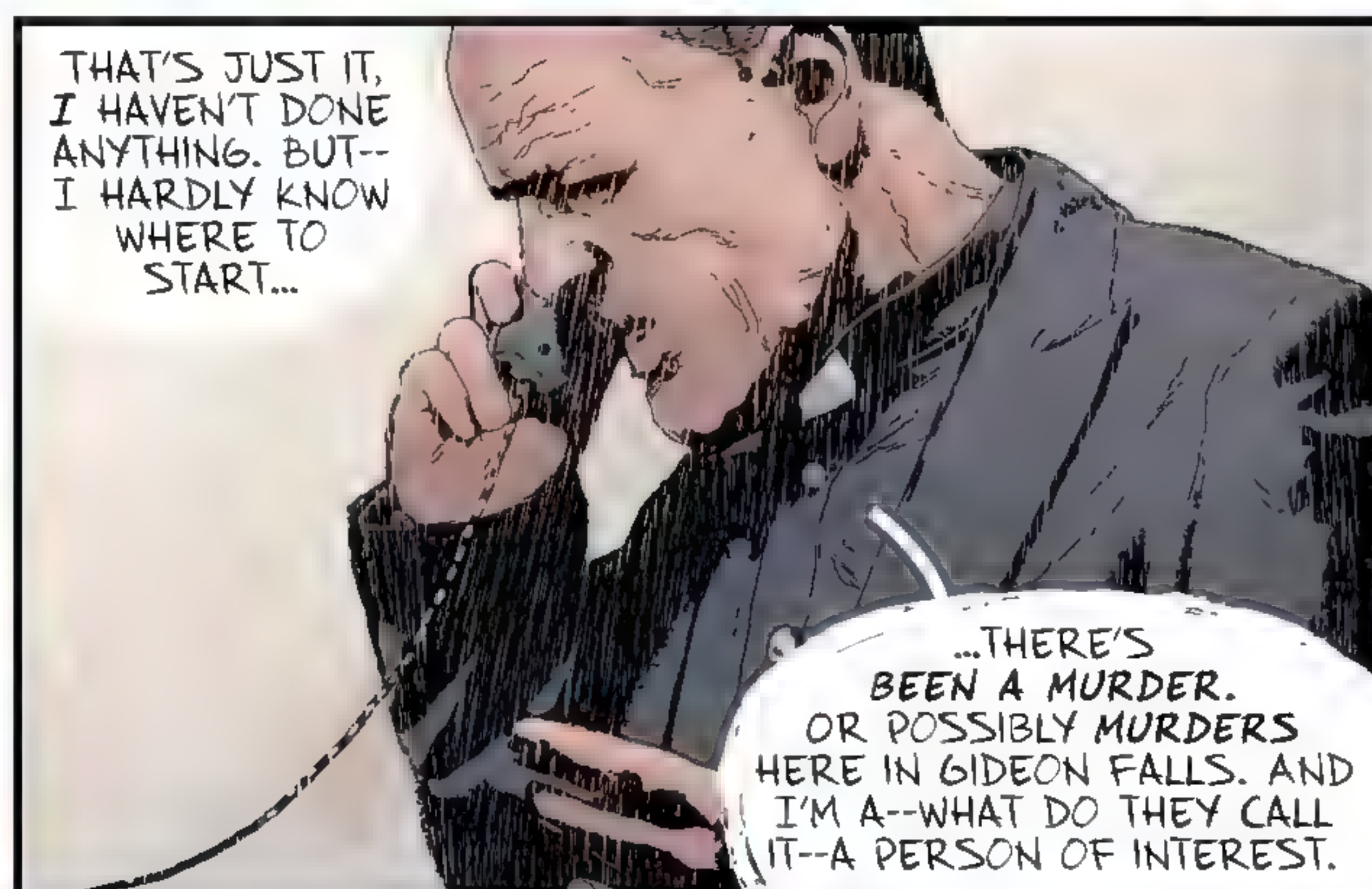
I-I MADE
SOME MISTAKES.
THAT'S ALL BEHIND
ME NOW. AND THAT
HAS NOTHING TO
DO WITH WHAT
HAPPENED
TONIGHT.

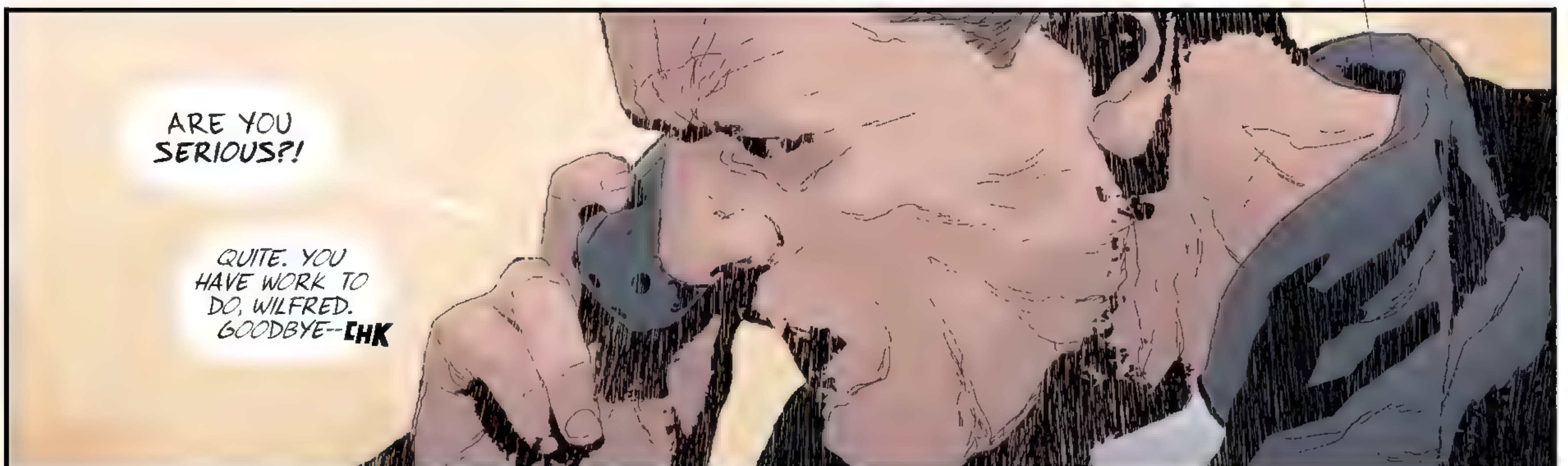
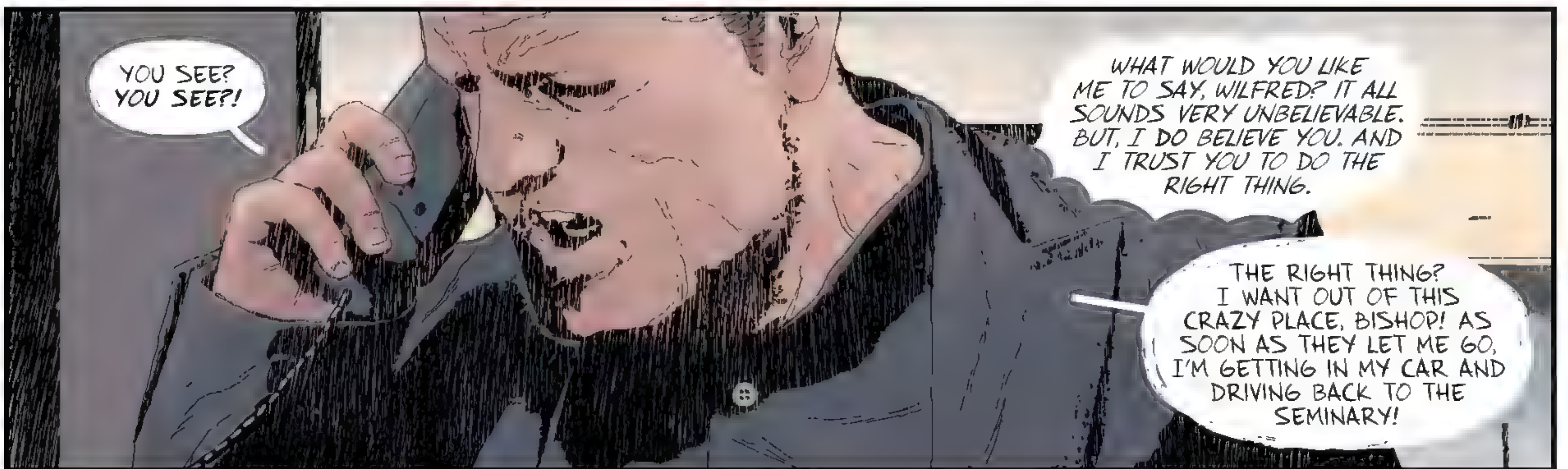
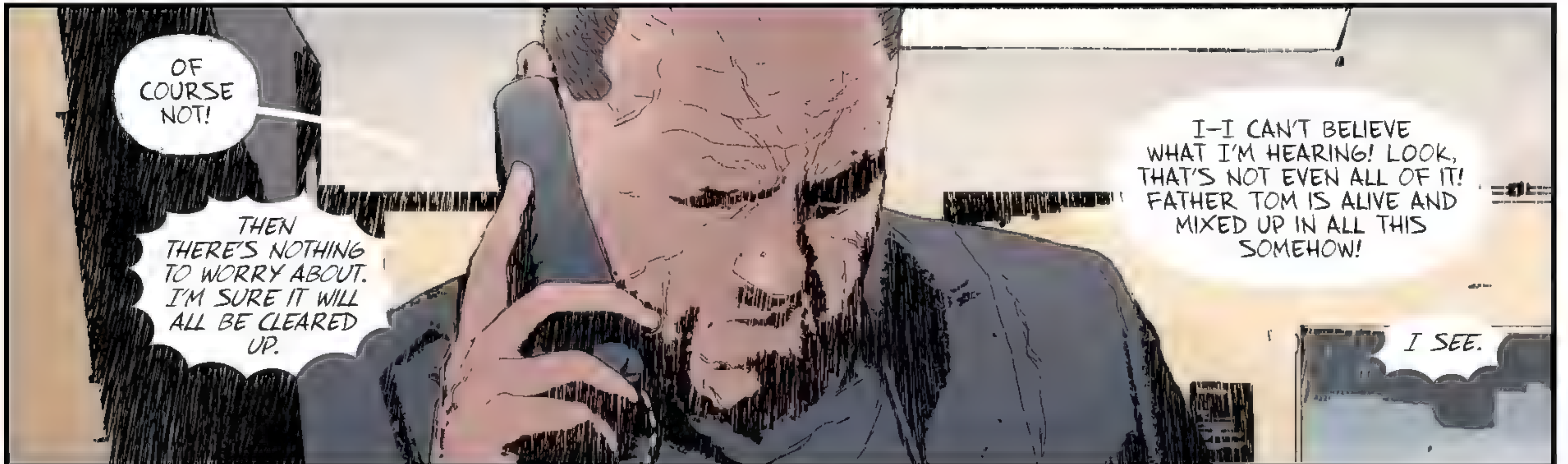
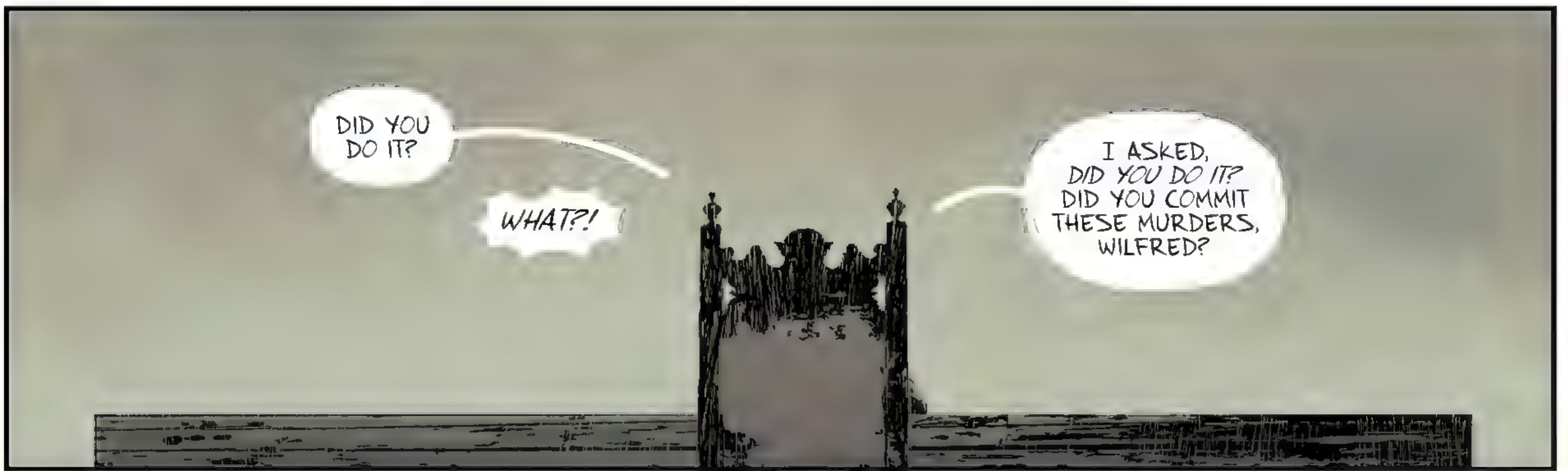


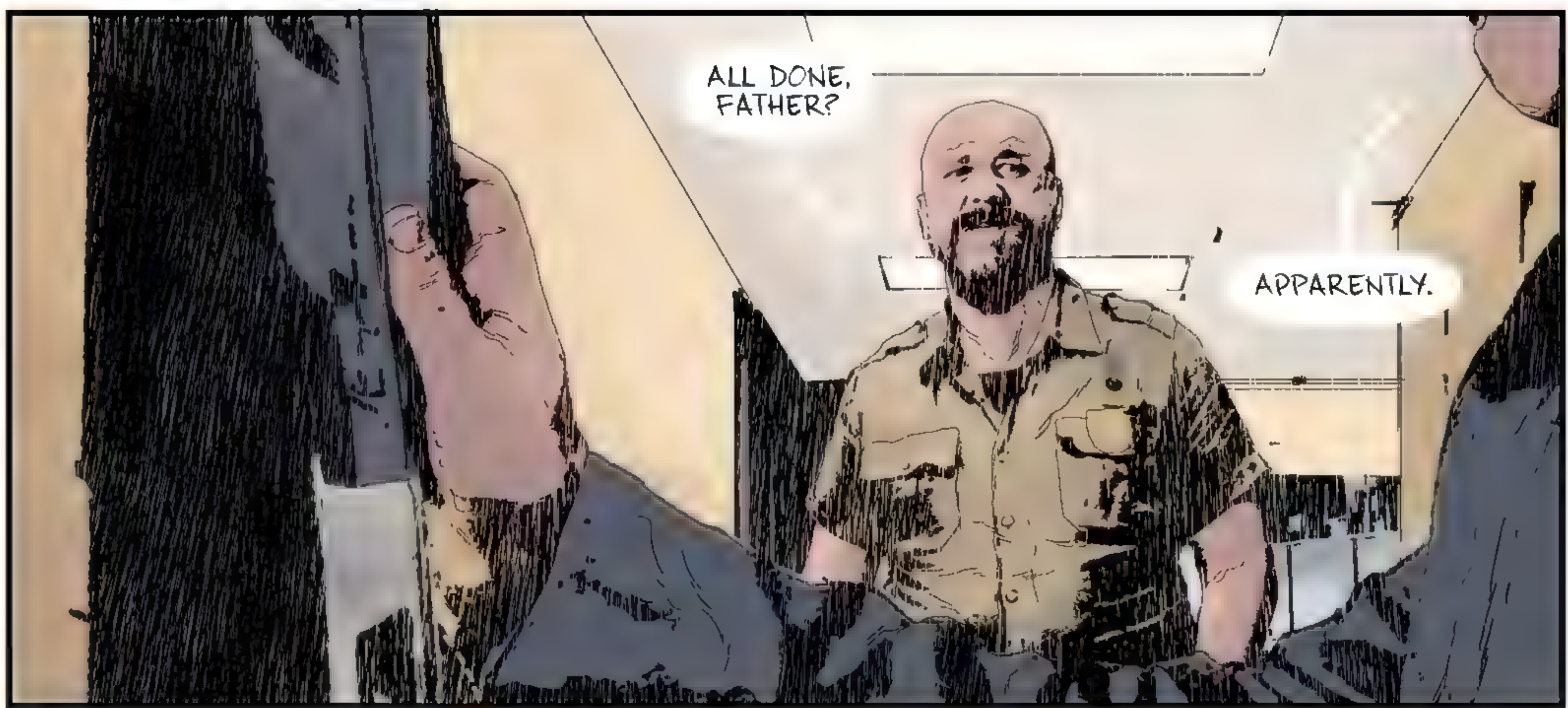














DOC
SUTTON?

YEAH. HE'S AN,
UM...INTERESTING GUY.
MIGHT BE ABLE TO
HELP YOU OUT.

HELP ME?
HELP ME
HOW?



PROBABLY
SHOULDN'T SAY
ANYTHING ELSE
ABOUT IT. I'D GET IN
A LOT OF TROUBLE
IF SHERIFF MILLER
KNEW I WAS EVEN
TALKING TO YOU
LIKE THIS.

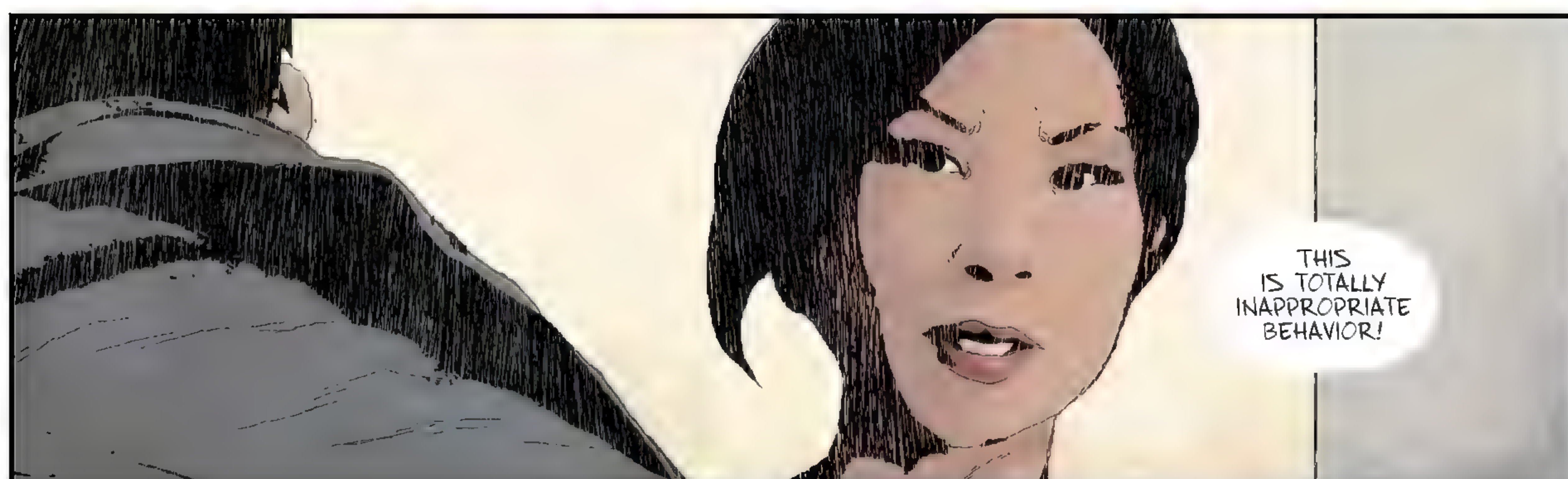
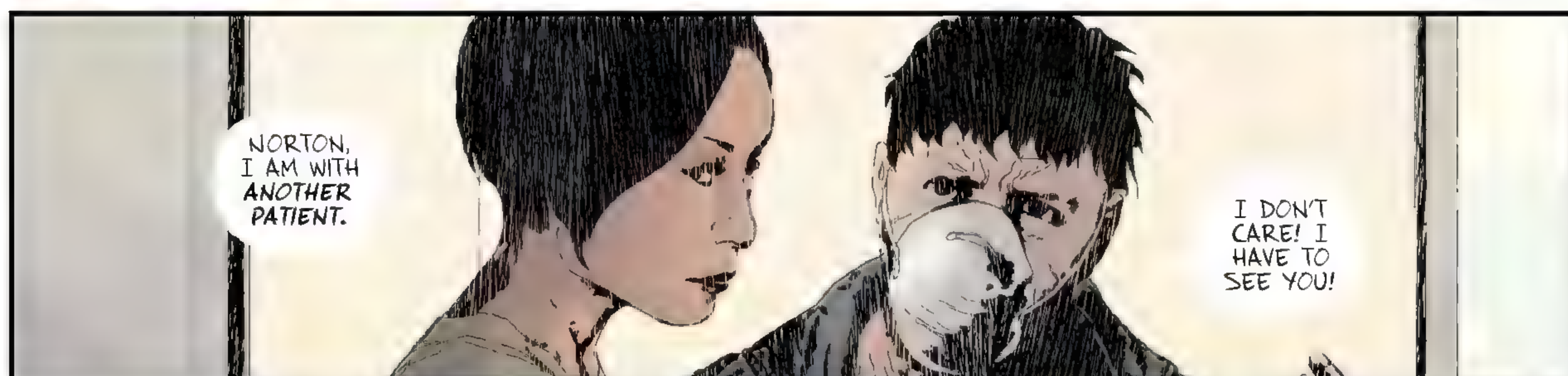
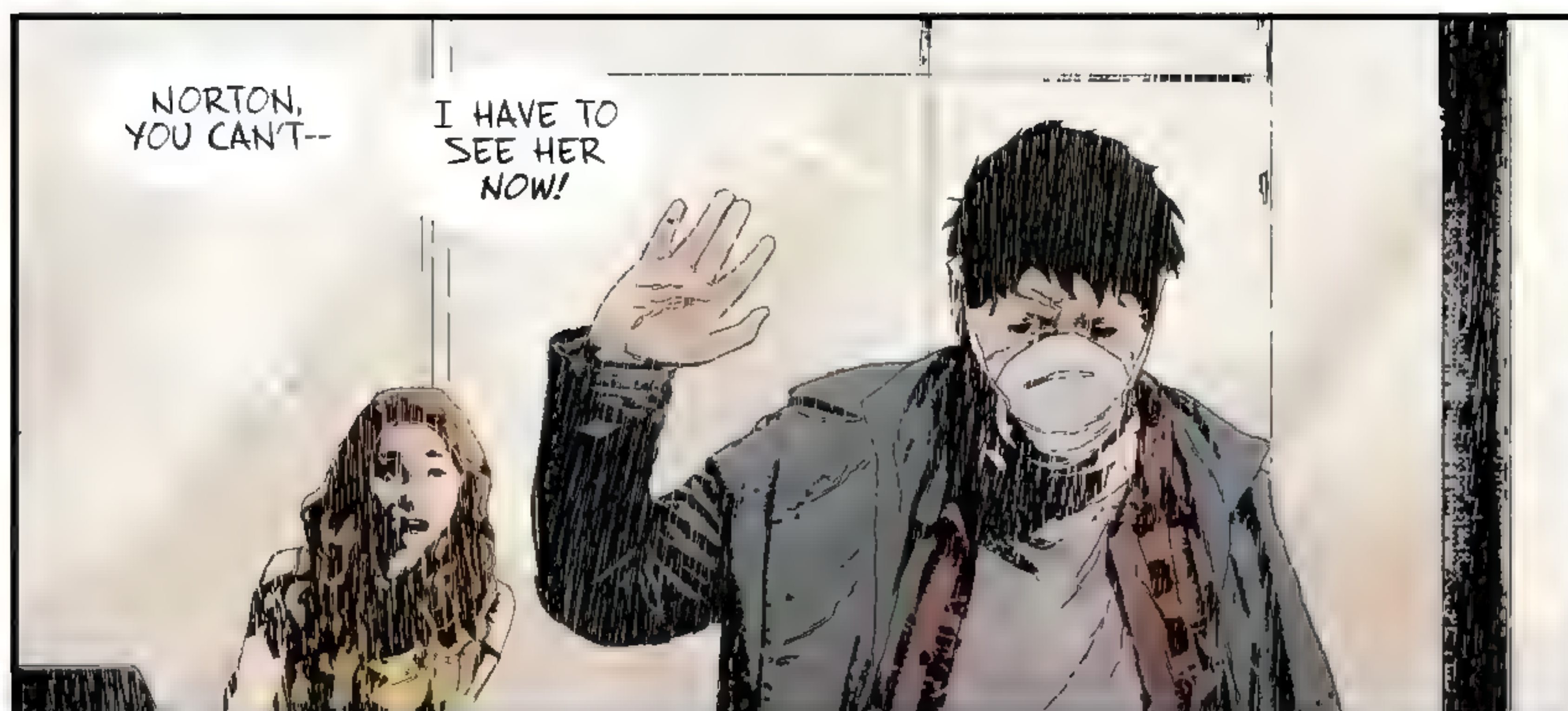


DEPUTY?
IF THERE'S
SOMETHING YOU
SHOULD TELL
ME--

NOTHING.
MAKE YOURSELF
COMFORTABLE,
FATHER. I'LL LET
YOU KNOW IF
THERE ARE ANY
DEVELOPMENTS
SOON AS I
HEAR.



GODDAMN
WONDERFUL.





BUT, THEY--
THEY'VE BEEN IN MY
APARTMENT! THEY
TOOK THINGS!



UH,
OKAY.

SYDNEY, I'M VERY SORRY
ABOUT THIS. CAN WE
RESCHEDULE?

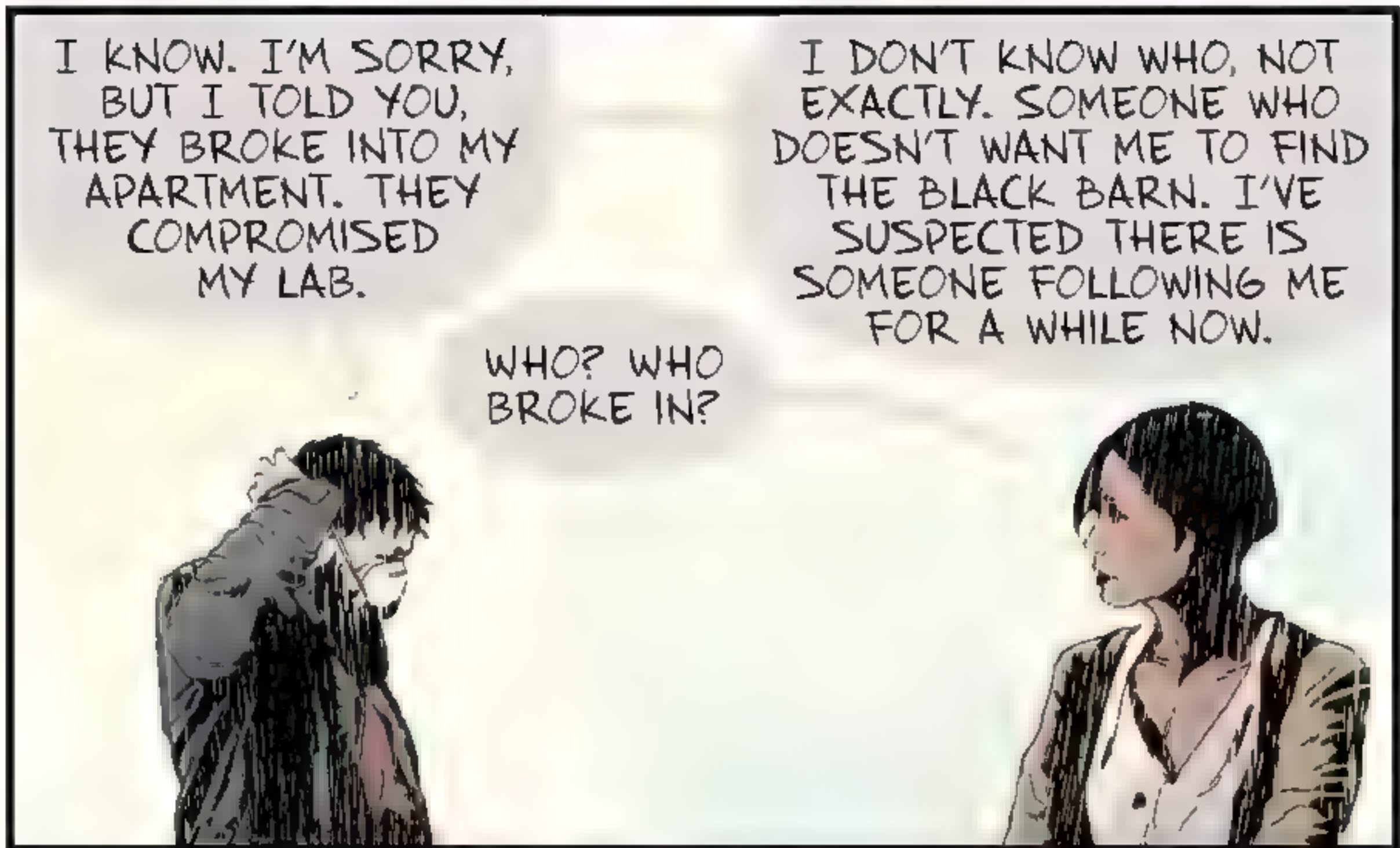


THANK YOU,
SYDNEY. AGAIN,
I'M VERY SORRY
ABOUT THIS.

IT'S NO
PROBLEM, REALLY,
DR. XU.



NORTON, WHAT
IS THIS ABOUT?!
YOU CAN'T JUST COME
HERE LIKE THIS! I HAVE
OTHER PATIENTS, OTHER
RESPONSIBILITIES
OTHER THAN YOU!



I KNOW. I'M SORRY,
BUT I TOLD YOU,
THEY BROKE INTO MY
APARTMENT. THEY
COMPROMISED
MY LAB.

I DON'T KNOW WHO, NOT
EXACTLY. SOMEONE WHO
DOESN'T WANT ME TO FIND
THE BLACK BARN. I'VE
SUSPECTED THERE IS
SOMEONE FOLLOWING ME
FOR A WHILE NOW.

WHO? WHO
BROKE IN?



YOU'RE
BEING
PARANOID.

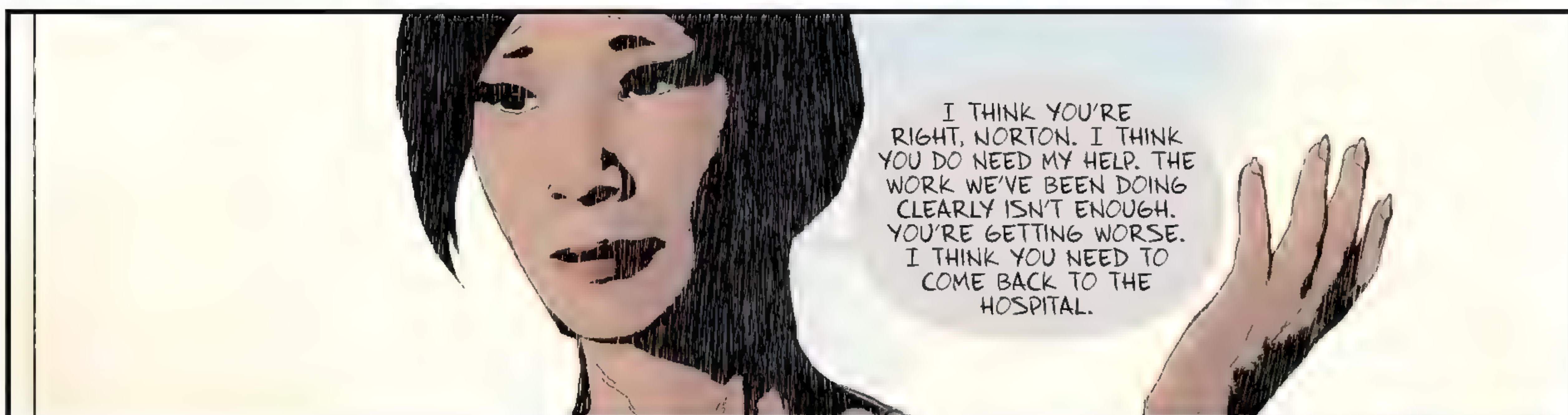
NO, THIS IS REAL!
THE LOCKS ON MY DOOR
WERE BROKEN. THEY TOOK
SOME OF MY SAMPLES...OLD
NAILS, AND THAT'S NOT ALL,
THEY TOOK MY SCALPEL TOO!



OH,
NORTON...

YOU
DON'T
BELIEVE
ME.

I BELIEVE
THAT YOU
BELIEVE THESE
THINGS BUT...

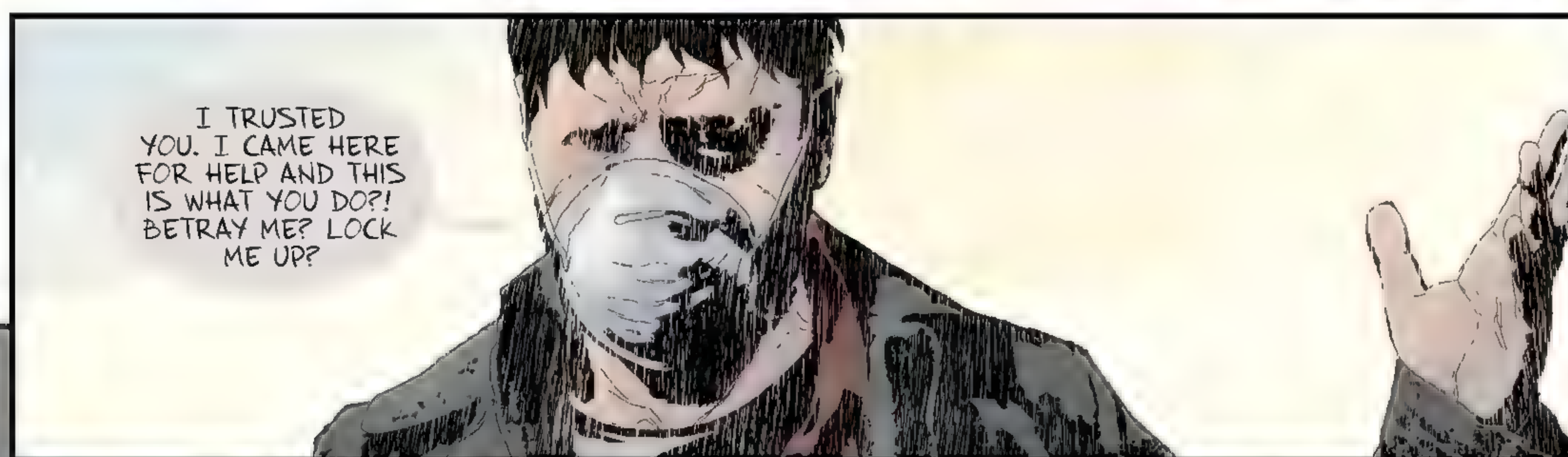


I THINK YOU'RE
RIGHT, NORTON. I THINK
YOU DO NEED MY HELP. THE
WORK WE'VE BEEN DOING
CLEARLY ISN'T ENOUGH.
YOU'RE GETTING WORSE.
I THINK YOU NEED TO
COME BACK TO THE
HOSPITAL.



WHAT!? NO! I'M
NOT COMING BACK TO
LIVE HERE! THE BARN...I
NEED TO FIND THE REST
OF IT. NOW MORE
THAN EVER!

I'M SORRY,
NORTON, BUT I
CAN'T LET YOU
STAY ON YOUR
OWN. NOT NOW,
NOT AFTER
THIS.

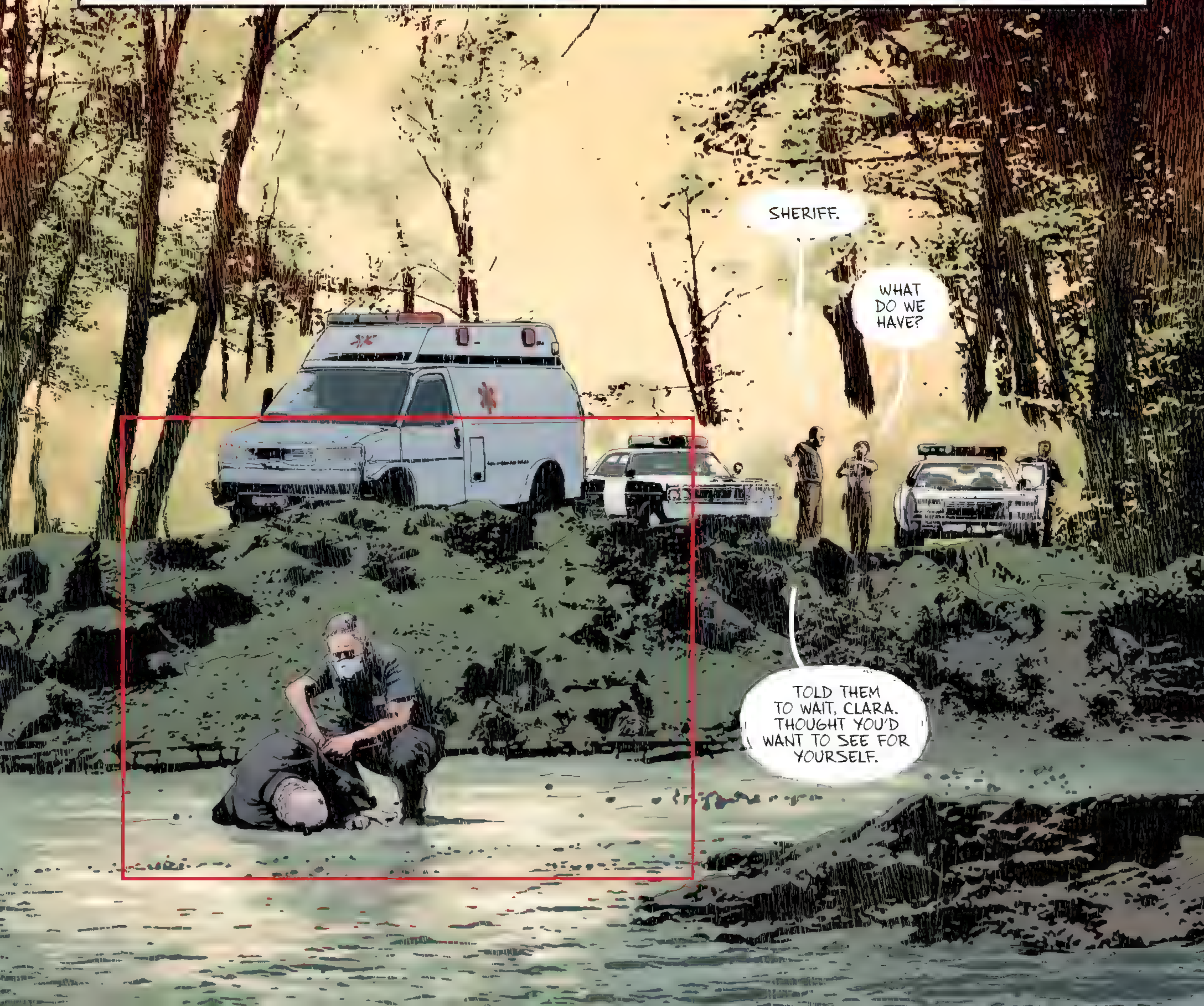
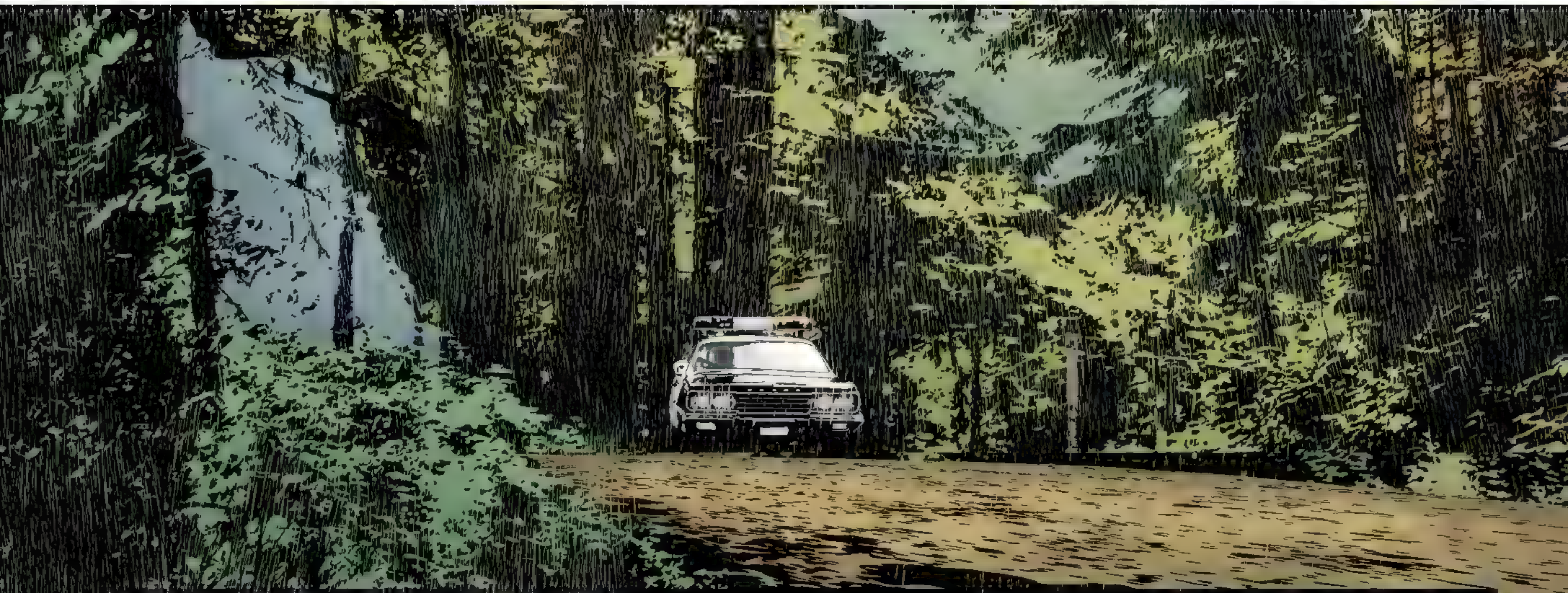


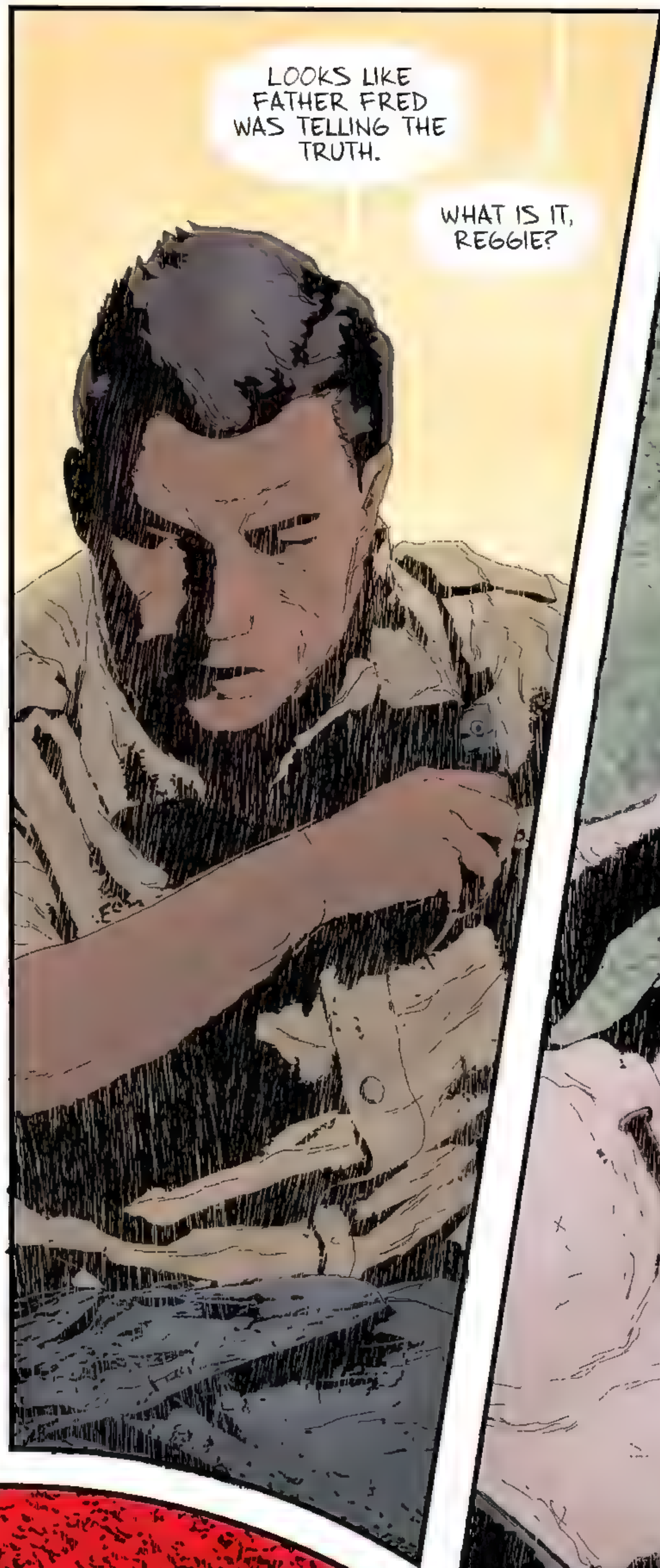
I TRUSTED
YOU. I CAME HERE
FOR HELP AND THIS
IS WHAT YOU DO?!
BETRAY ME? LOCK
ME UP?

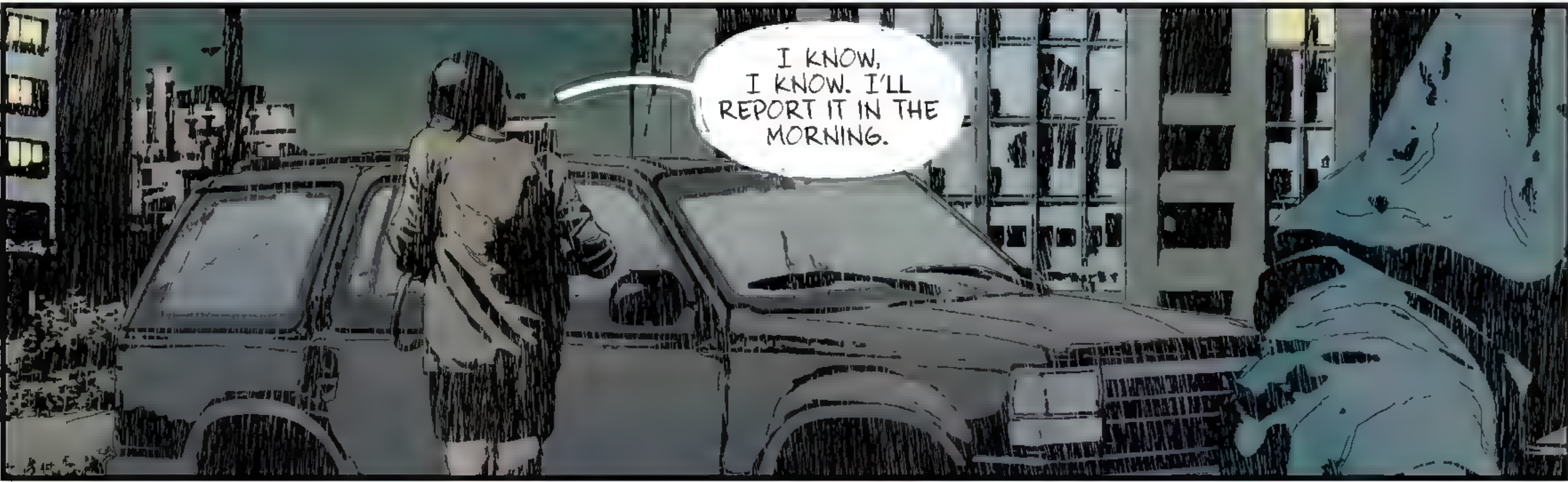


NORTON,
DON'T DO
THIS!

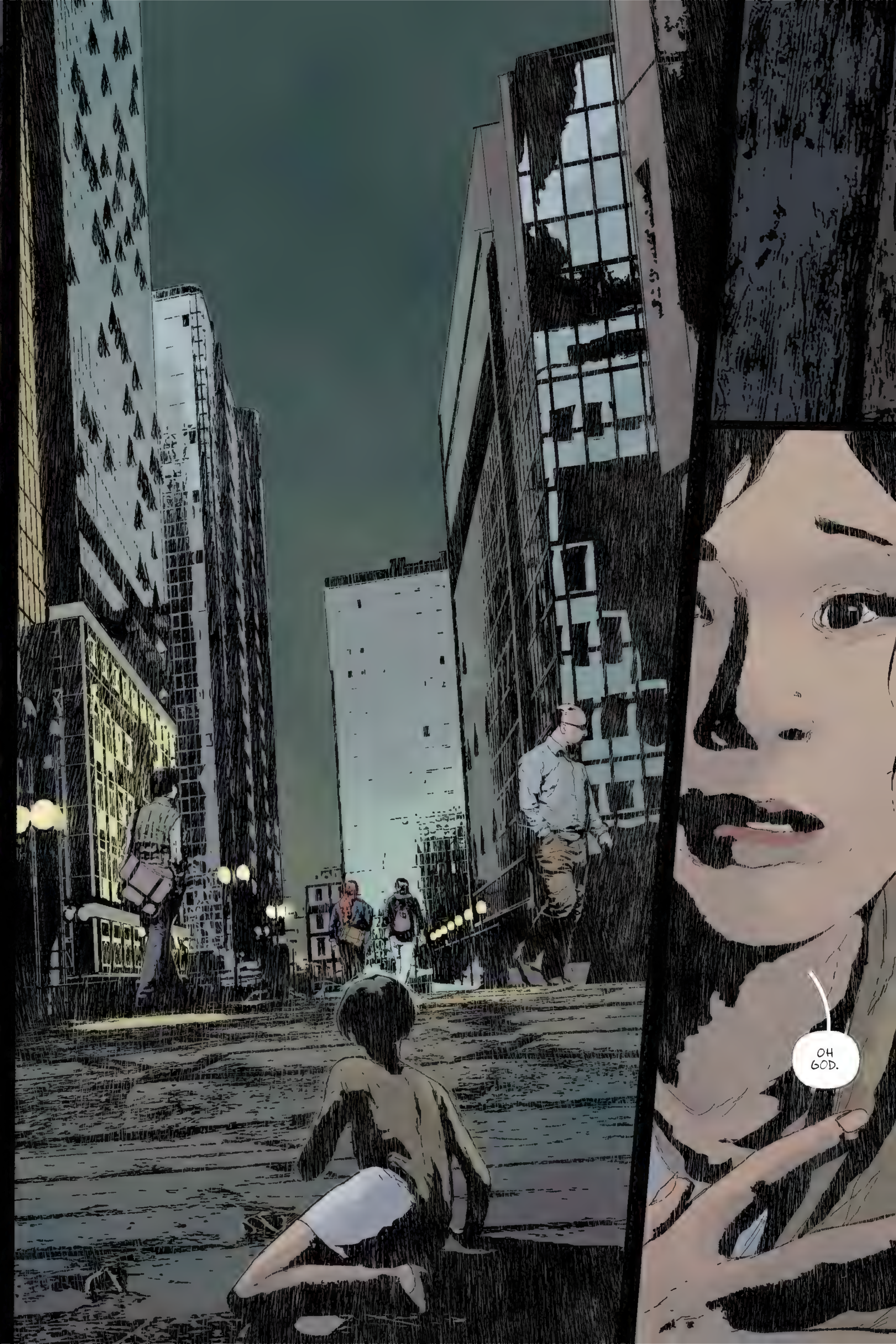
FORGET IT!
I'M DONE WITH
THIS! DONE
WITH YOU!





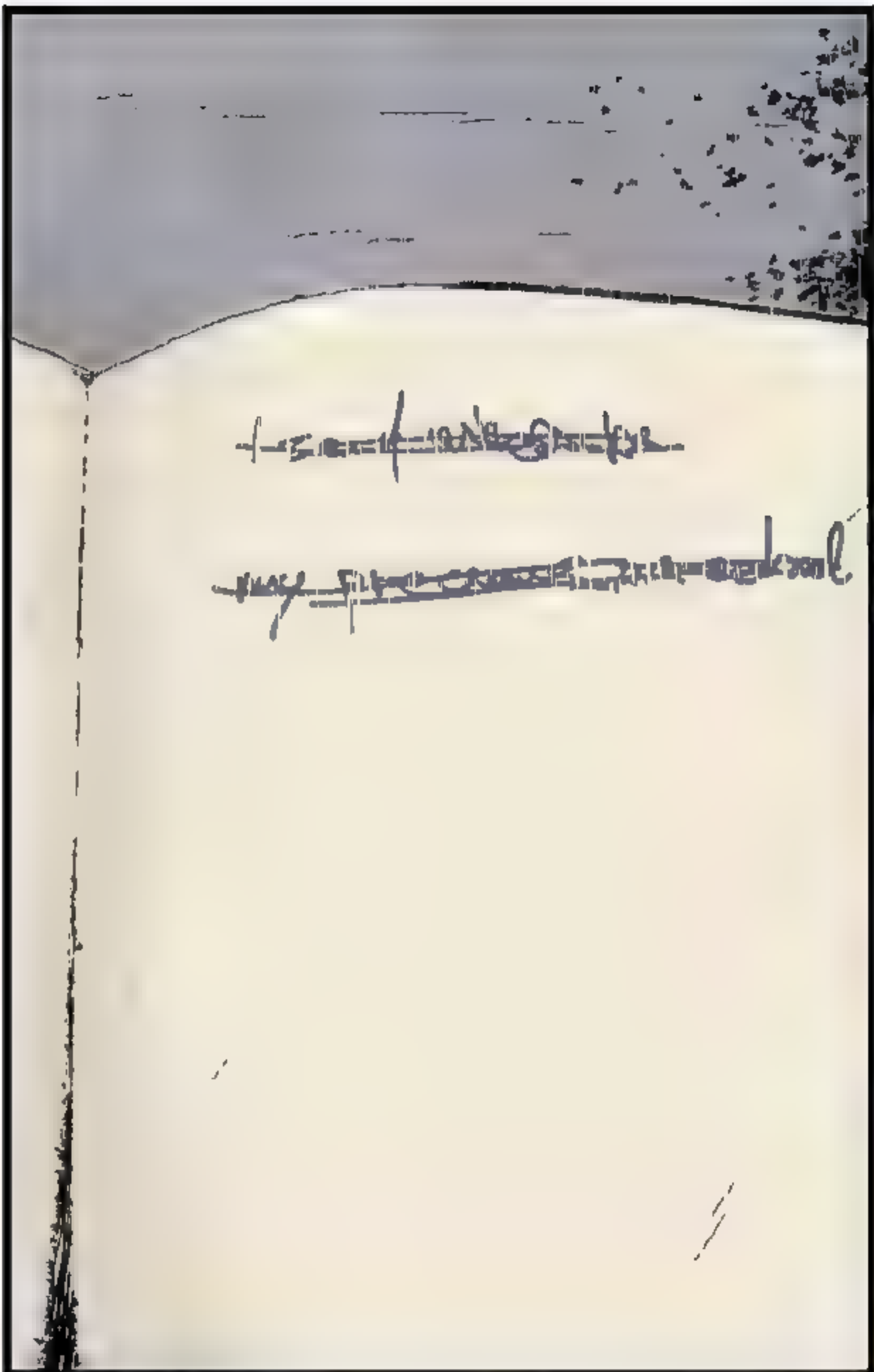






OH
GOD.







SHERIFF.

FATHER.



MAY I
COME IN?

THAT DEPENDS.
ARE YOU GOING
TO ARREST ME
AGAIN?

NOT TODAY,
FATHER, BUT WHO
KNOWS WHAT THE
FUTURE MAY
HOLD.



COME ON IN.
COFFEE?

NO THANKS,
I'M GOOD. I'VE
ALREADY HAD, LIKE
THREE CUPS THIS
MORNING.



WORKING
ON THE GREAT
AMERICAN
NOVEL?



IF ONLY.
TRYING TO WRITE
MY FIRST SERMON FOR
MASS TOMORROW, BUT I
JUST CAN'T FOCUS. WITH
EVERYTHING THAT'S
HAPPENED I JUST--WELL,
IT'S BEEN ONE HELL OF
A WEEK, HASN'T IT?

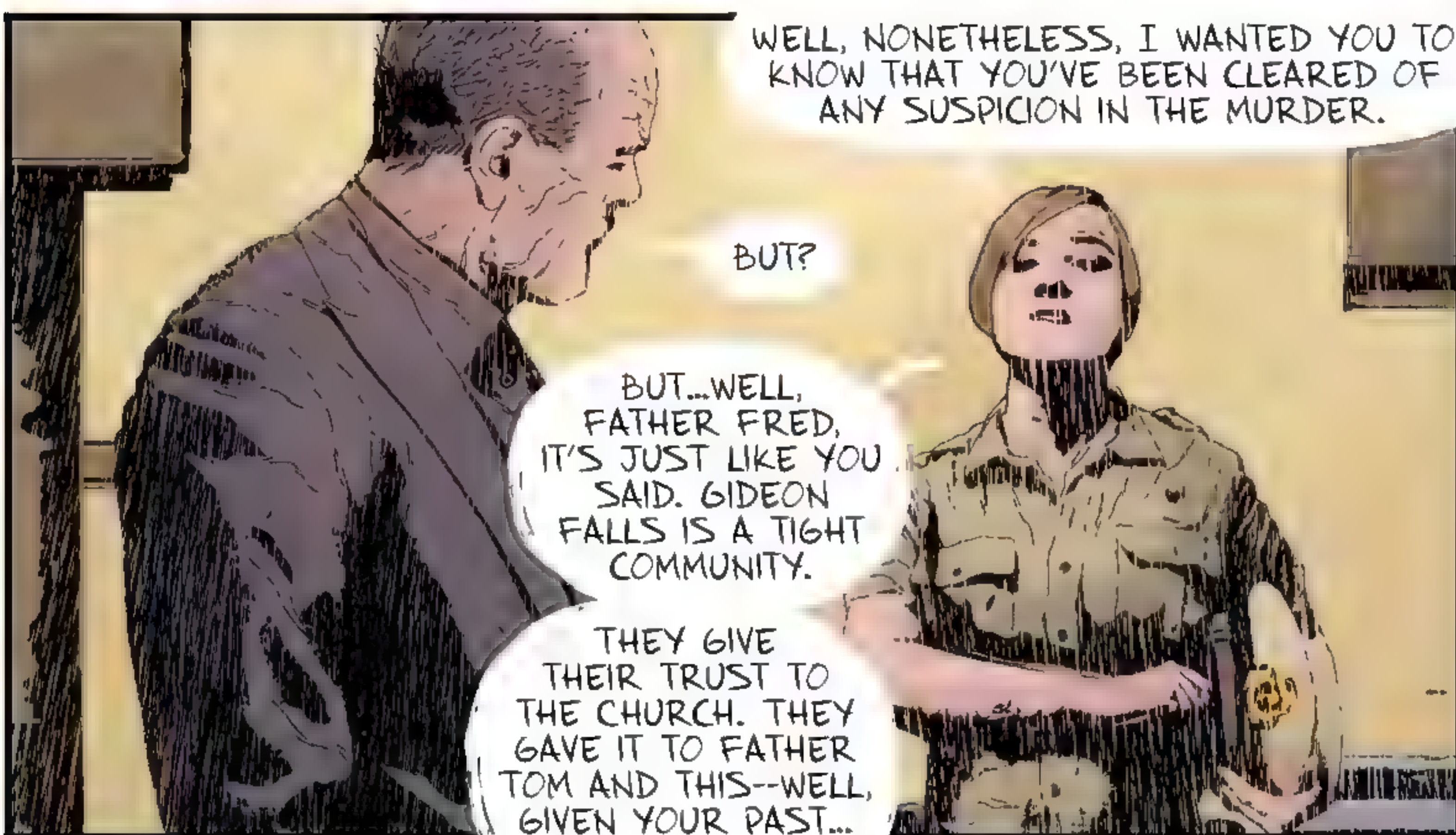
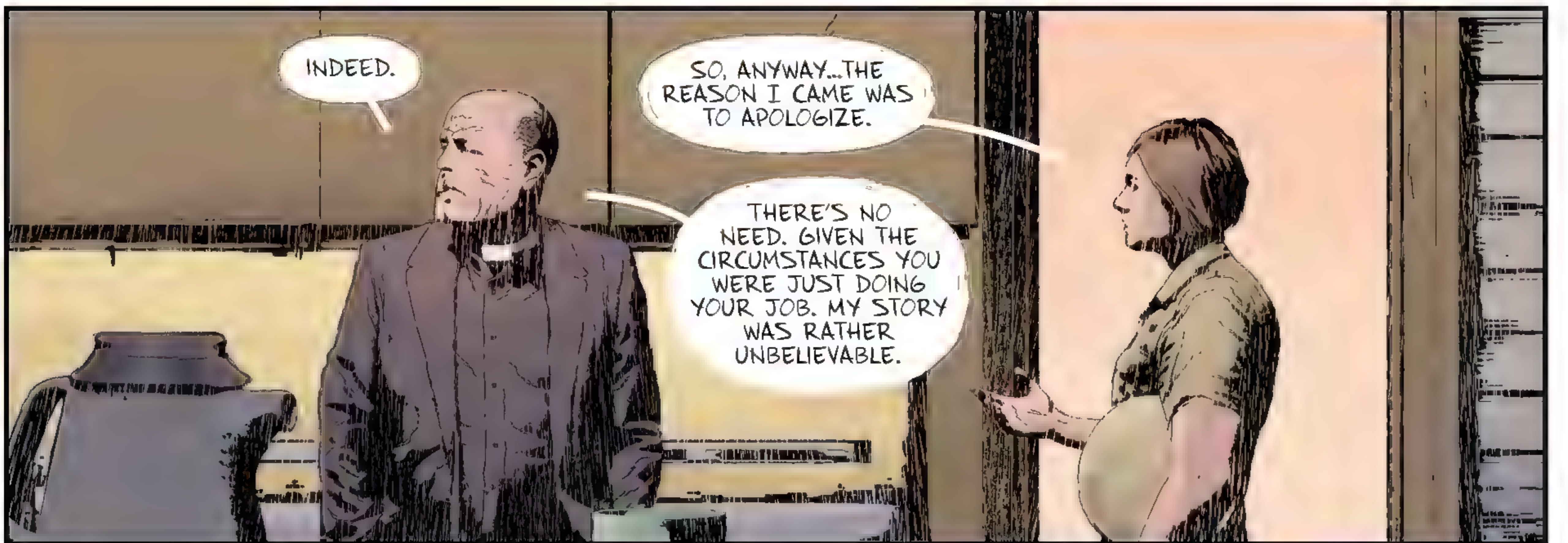
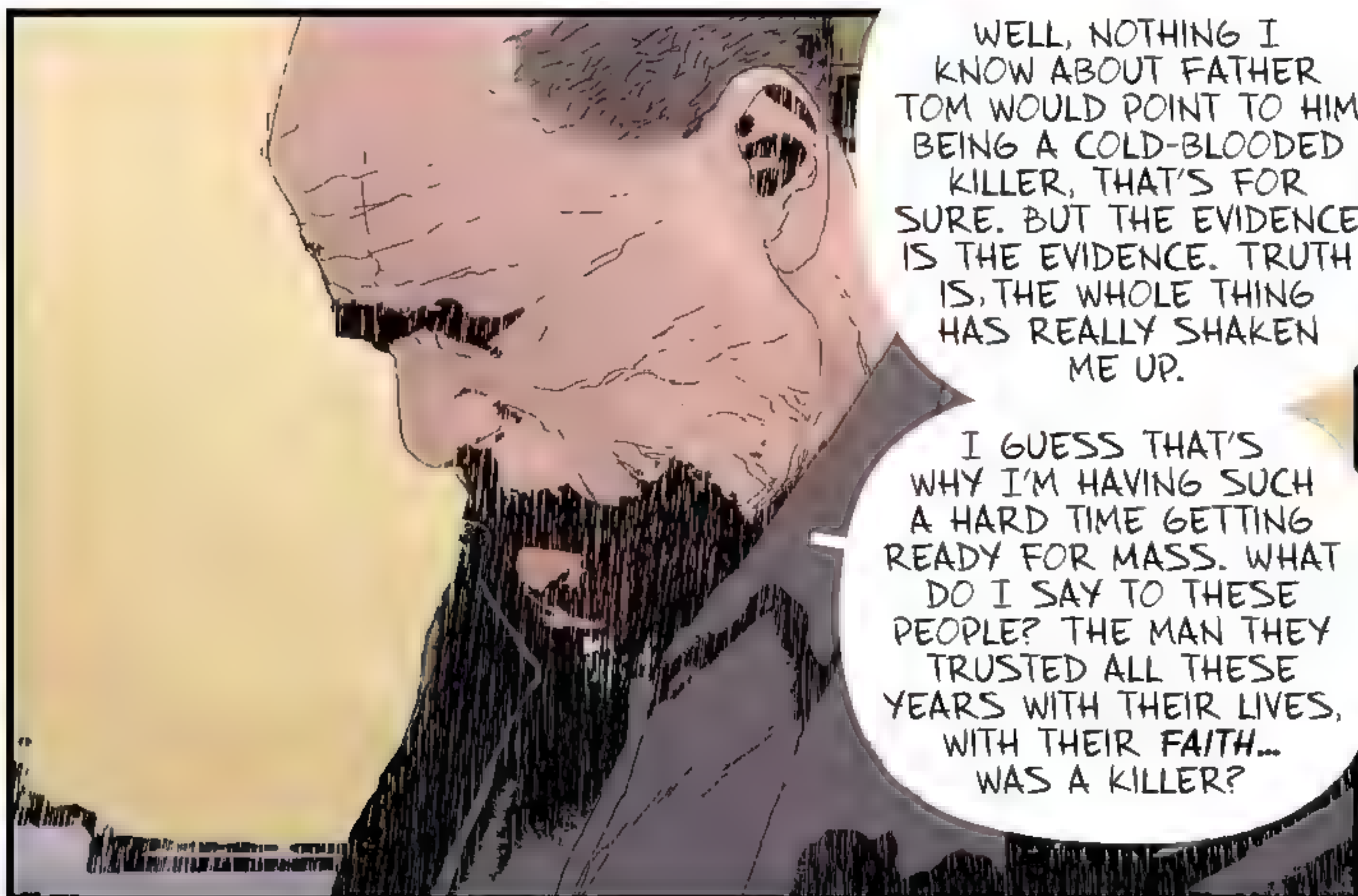


SURE HAS. WHICH,
OF COURSE, IS WHY
I'M HERE.

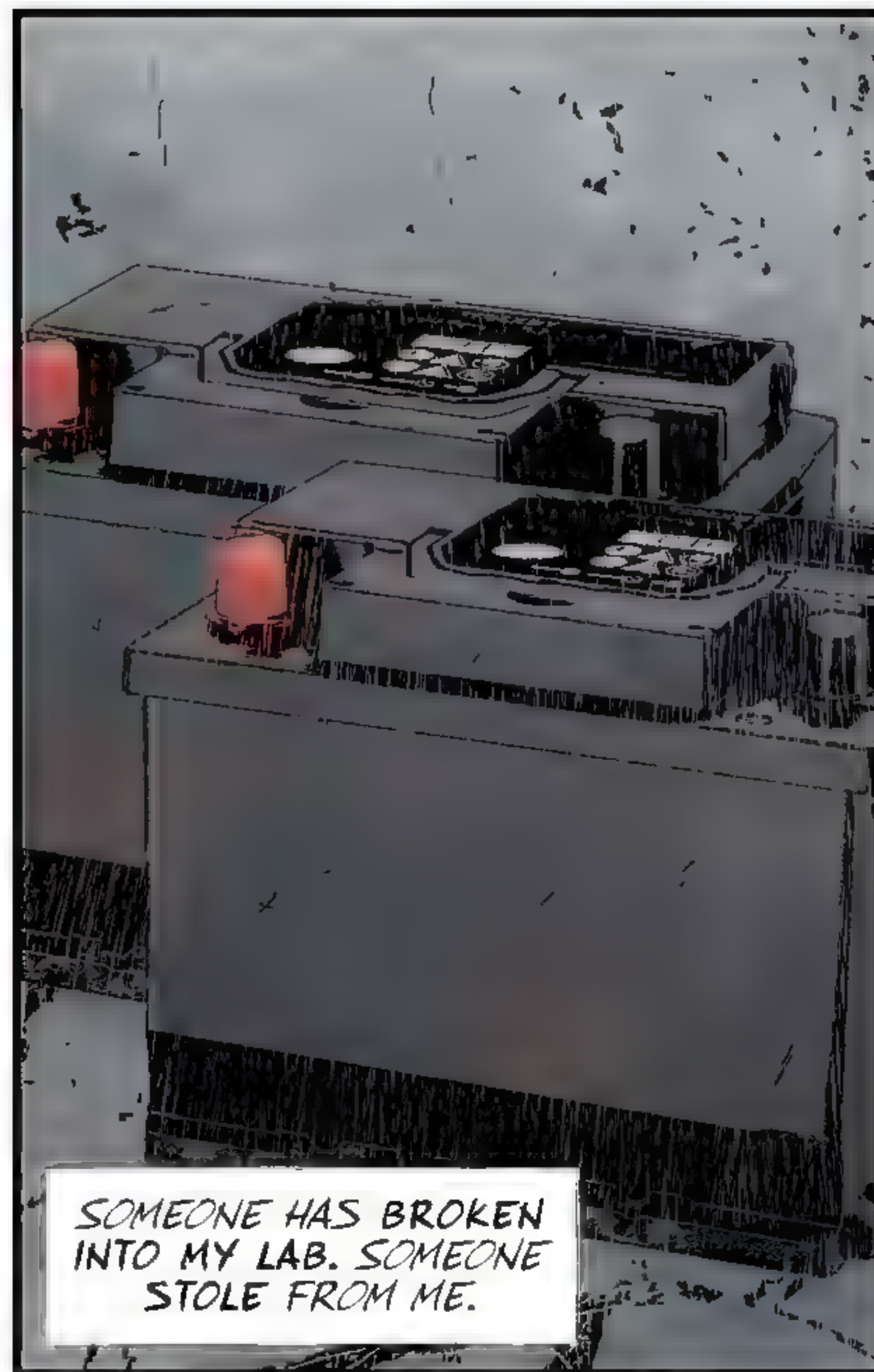
OH?



YEAH. SO,
THE LAB WORK
CAME BACK
AND THE
BLOOD ON
FATHER TOM
MATCHES GENE
TREMBLAYS.
GIVEN THE
REST OF WHAT
WE KNOW, IT
SEEMS
FATHER TOM
WAS THE
KILLER.







I HAVE RIGGED A FLOORBOARD JUST INSIDE THE DOOR TO COLLAPSE UNDER ANY WEIGHT AND SET UP A NUMBER OF GLASS SHARDS BENEATH THAT WILL EASILY CUT THROUGH THE SOLES OF MOST SHOES OR BOOTS.

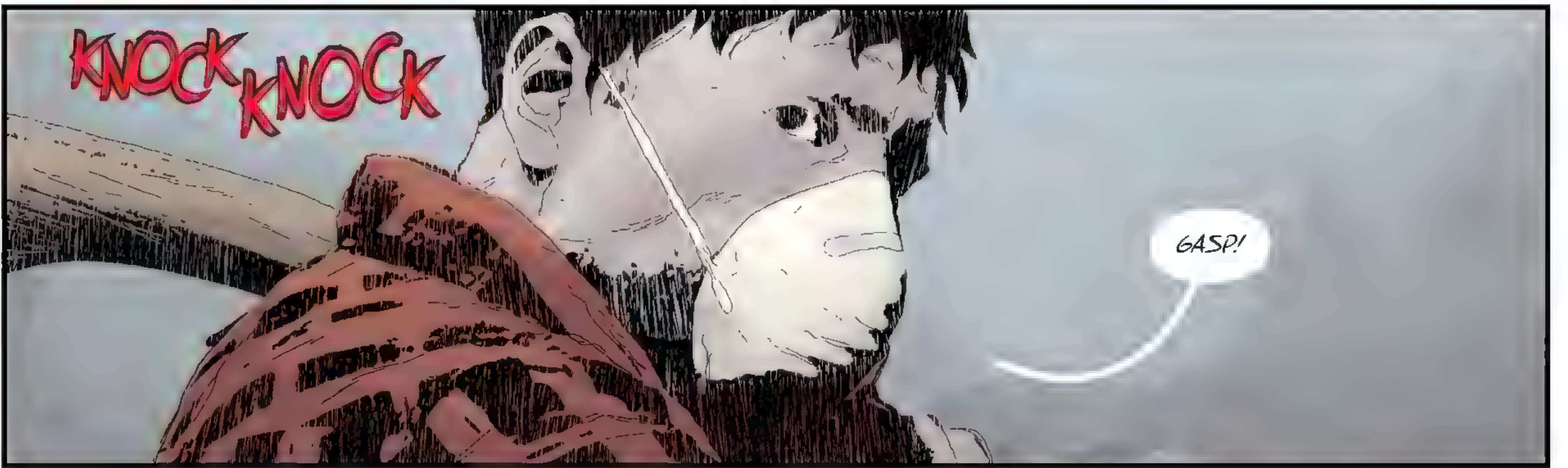
I HAVE ELECTRIFIED THE DOORKNOB USING COPPER WIRE AND FOUR CAR BATTERIES I FOUND IN THE SCRAPYARD NEAR CARLTON STREET. NOT ENOUGH CHARGE TO KILL, BUT CERTAINLY ENOUGH TO STUN.

UNFORTUNATELY I CAN'T SET THIS UP TO WORK FROM THE OUTSIDE, OR WHEN I LEAVE THE APARTMENT, BUT IT DOES PROVIDE EXTRA SECURITY WHILE I WORK AND SLEEP.

A JAR CONTAINING A HIGHLY CORROSIVE LIQUID COMPOUND THAT I MIXED FROM THE REMNANTS OF VARIOUS HOUSEHOLD CLEANING PRODUCTS AND BATTERY ACID, HAS BEEN SET IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL MY SPECIMENS AND RIGGED TO THE SHELVING WITH HIDDEN STRING AND WIRE. IF ANYONE ATTEMPTS TO REMOVE ANY OF THE SPECIMEN JARS WITHOUT UNHOOKING THE RIG, THE JAR WILL TIP, SPILLING THE PAYLOAD ONTO THEM.

AND FINALLY A MILD EXPLOSIVE COMPOUND THAT I CREATED FROM CHEWING GUM, WAX AND FERTILIZER WILL TAKE THE FINGERS OFF ANYONE WHO TRIES TO OPEN MY WINDOW FROM OUTSIDE.

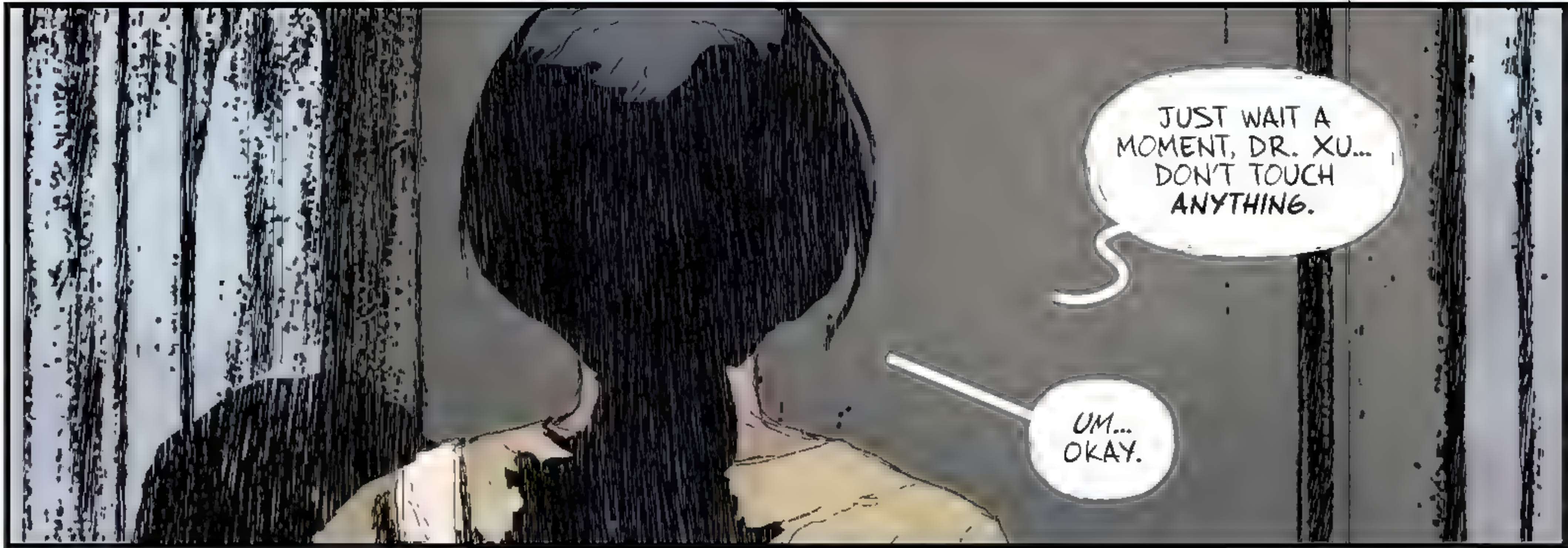
I AM READY FOR THEM NOW. LET THEM COME.





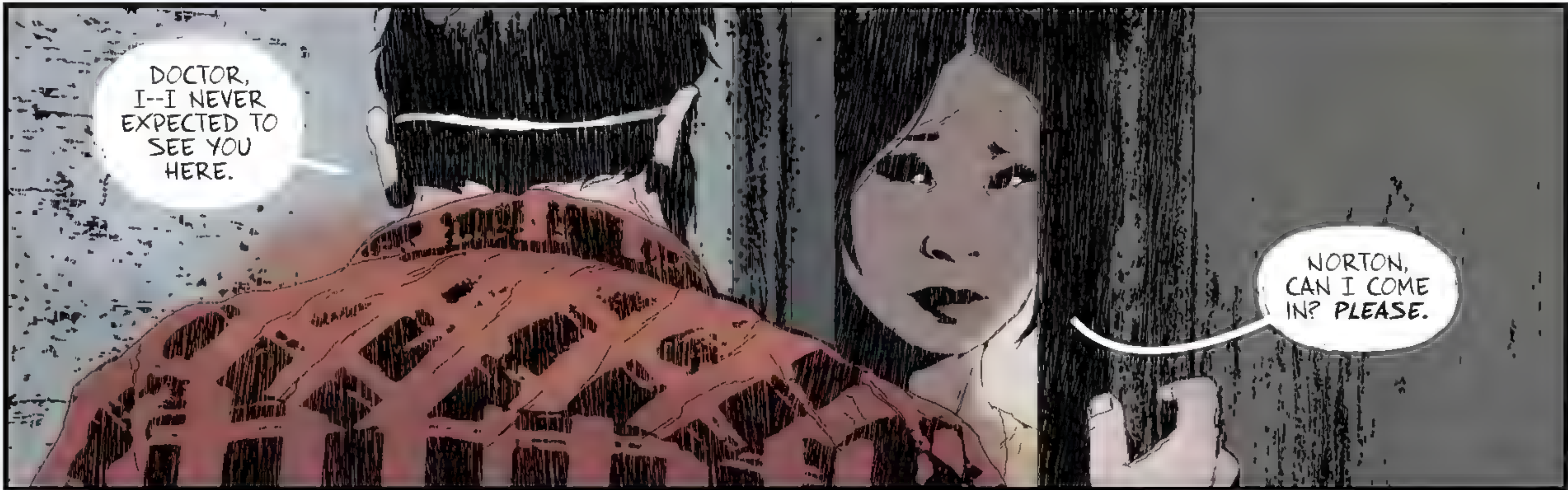
NO! DON'T TOUCH THE DOORKNOB!

WHAT?



JUST WAIT A MOMENT, DR. XU... DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING.

UM... OKAY.



DOCTOR, I--I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU HERE.

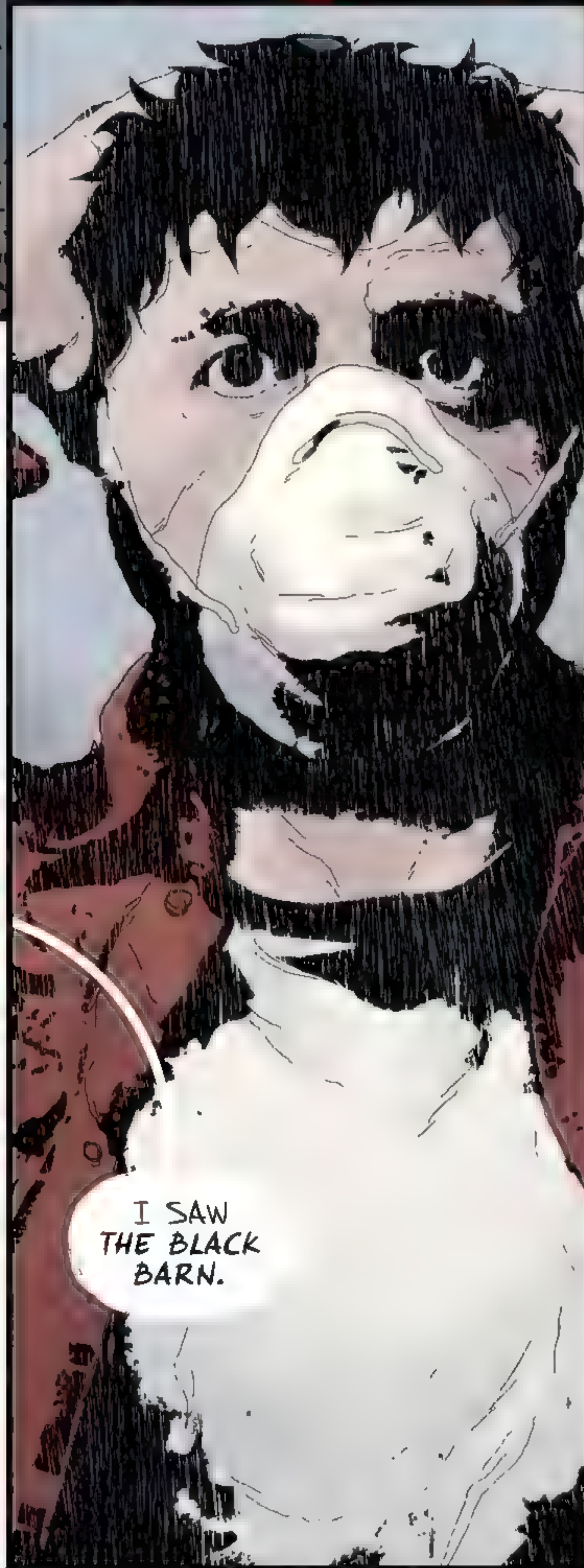
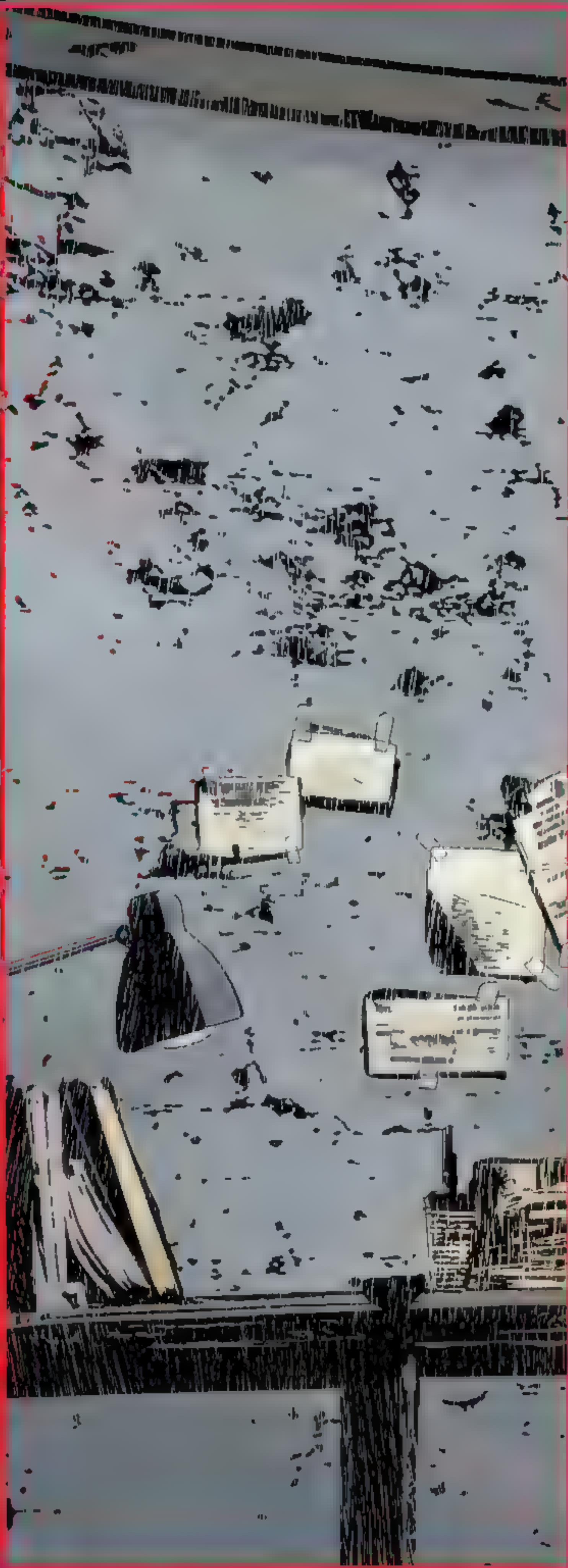
NORTON, CAN I COME IN? PLEASE.

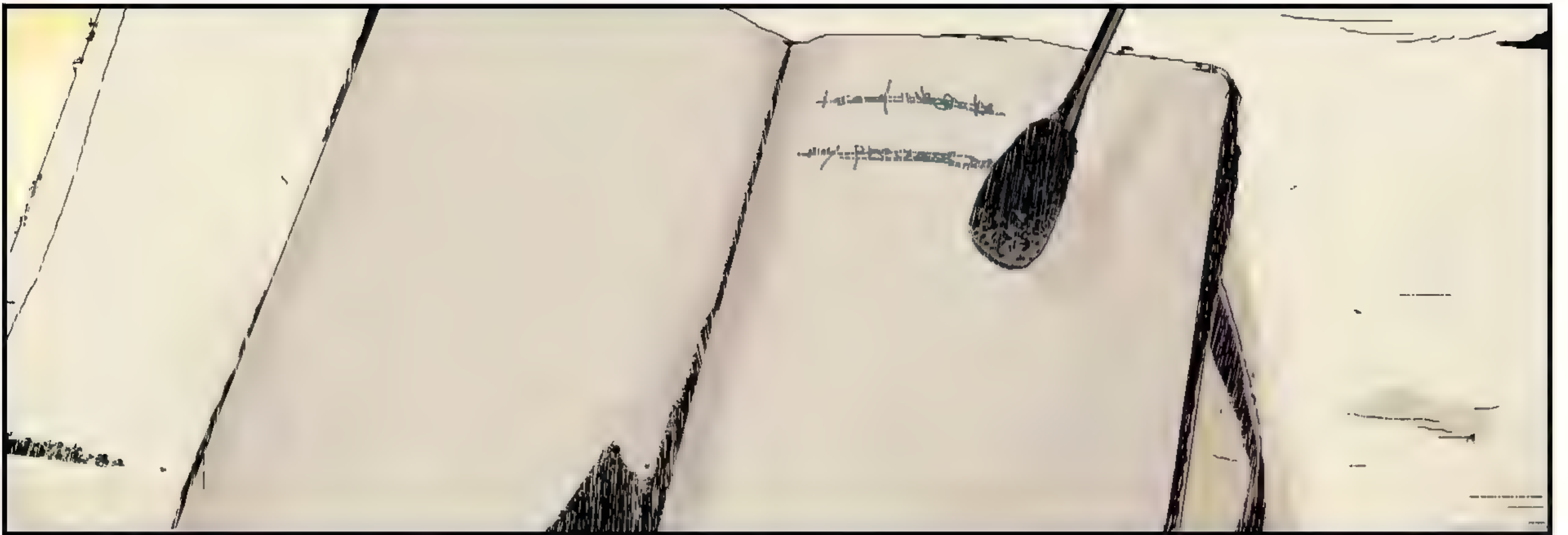
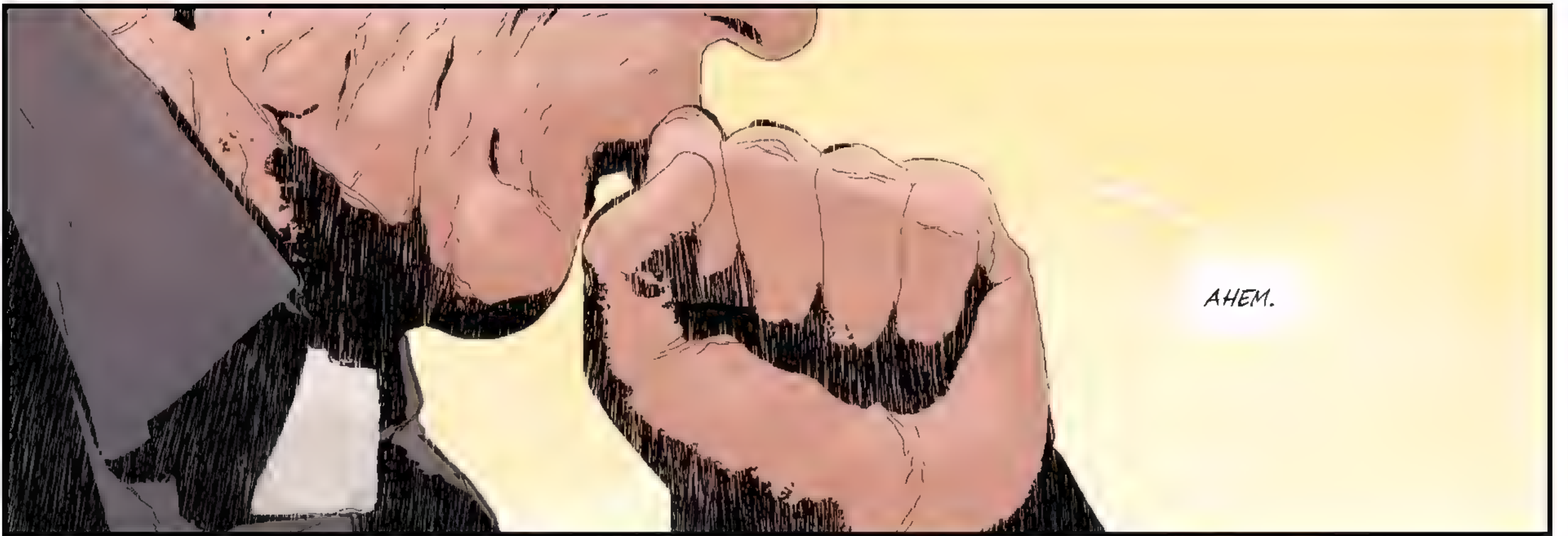


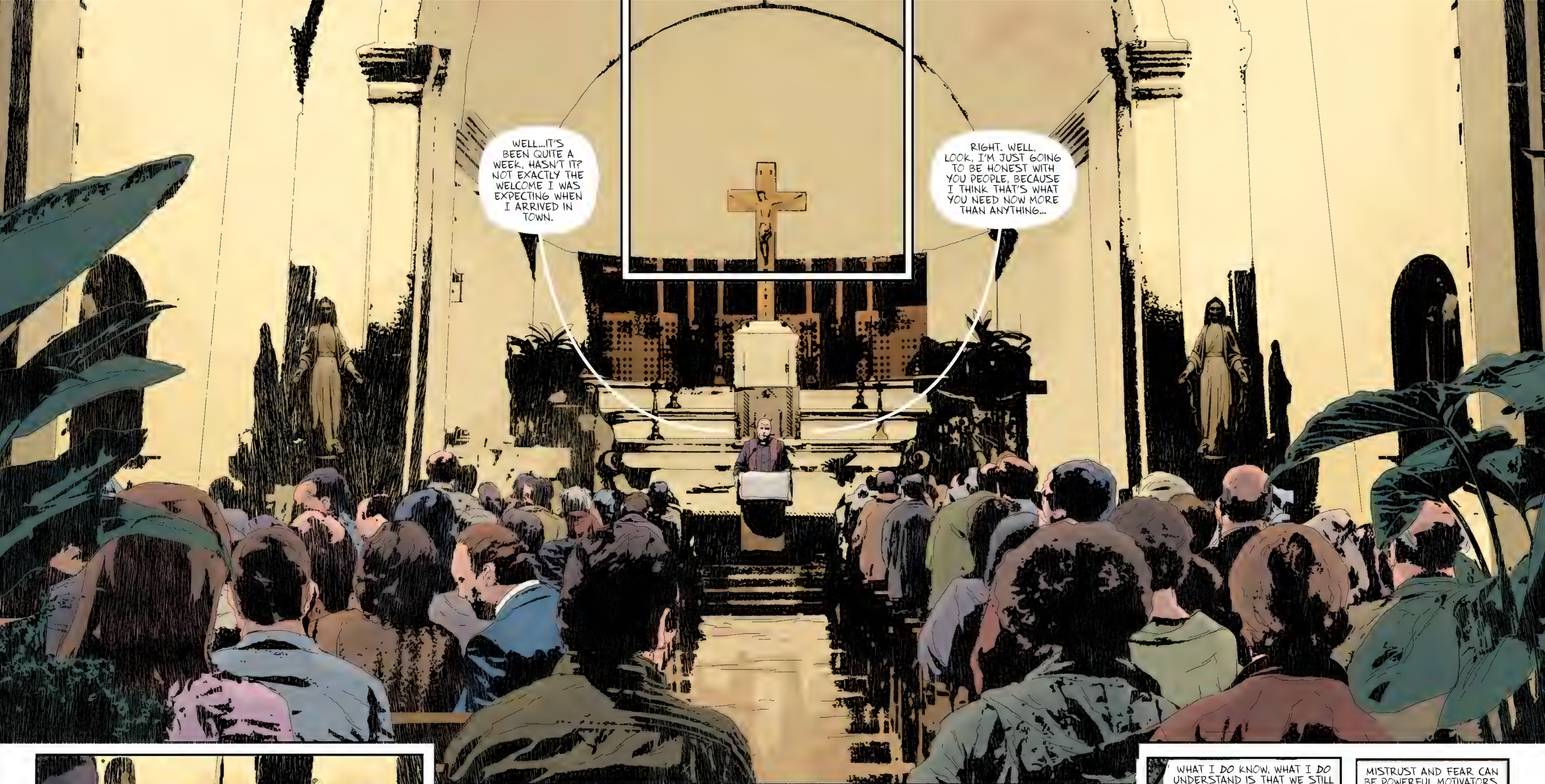
UM...OF COURSE, YES. COME IN.

OH, AND ALSO, DON'T STEP THERE.

OH. OKAY.





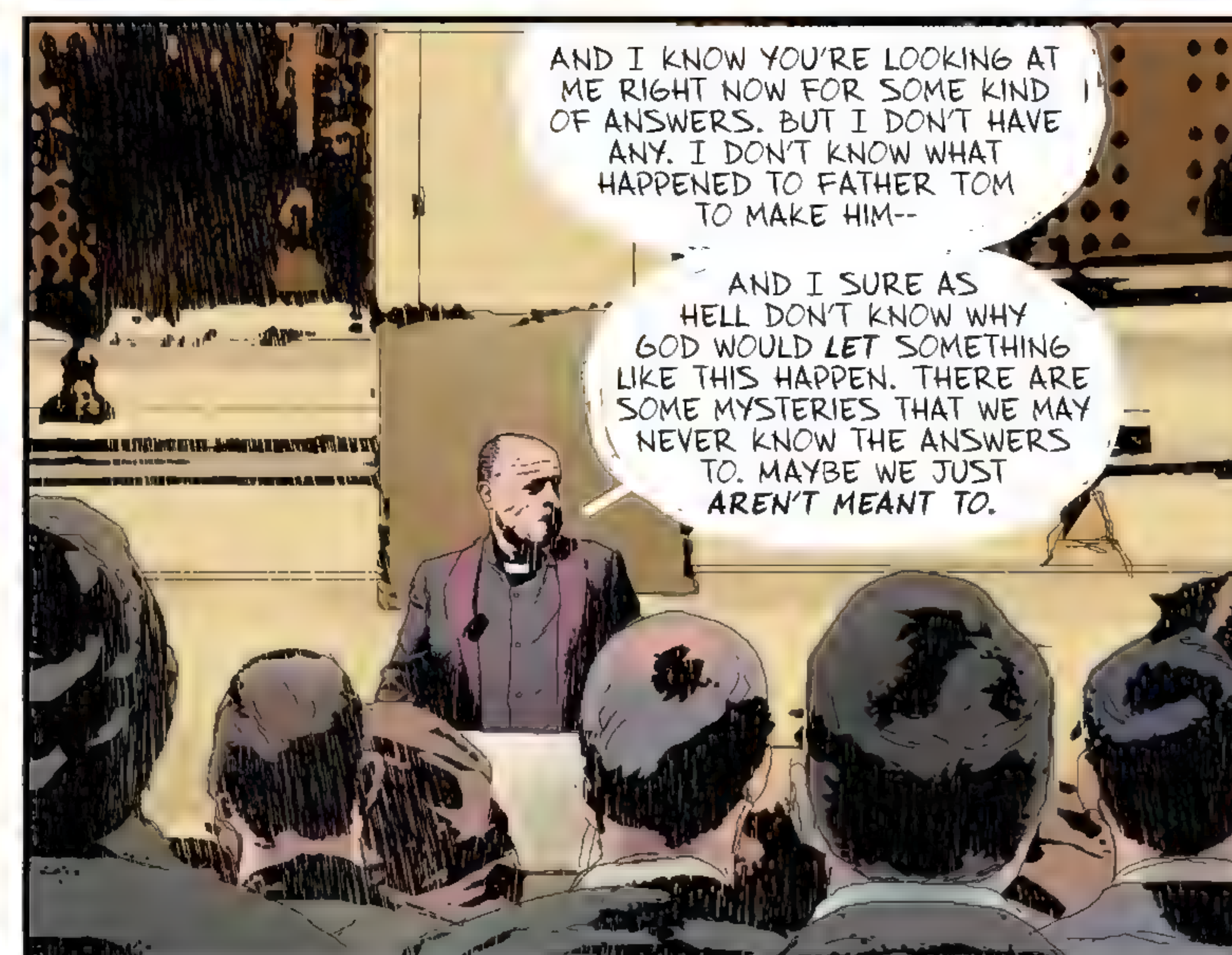


WELL...IT'S BEEN QUITE A WEEK, HASN'T IT? NOT EXACTLY THE WELCOME I WAS EXPECTING WHEN I ARRIVED IN TOWN.

RIGHT. WELL, LOOK, I'M JUST GOING TO BE HONEST WITH YOU PEOPLE, BECAUSE I THINK THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED NOW MORE THAN ANYTHING...



WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE THIS WEEK WAS HORRIBLE, TRULY HORRIBLE. AND WHEN THINGS LIKE THIS HAPPEN I KNOW IT'S HARD TO MAKE ANY KIND OF SENSE OUT OF IT. WHY WOULD GOD LET THIS HAPPEN?



AND I KNOW YOU'RE LOOKING AT ME RIGHT NOW FOR SOME KIND OF ANSWERS. BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER TOM TO MAKE HIM--

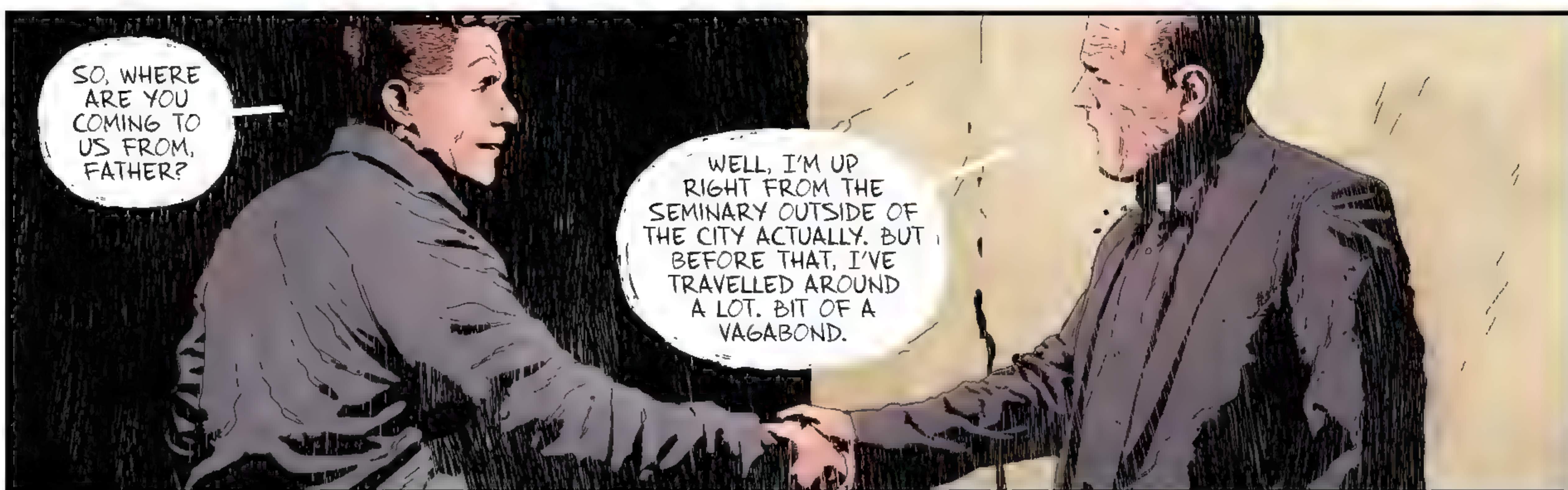
AND I SURE AS HELL DON'T KNOW WHY GOD WOULD LET SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPEN. THERE ARE SOME MYSTERIES THAT WE MAY NEVER KNOW THE ANSWERS TO. MAYBE WE JUST AREN'T MEANT TO.

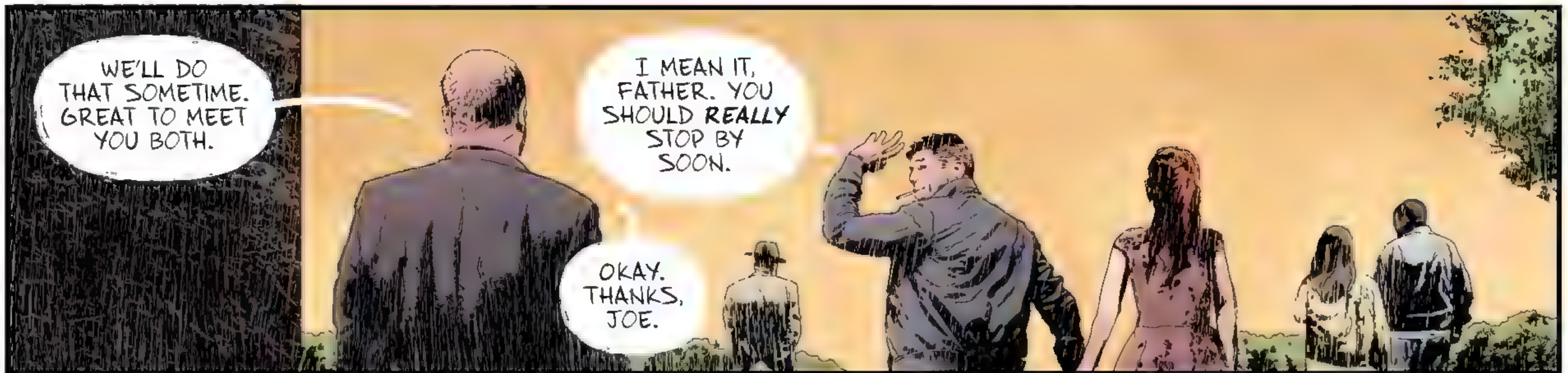


WHAT I DO KNOW, WHAT I DO UNDERSTAND IS THAT WE STILL HAVE EACH OTHER. EVENTS LIKE THIS CAN PULL A COMMUNITY APART. IT'S OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO NOT LET THAT HAPPEN.



MISTRUST AND FEAR CAN BE POWERFUL MOTIVATORS. BUT SO CAN LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING. IT'S TIME TO TURN TOWARDS ONE ANOTHER NOW FOR SUPPORT AND COMFORT. NOT TURN AGAINST ONE ANOTHER.







--I STILL DON'T
QUITE UNDERSTAND,
DOCTOR...YOU SAW THE
BARN FOR **REAL**? I MEAN,
NOT IN A DREAM? I'VE
BEEN SEEING IT IN MY
DREAMS SINCE I WAS
A CHILD, BUT--

IT WAS
NO DREAM! I
TOLD YOU, IT WAS
JUST THERE, IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
STREET.



AND THEN
THE DOOR
OPENED, AND
HE WAS THERE.
A DARK
FIGURE...



"HE WAS DARK, BUT
NOT LIKE A SILHOUETTE...
DARKER. LIKE THE
ABSENCE OF LIGHT. THE
ONLY THING I COULD
MAKE OUT WAS A SMILE.
A **TERRIBLE SMILE.**"



IT--IT FELT
SO **REAL**,
NORTON.





I SHOULD NEVER
HAVE COME HERE! I
SHOULD NEVER HAVE
INDULGED THIS,
OR YOU!

WAIT!

NO!



NO, I
MEAN STOP!
THERE'S A
BOOBY TRAP!

WHAT?!

SORRY. IT'S--
IT'S A SECURITY
MEASURE.



»SIGH» NORTON
I SUGGEST YOU
PACK A BAG TONIGHT.
TOMORROW YOU'RE
COMING BACK TO THE
HOSPITAL. I HAVE
TO REPORT
EVERYTHING.

I KNOW
THAT YOU
WON'T DO
THAT,
DOCTOR.



WHAT?



YOU WON'T
REPORT IT, BECAUSE
YOU'VE SEEN IT NOW.
AND NO MATTER WHAT
YOU SAY TO TRY AND
RATIONALIZE IT, I KNOW
THAT DEEP DOWN
YOU KNOW THAT
IT'S REAL.



FATHER TOM, SOME EXTRAS

I HAVE DOUBLES OF MOST OF THESE, SO I THOUGHT
YOU COULD HOLD ONTO THEM FOR SAFE KEEPING
IN CASE ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME.

SEE YOU AT NEXT MEETING.
-DOC



YOU
SHOULD REALLY
GO SEE DOC
SUTTON.

Neighbors report sightings of mysterious disappearing building.

Meet the Falls
our guide to enjoy a trip to the beautiful Falls

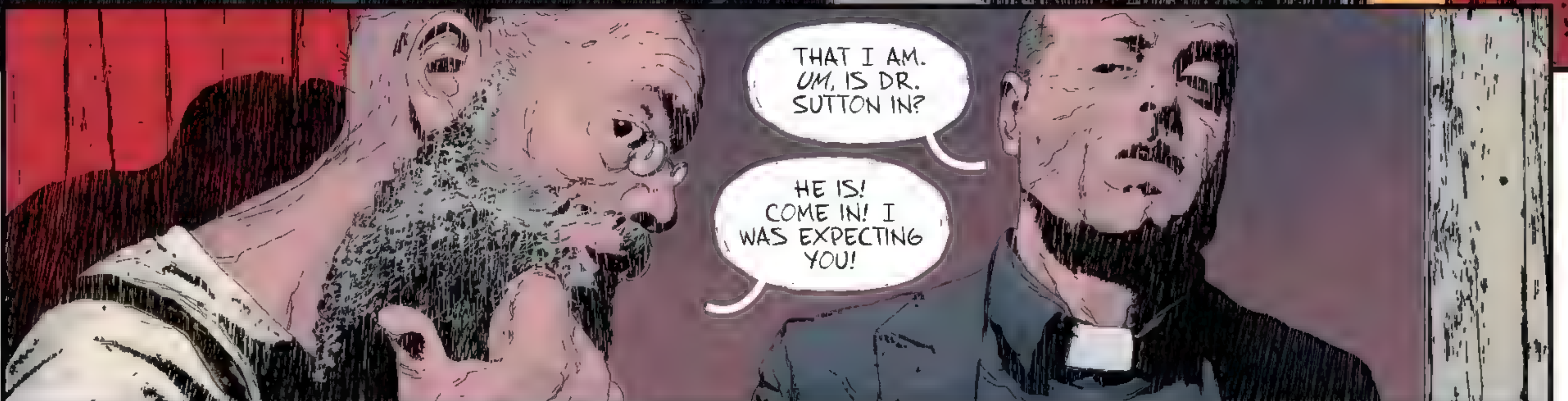
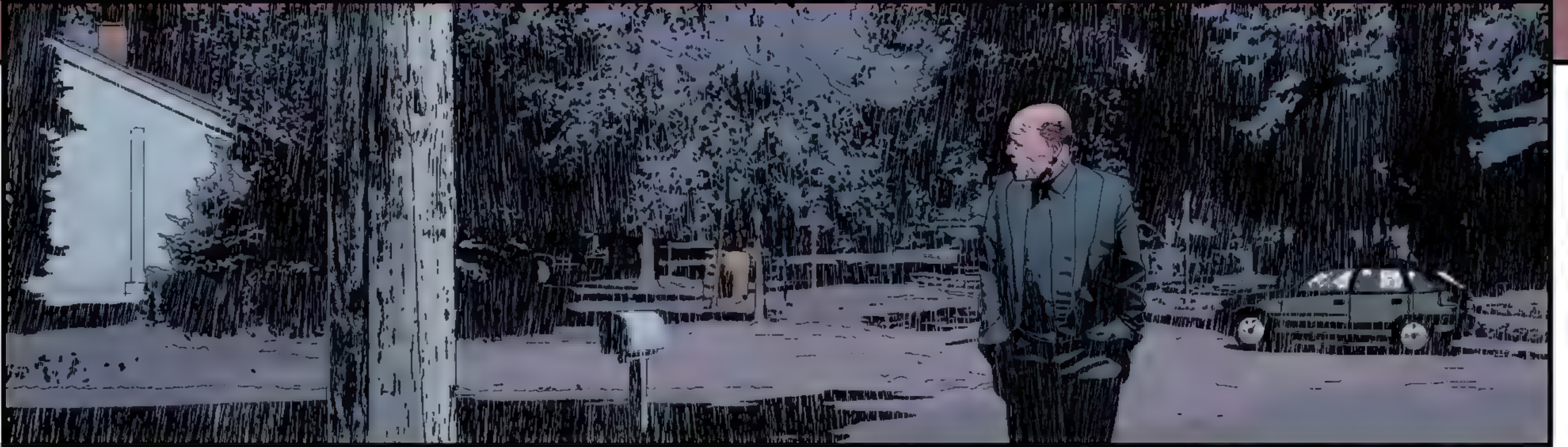
Mindless Vandals

THE FIRST MEETING
OF THE PLOUGHMEN

OCT. 12
1924

Missing child last seen entering unidentified barn





Gideon Falls' haunted barn
no attraction

still mis

YOU WERE?

YES, WELL, NOT
YOU EXACTLY, BUT SOMEONE.
I JUST NEVER THOUGHT WE'D GET
THIS LUCKY! A MAN OF THE CLOTH
SO SOON AFTER LOSING TOM! THIS
IS THE BEST NEWS I'VE HAD ALL
WEEK! HA! I KNEW HE'D
SEND SOMEONE!

WHO? WHO
WOULD SEND
SOMEONE?

WELL, GOD
OF COURSE!
WHO ELSE?!

KEEP
OUT!!

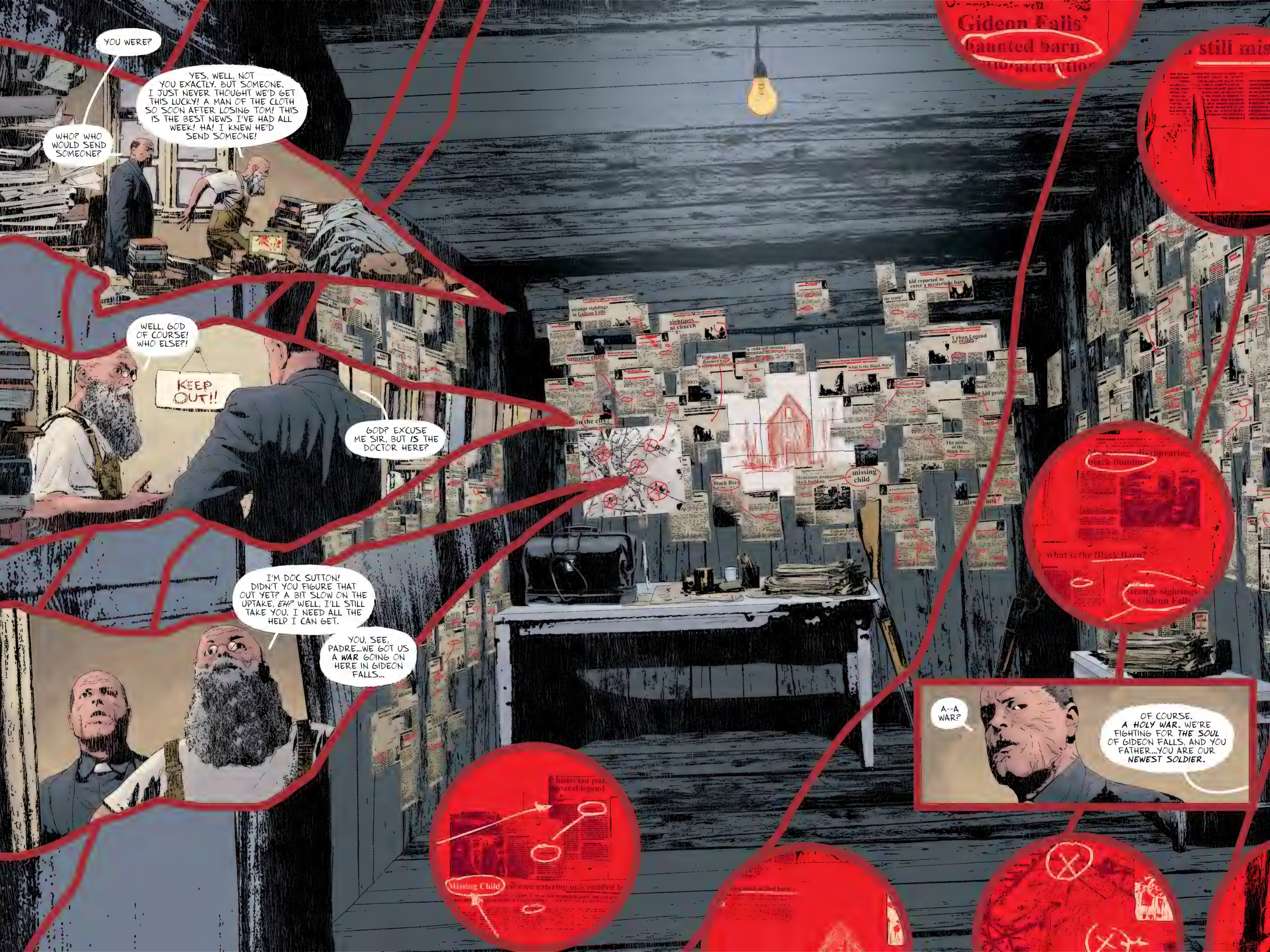
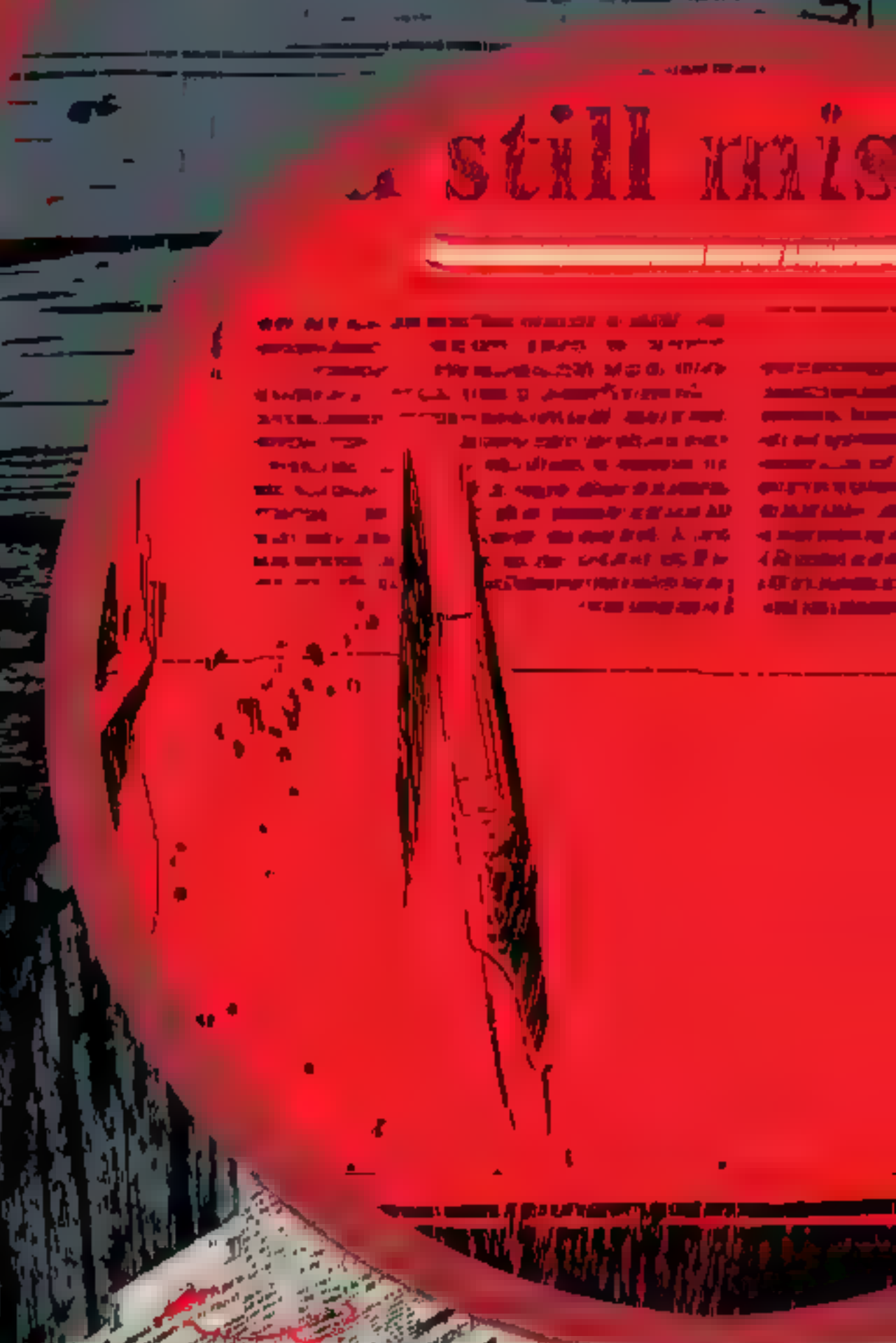
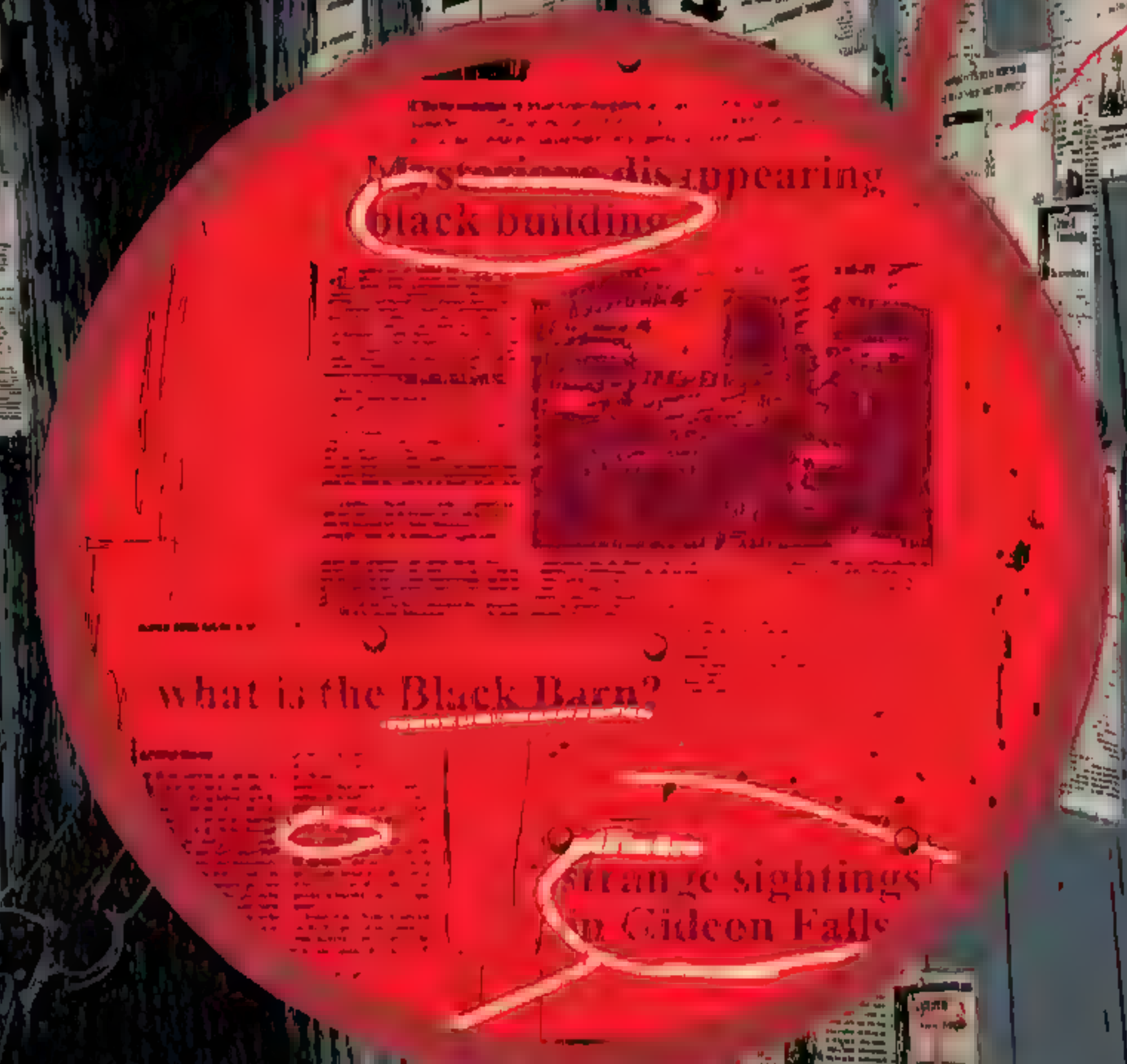
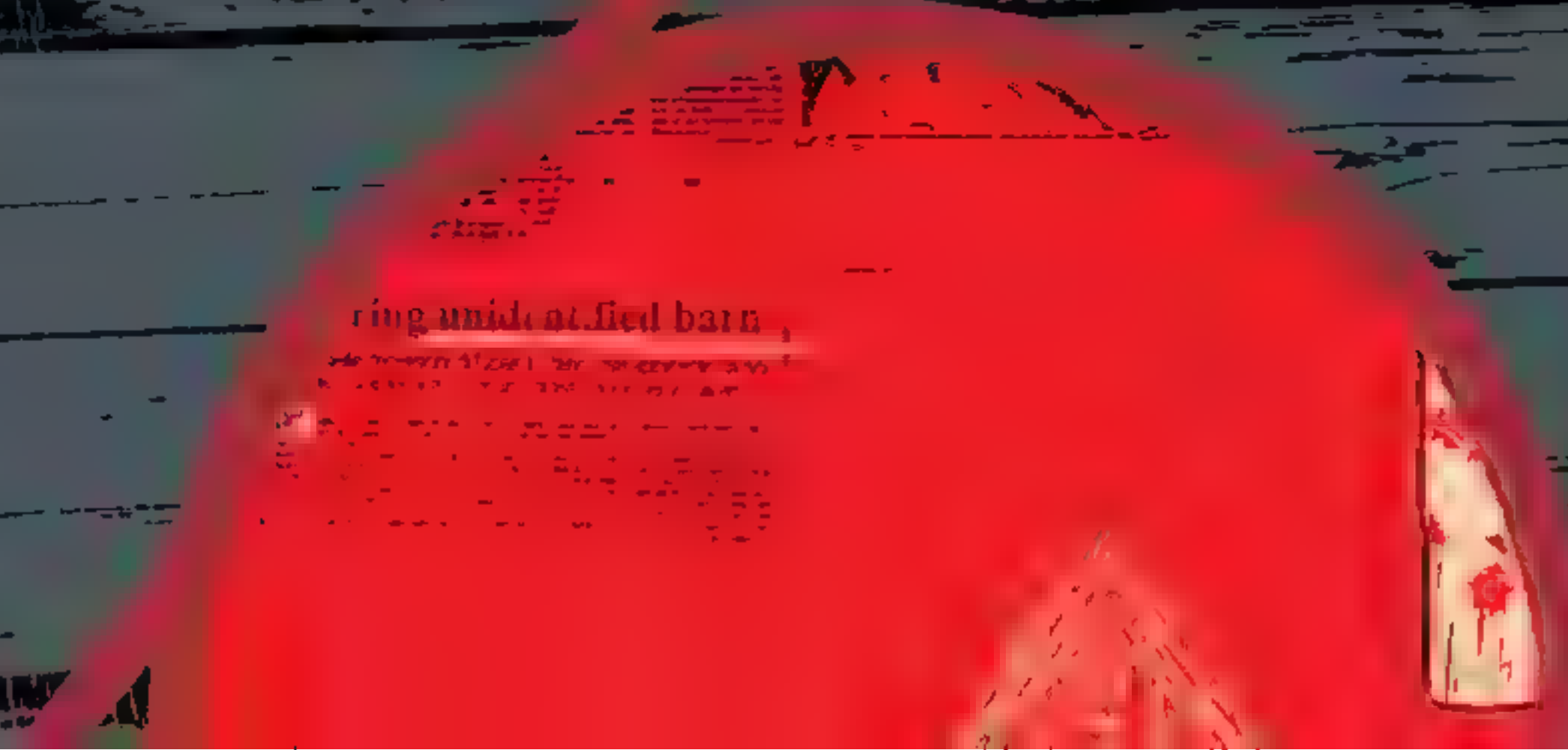
GOD? EXCUSE
ME SIR, BUT IS THE
DOCTOR HERE?

I'M DOC SUTTON!
DIDN'T YOU FIGURE THAT
OUT YET? A BIT SLOW ON THE
UPTAKE, EHP WELL, I'LL STILL
TAKE YOU. I NEED ALL THE
HELP I CAN GET.

YOU, SEE,
PADRE...WE GOT US
A WAR GOING ON
HERE IN GIDEON
FALLS...

A--A
WAR?

OF COURSE.
A HOLY WAR. WE'RE
FIGHTING FOR THE SOUL
OF GIDEON FALLS, AND YOU
FATHER...YOU ARE OUR
NEWEST SOLDIER.



04



"PEOPLE LAUGH IT OFF AS JUST ANOTHER RURAL LEGEND. A GHOST STORY. BUT IT'S NOT. IT'S FACT. THE BLACK BARN'S HISTORY AND GIDEON FALLS' ARE ENTWINED.

"THE FIRST RECORDED MENTION OF THE BARN GOES BACK TO 1794. THERE ARE RECORDS OF 'A BUILDING. NOTHING MORE THAN A BARN OR STABLE, MADE OF STRANGE DARK WOOD, THAT APPEARED, AS IF OVERNIGHT, FROM THIN AIR.' SOON AFTER, A SERIES OF FIRES AND DEATHS PLAGUED THESE EARLY PILGRIMS.

"BUT IT'S NOT JUST SOME HAUNTED HOUSE. IT HAS POWER, TERRIBLE POWER. IN 1969, A LOCAL MAN WAS ARRESTED FOR KILLING SEVEN TEENAGERS. THE POLICE FOUND DRAWINGS OF THE BLACK BARN FILLING THE WALLS OF HIS CABIN.

"AND THERE ARE SO MANY OTHER ACCOUNTS. MANY DON'T REFERENCE THE BARN DIRECTLY, BUT YOU CAN READ BETWEEN THE LINES. LOOK LONG AND HARD ENOUGH AT THE WORST MOMENTS IN GIDEON FALLS' HISTORY AND YOU'LL FIND CLUES TO THE BARN."

I HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT IT REALLY IS,
OR WHERE IT CAME
FROM...THOUGH I HAVE
THEORIES. ALL I DO KNOW
IS THAT IT IS A **THING OF
EVIL**. AND IT MUST BE
STOPPED!



I'M SORRY, DOCTOR, BUT THIS IS ALL JUST--WELL, TO BE FRANK, IT ALL SOUNDS LIKE NONSENSE TO ME.

BUT--BUT YOU SAW IT! THE NIGHT FATHER TOM AND GENE TREMBLAY DIED!



DEPUTY BALLARD TOLD ME. HE'S ONE OF US, YOU SEE.

AND HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

ONE OF YOU? ONE OF WHAT?



AH, YES! HOLD ON...I'LL SHOW YOU!



YES, FATHER TOM HAD THIS IN HIS SECRET STASH.

PLOUGHMEN?

THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED THEMSELVES... WHAT WE CALL OURSELVES.

AN ORGANIZATION, A COLLECTION OF LOCAL MEN OF INFLUENCE WHO HAVE STOOD AGAINST THE DARKNESS OF THE BLACK BARN SINCE THE TURN OF THE LAST CENTURY!



SOME SORT OF SECRET CLUB?

«SIGH» WE'RE FAR MORE THAN A CLUB, FATHER. WE ARE THE GUARDIANS. WE ARE ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN GIDEON FALLS AND THE BLACK BARN.

UH HUH. RIGHT. AND DEPUTY BALLARD IS ONE OF THESE... PLOUGHMEN? AND YOURSELF?

YES. AND FATHER TOM WAS TOO.



FATHER TOM BELIEVED ALL OF THIS? I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE.

Mysterious disappearing black building.

IS IT EASIER TO BELIEVE THAT HE JUST KILLED A WOMAN IN COLD BLOOD? A MAN OF GOD? A MAN WHO GAVE EVERYTHING HE HAD TO HELPING THIS COMMUNITY FOR THIRTY YEARS?

SO, YOU THINK HE'S INNOCENT OF KILLING MRS. TREMBLAY?

I KNOW HE IS, FATHER.

AND TELL ME, DR. SUTTON, DO YOU STILL PRACTICE MEDICINE?

NO. NOT FOR SOME TIME.

MAY I ASK, WHAT MADE YOU STOP?

THAT'S--THAT'S A LONG STORY. AND BESIDES, I DON'T THINK IT'S RELEVANT, FATHER. WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DISCUSS HERE.


NO, I DON'T THINK WE DO, DOCTOR. I THINK THIS WHOLE... MYTHOLOGY YOU'VE CREATED HERE IS VERY TROUBLING. AND I BELIEVE THAT YOU BELIEVE IT, BUT--

kidnapped child

YOU'RE THE MAN OF FAITH, FATHER. I NEED YOU TO BELIEVE! WE NEED YOU!

Mysterious disappearing black building

I BELIEVE IN GOD, DOCTOR, NOT SCIENCE FICTION. I'M SORRY.



DONT LEAVE!
YOU SAW IT,
FATHER! YOU
SAW IT! HOW CAN
YOU JUST WALK
AWAY?!

I SAW
SOMETHING
THAT NIGHT,
BUT GIVEN THE
CIRCUMSTAN-
CES--

IT WAS THE
BARN! THE BLACK
BARN HAS RETURNED!
WE HAVE TO
PREPARE!

TELL ME,
DOCTOR...HAVE
YOU EVER SEEN
THIS BLACK
BARN?

...

NO. BUT THAT
DOESN'T MEAN
I DON'T KNOW IT'S
REAL. ISN'T THAT
WHAT FAITH IS AFTER
ALL, FATHER
FRED?

I'M STARTING
TO WONDER THAT
MYSELF, DOCTOR.
GOOD NIGHT.

Case File #2351:
Sinclair, Norton.

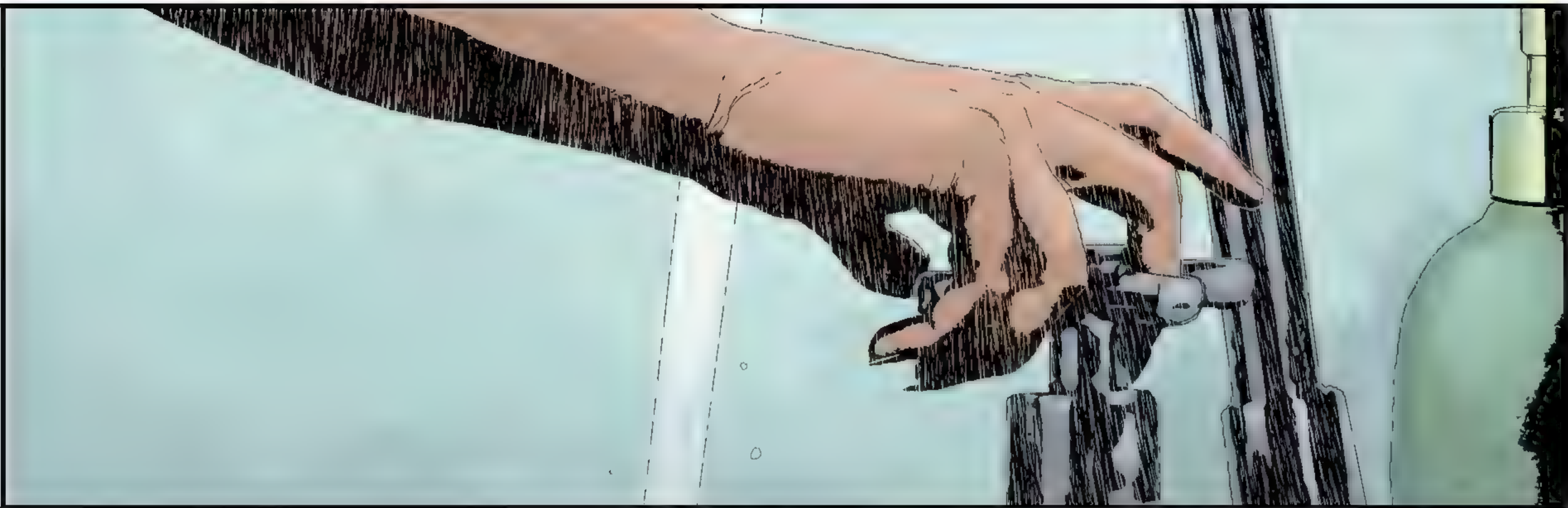
Known Relatives:
None.

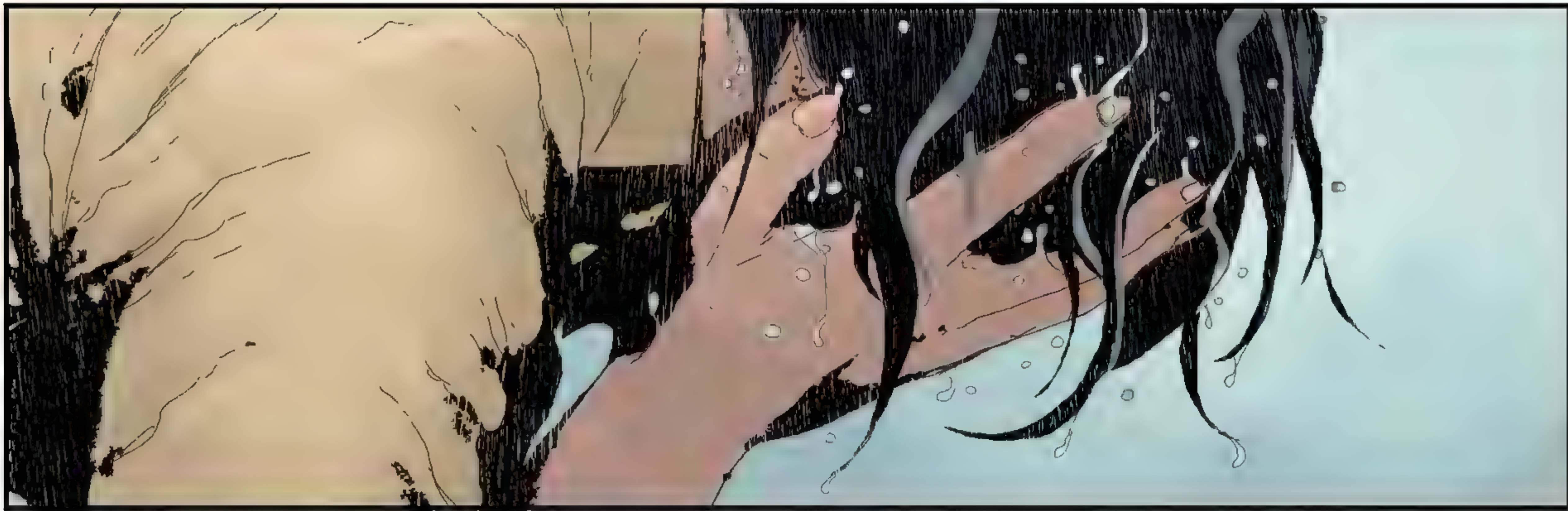
Norton's early
history is unknown.
He was found in the
streets as a child of
approx. 8 or 9 years
of age. Norton knew
only his first name
and seemed to be
suffering from
amnesia and
disorientation.

After an extensive and
fruitless background
search by child welfare
services, Norton was
committed to St. John
The Evangelist Catholic
Orphanage where he
stayed for the next
7 years.

Norton was diagnosed
with severe depression,
anxiety and early signs
of schizophrenia.



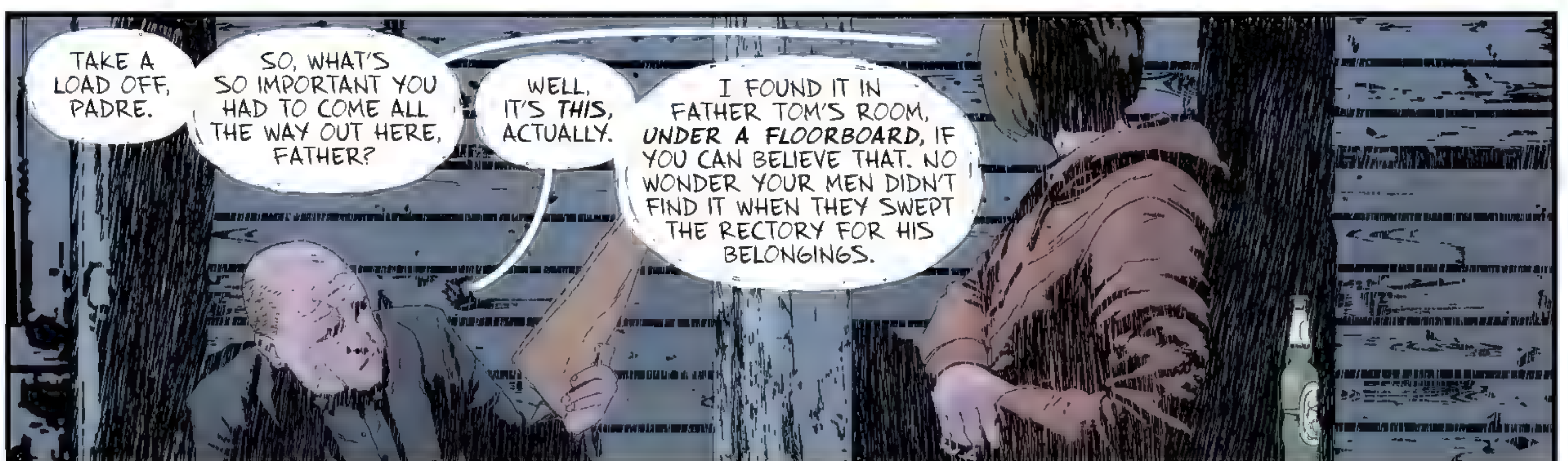
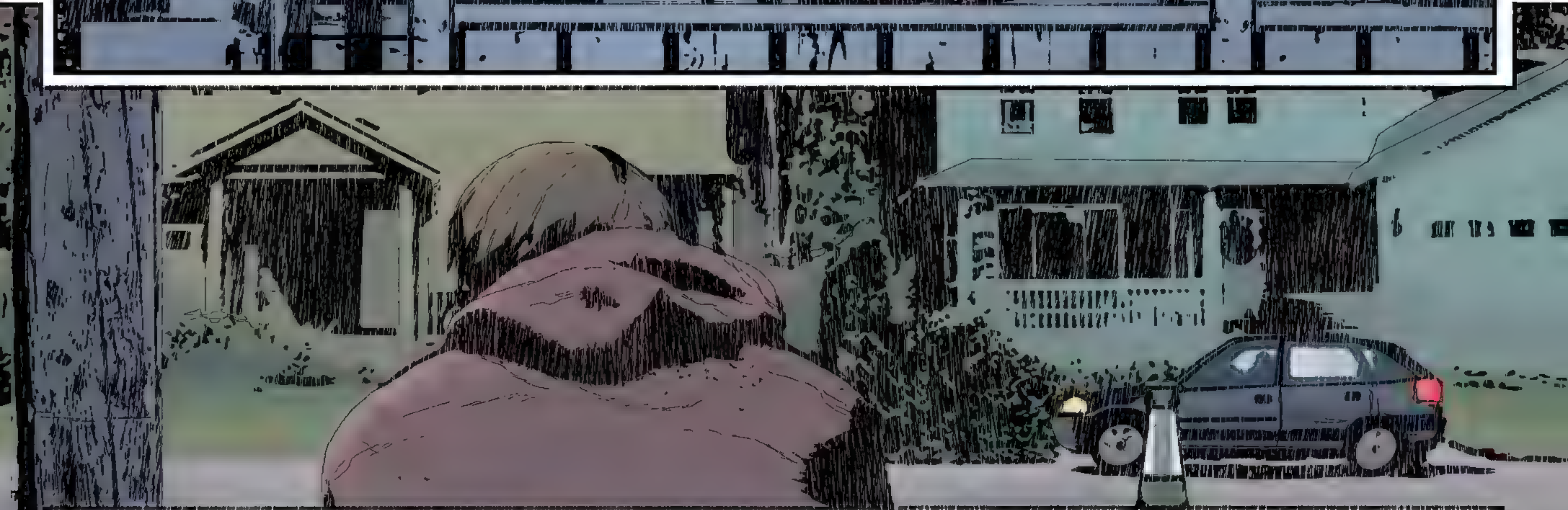
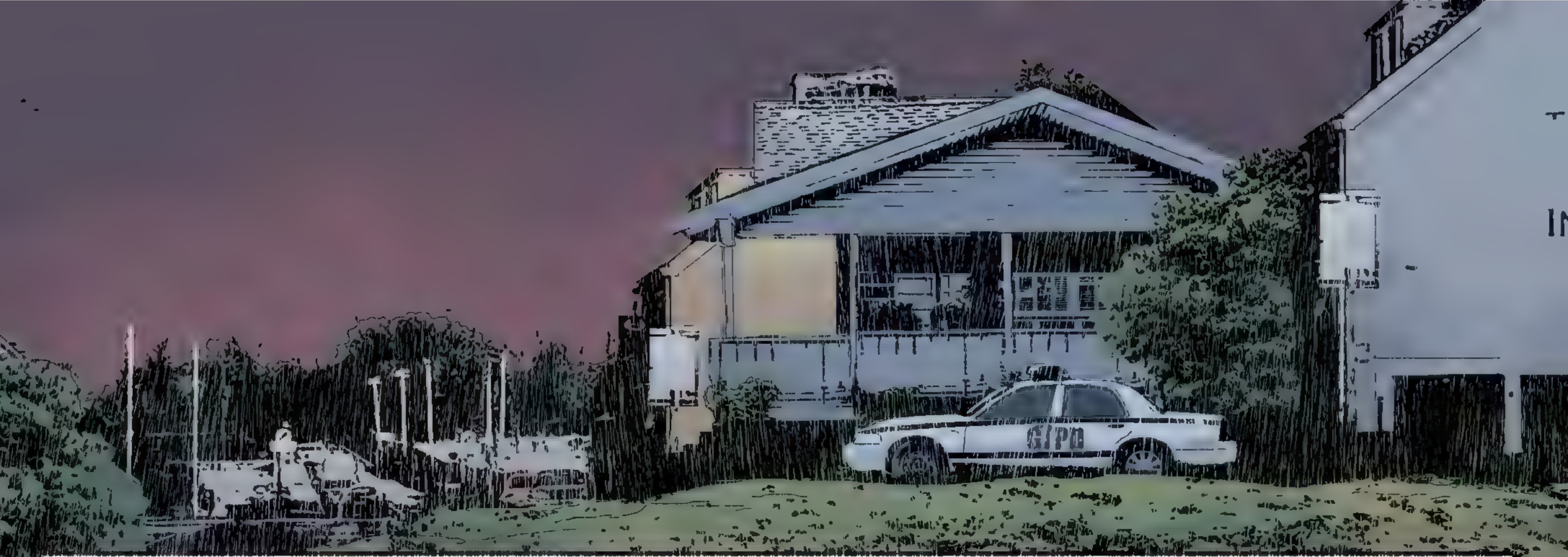


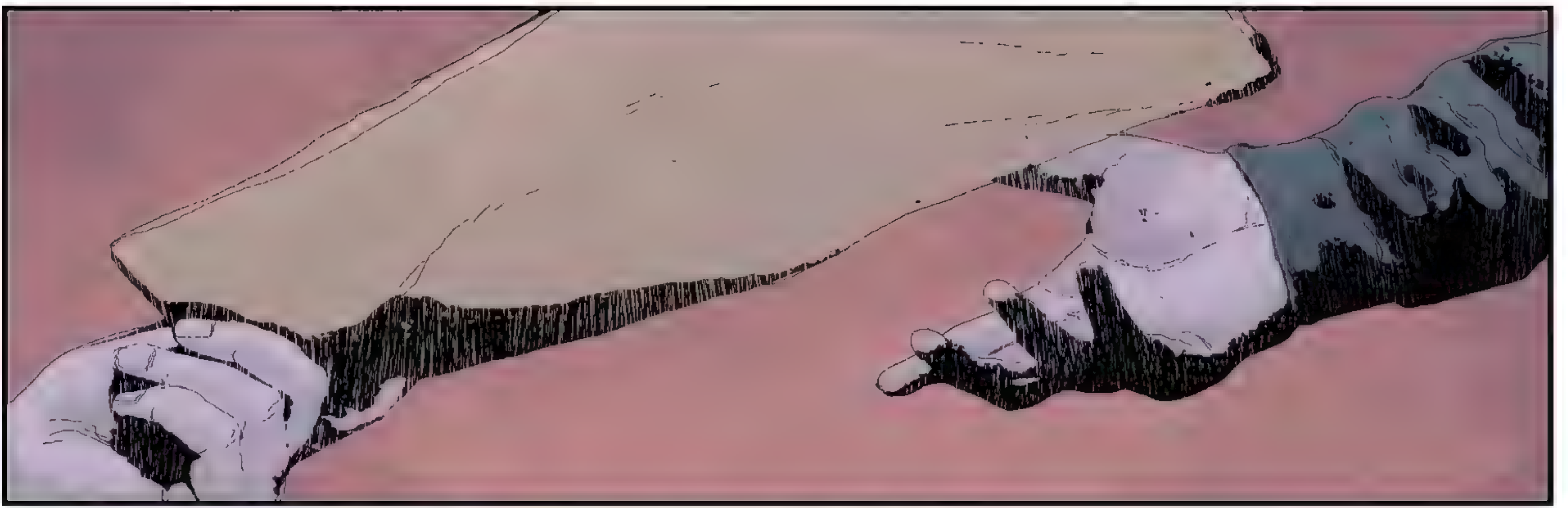






NO! NO! NO! NO!



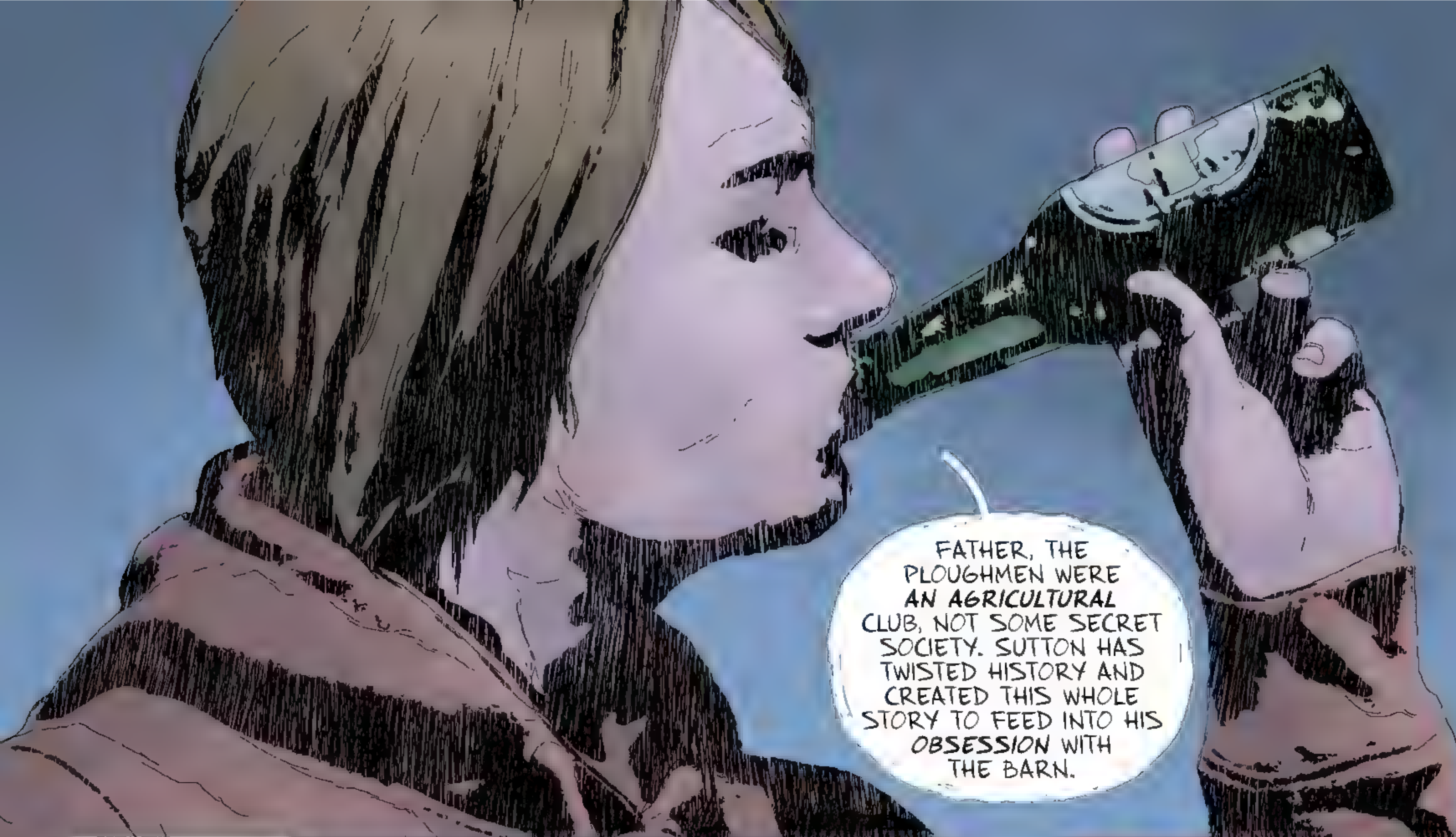


I'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF THIS HAUNTED BARN BULLSHIT FOR ONE LIFETIME, FATHER. PARDON MY FRENCH.

YOU'RE ABSOLVED.

I WENT AND SAW THIS DOC SUTTON CHARACTER--AND HE IS A CHARACTER--AND I THINK I'VE HEARD ABOUT ENOUGH OF IT, TOO.





FATHER, THE
PLOUGHMEN WERE
AN AGRICULTURAL
CLUB, NOT SOME SECRET
SOCIETY. SUTTON HAS
TWISTED HISTORY AND
CREATED THIS WHOLE
STORY TO FEED INTO HIS
OBSESSION WITH
THE BARN.



DID YOU KNOW
ONE OF YOUR
DEPUTIES,
BALLARD, IS A
MEMBER OF
HIS LITTLE
CLUB?



NO. I DID
NOT. I'LL--I'LL
HAVE TO HAVE
A LITTLE TALK
WITH HIM.



LOOK, FATHER, SUTTON
AND MEN LIKE HIM HAVE
USED THIS STUPID GHOST
STORY ABOUT THE BARN
TO MAKE EXCUSES FOR
ALL THE REAL PROBLEMS
THAT HAVE PLAGUED
THIS TOWN.

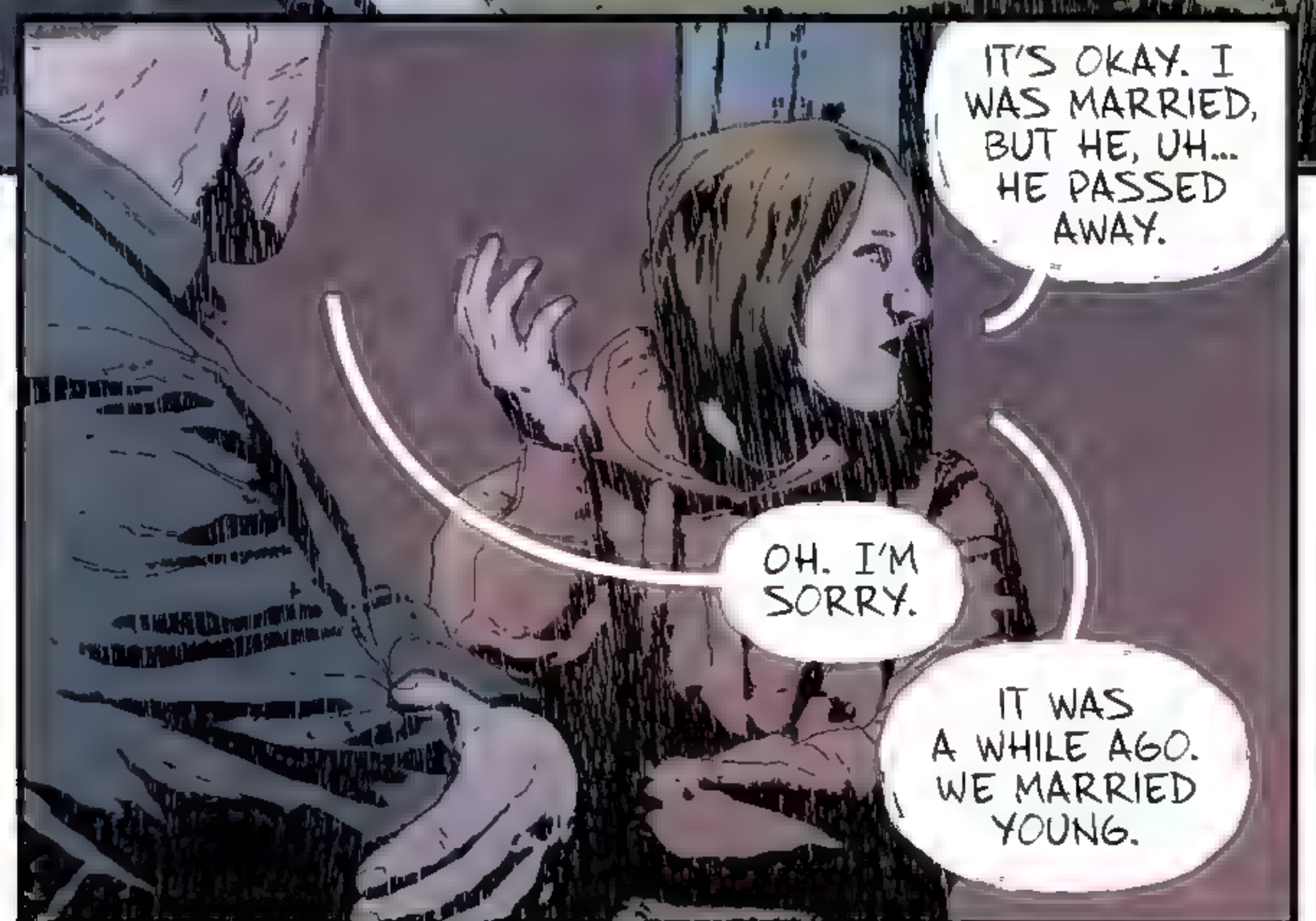
SOMETIMES
IT'S EASIER TO
BELIEVE A FAIRY
TALE THAN FACE THE
TRUTH. YOU OF ALL
PEOPLE SHOULD
KNOW THAT.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN?

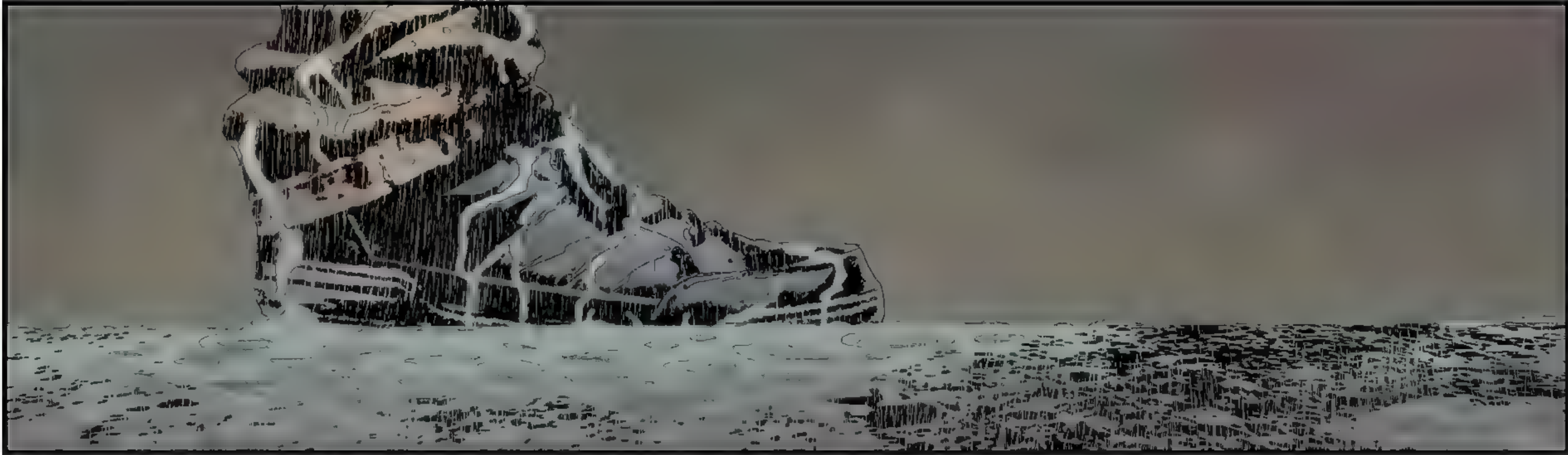


LET'S JUST SAY, I'VE NEVER
BEEN MUCH OF A BELIEVER IN
THE FAIRY TALE YOUR TEAM
SELLS EITHER.

OUCH.
OKAY.









D-DR. XU?

NORTON
I'VE BEEN
FOLLOWING YOU
FOR TWO BLOCKS.
I SAW YOU LEAVE
YOUR BUILDING.
DIDN'T YOU HEAR
ME CALLING
YOU?

NO, I--I'M
SORRY, I DIDN'T
HEAR YOU. THE
RAIN. WHAT'S
WRONG?



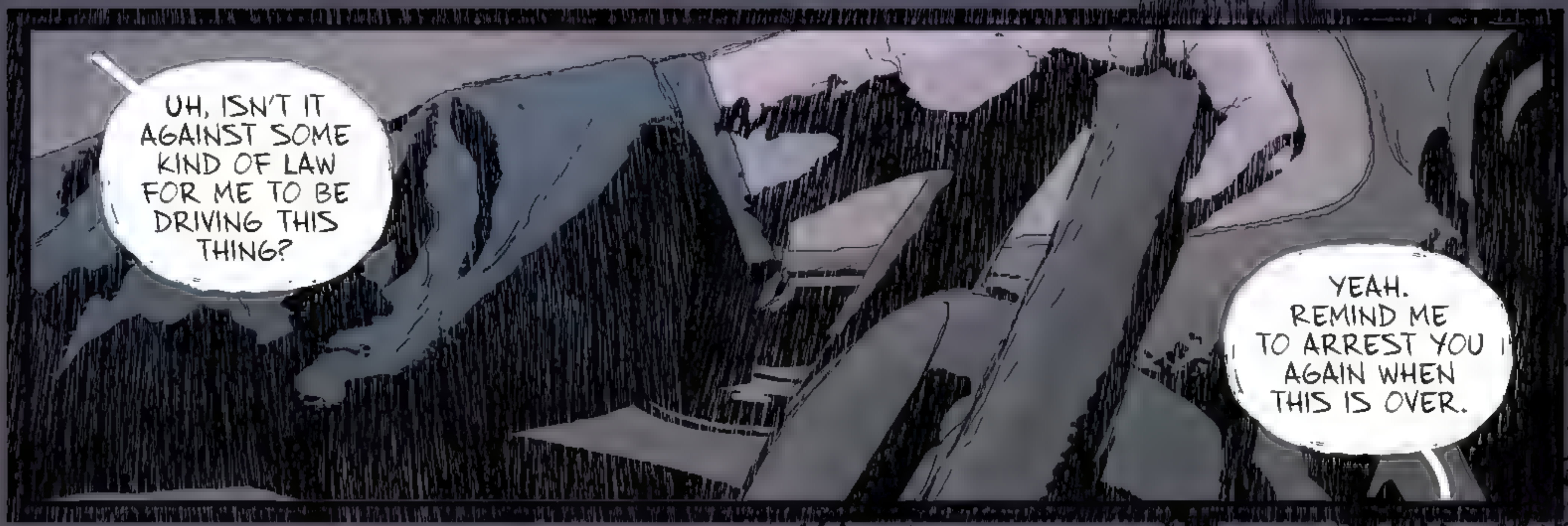
SOMETHING
ELSE HAS
HAPPENED, NORTON,
AND I--

DID
SOMEONE
HURT
YOU?



NO, BUT
I SAW THE
BARN AGAIN.
OR PART
OF IT, I
THINK...



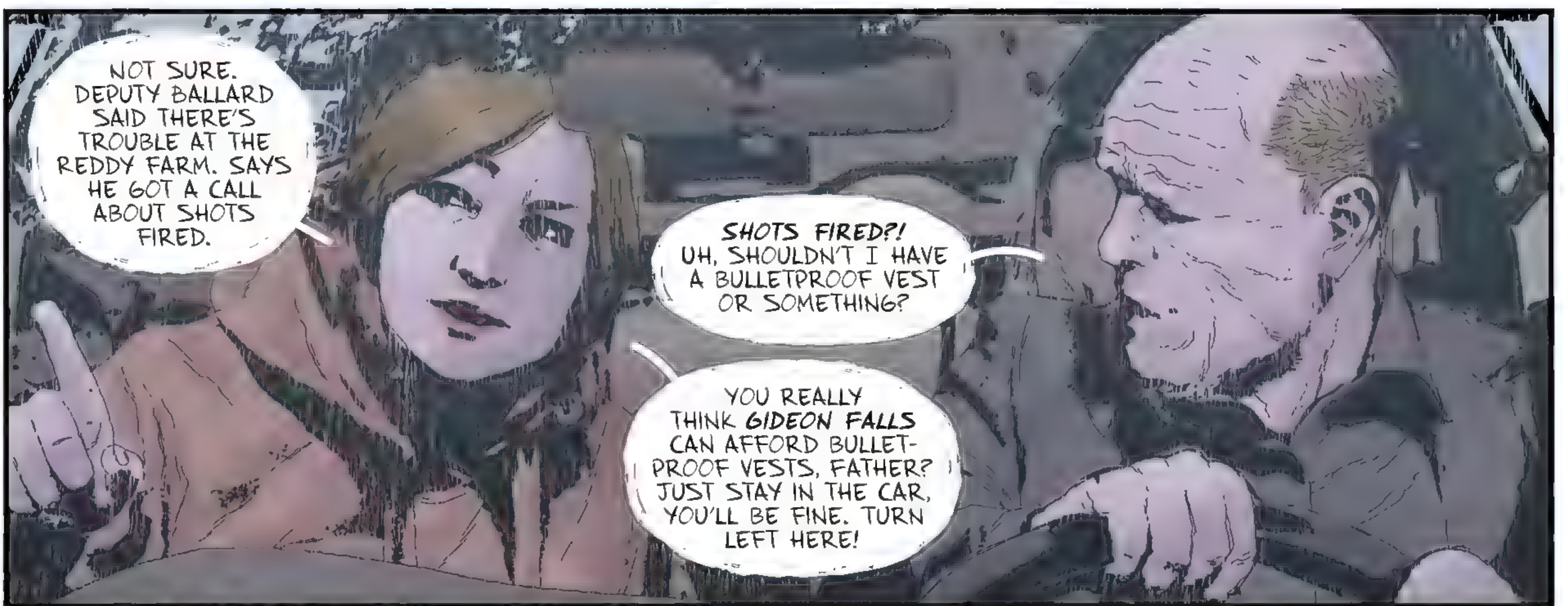


UH, ISN'T IT
AGAINST SOME
KIND OF LAW
FOR ME TO BE
DRIVING THIS
THING?

YEAH.
REMAND ME
TO ARREST YOU
AGAIN WHEN
THIS IS OVER.



AND WHAT
IS HAPPENING,
EXACTLY? WHAT
AM I DRIVING US
INTO HERE,
SHERIFF?

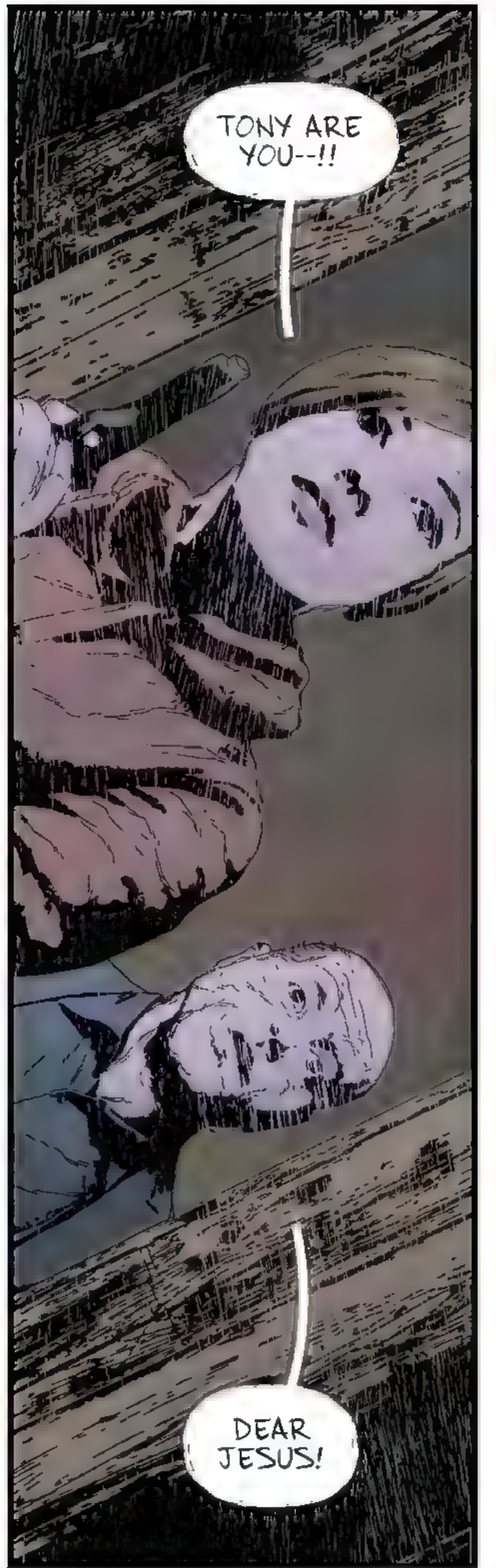


NOT SURE.
DEPUTY BALLARD
SAID THERE'S
TROUBLE AT THE
REDDY FARM. SAYS
HE GOT A CALL
ABOUT SHOTS
FIRED.

SHOTS FIRED?!
UH, SHOULDN'T I HAVE
A BULLETPROOF VEST
OR SOMETHING?

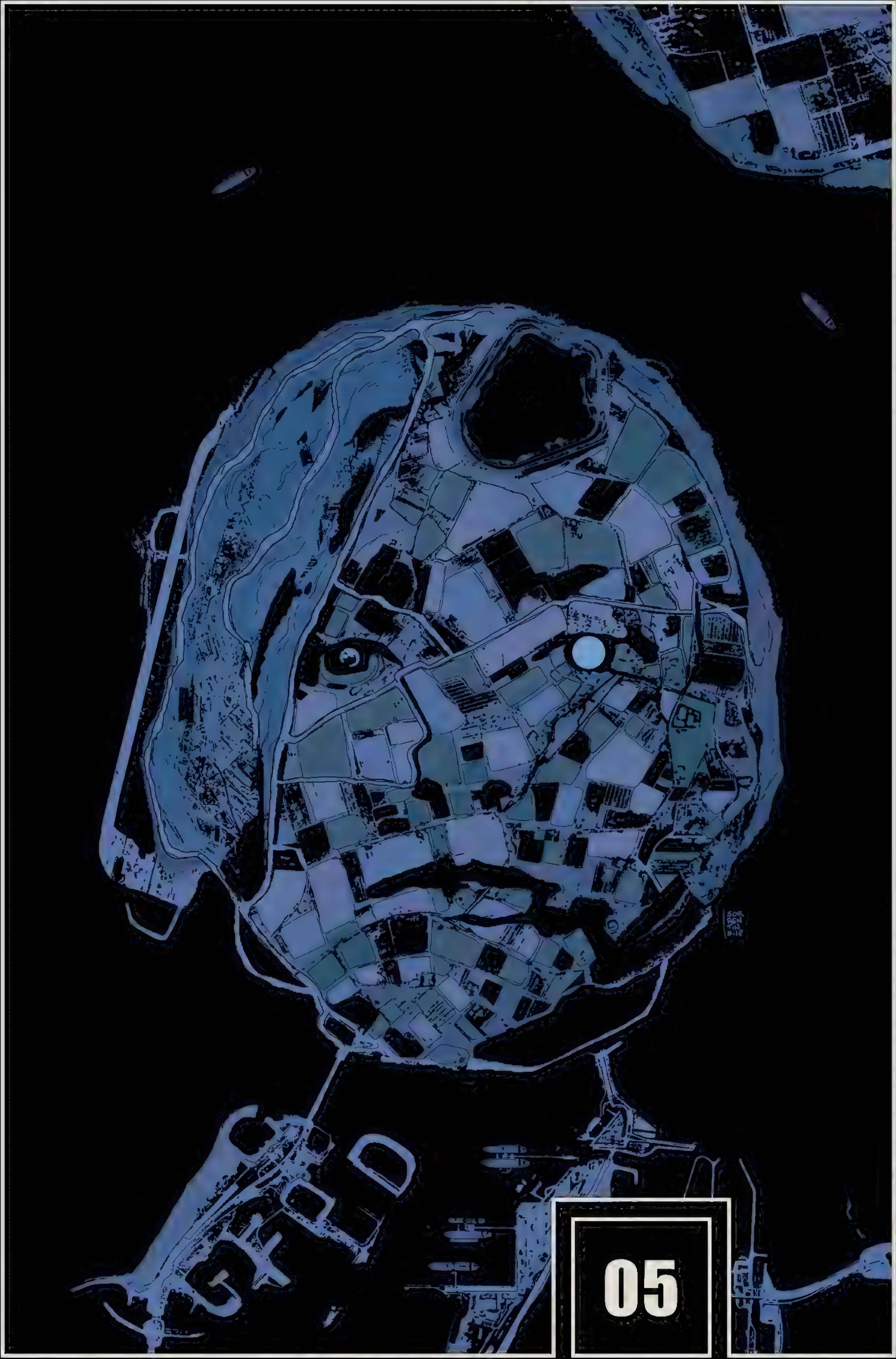
YOU REALLY
THINK GIDEON FALLS
CAN AFFORD BULLET-
PROOF VESTS, FATHER?
JUST STAY IN THE CAR,
YOU'LL BE FINE. TURN
LEFT HERE!



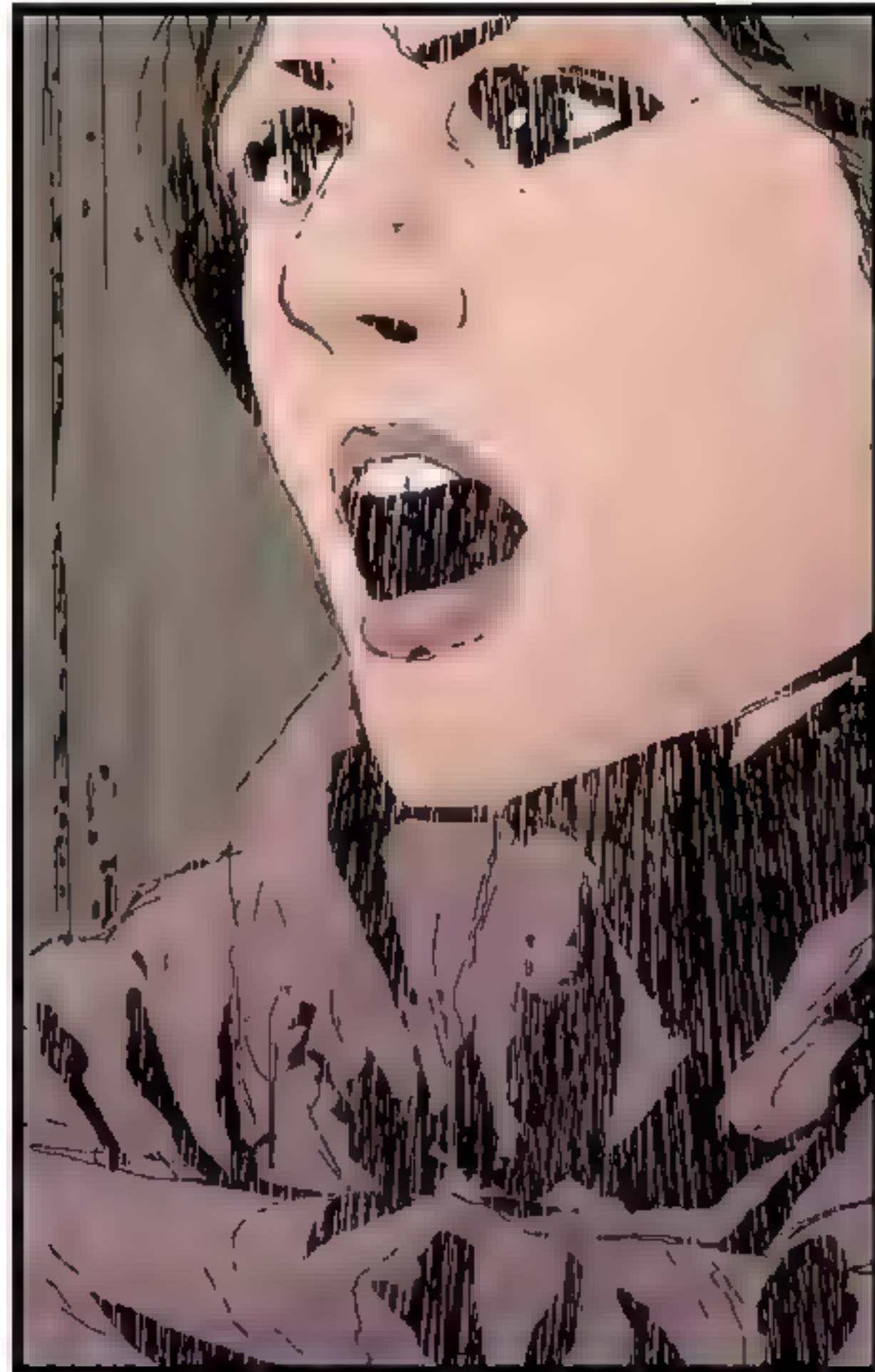
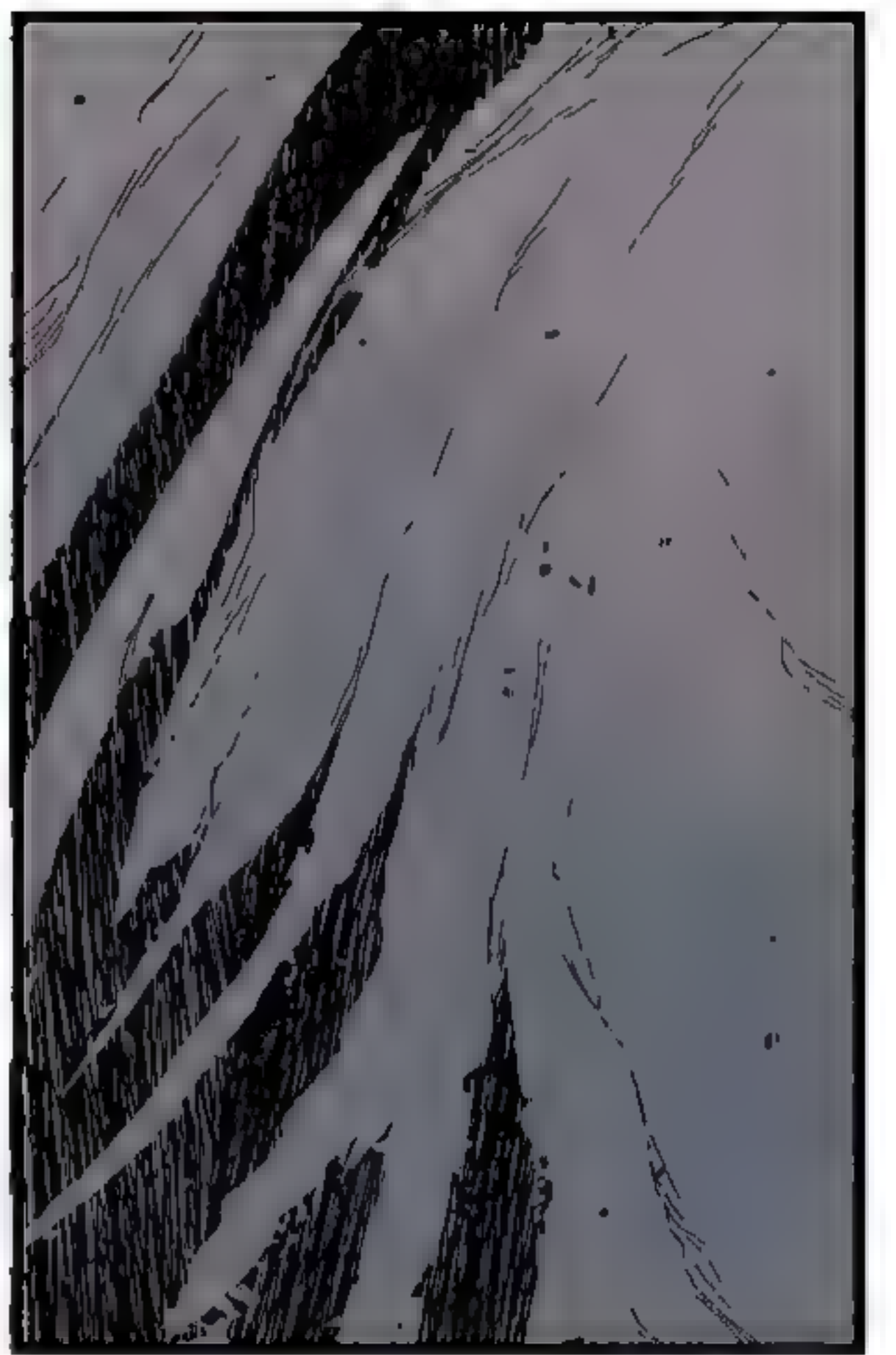
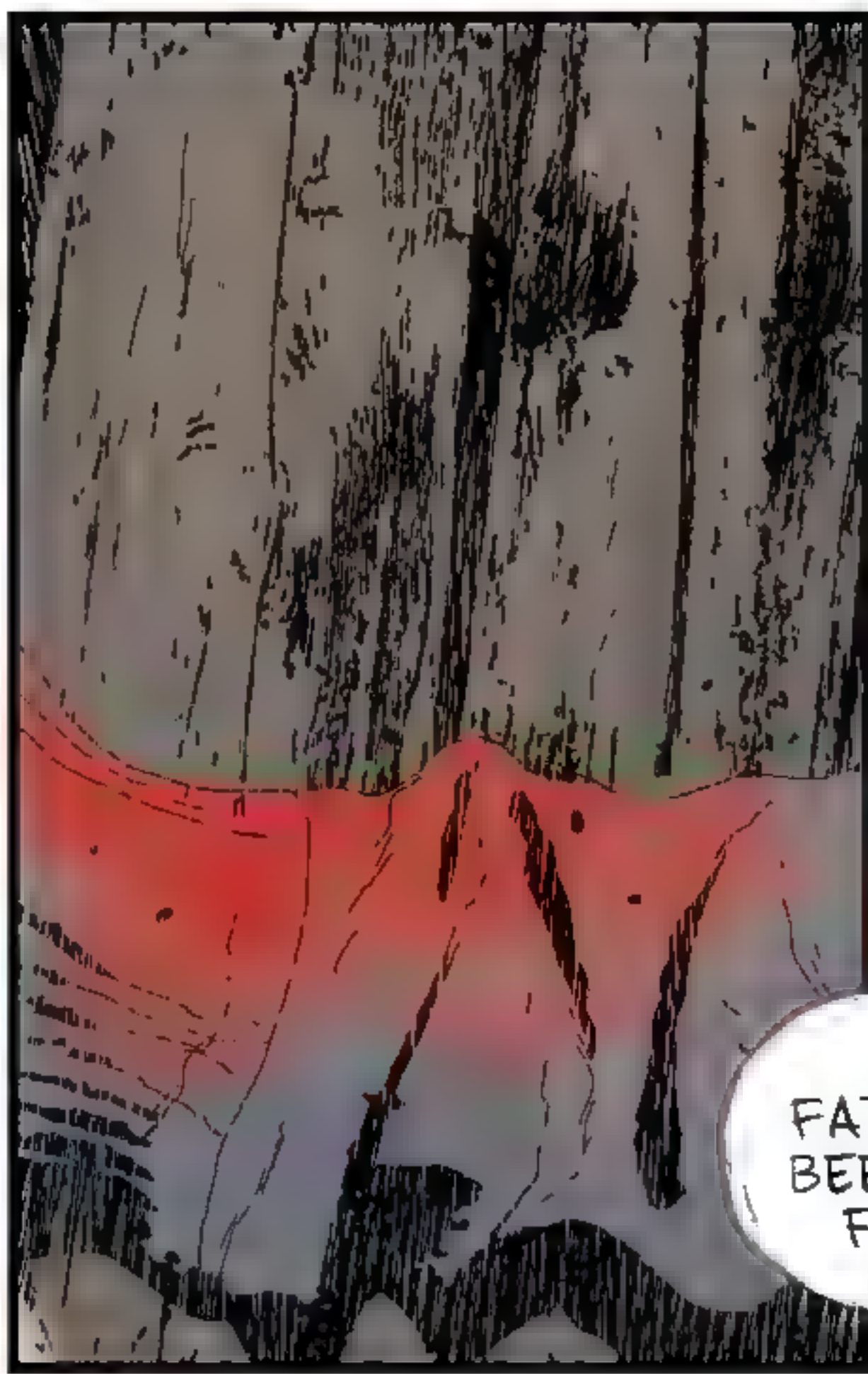


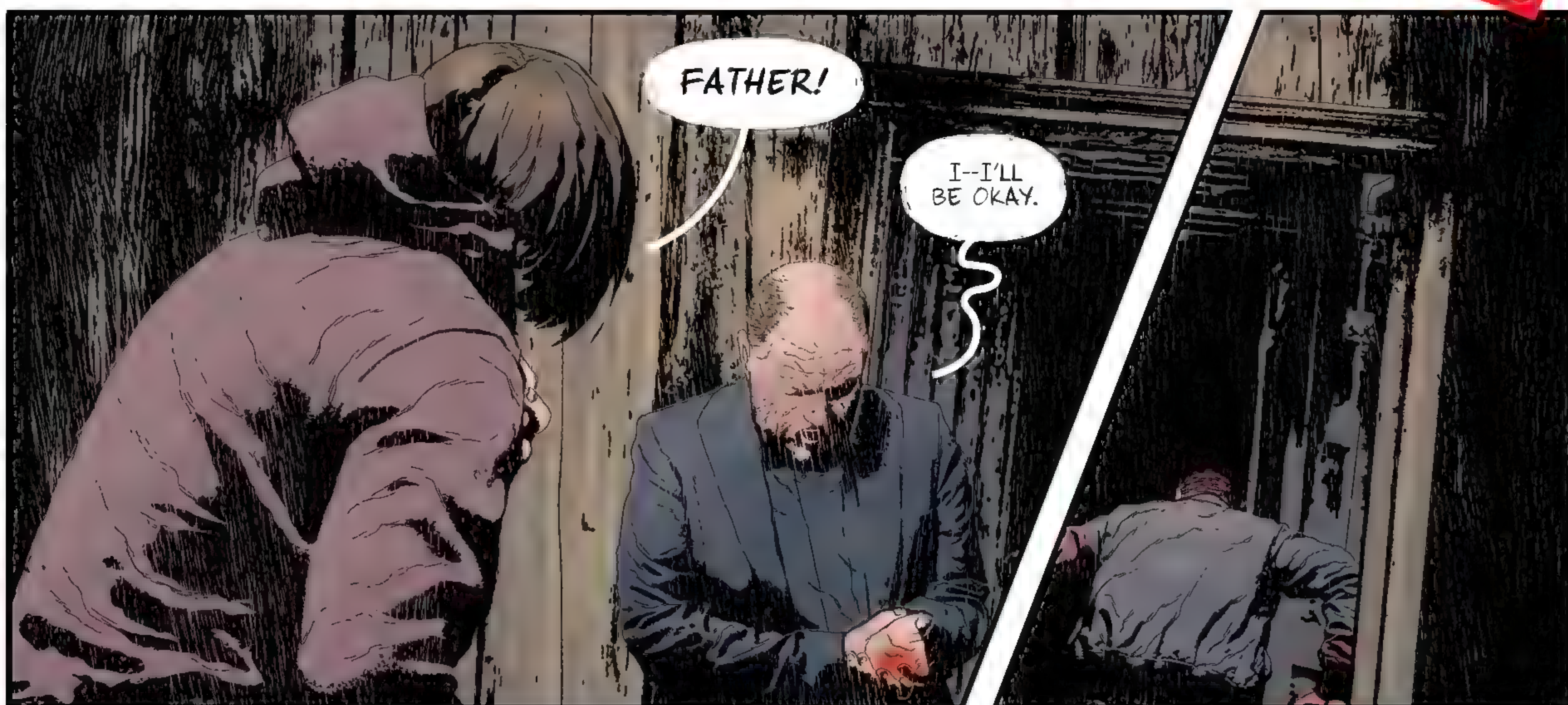
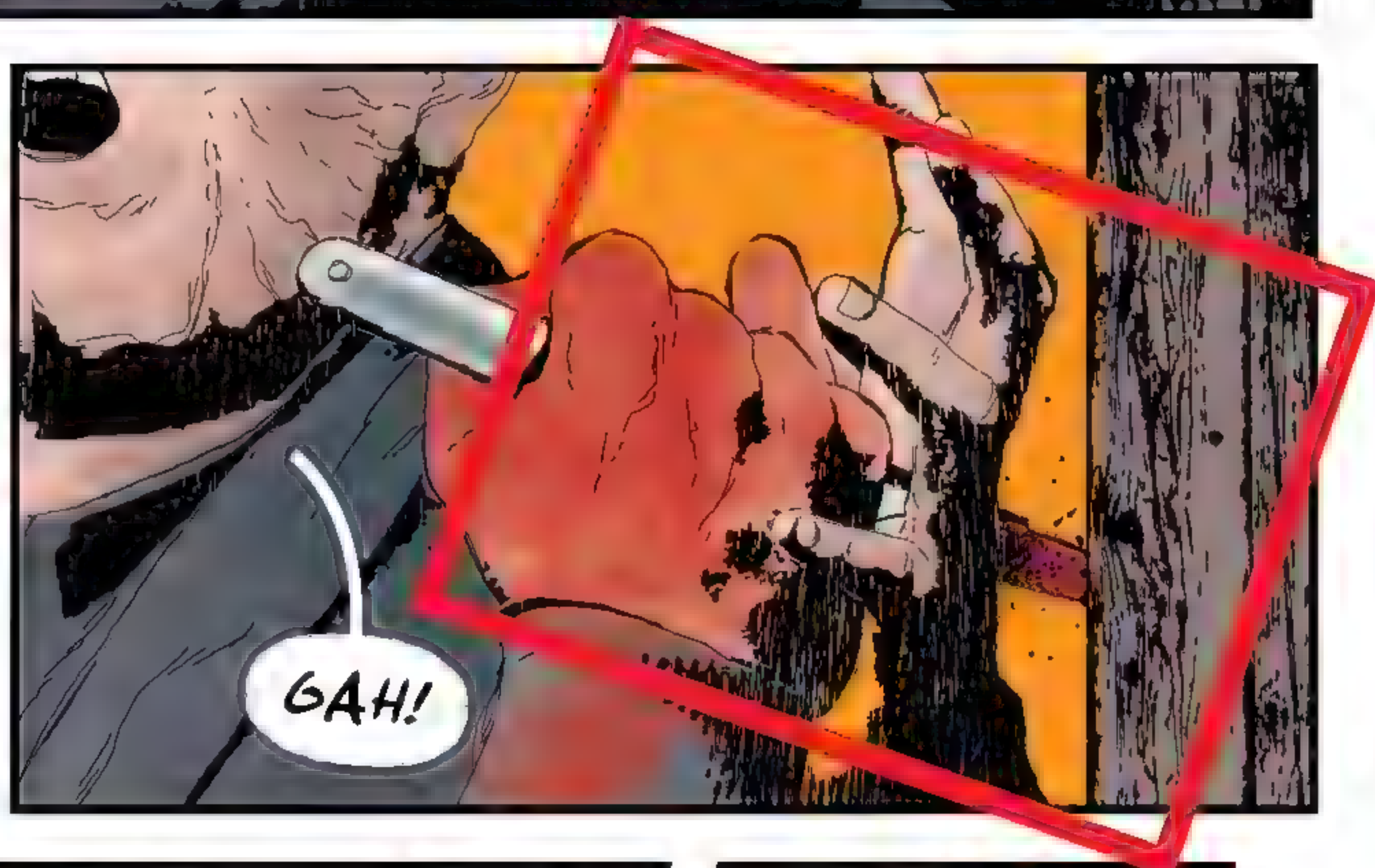


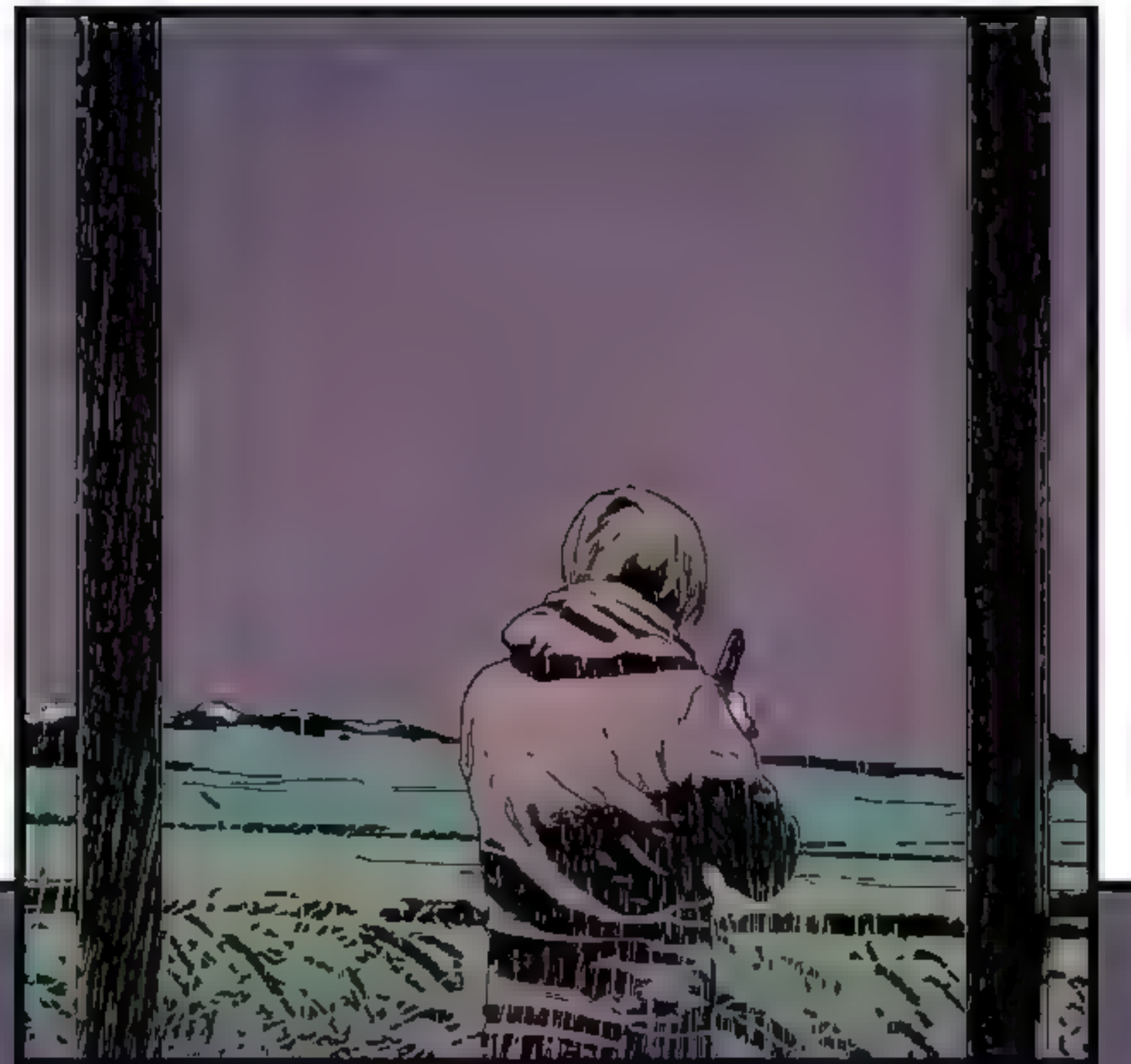
HELLO,
FATHER...I'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU.



05







JANET!

KKT--

HOLD ON,
JANET!

OH
GOD!

HELP!
SHE--SHE'S
BLEEDING TO
DEATH!

SAW YOU INSIDE.
YOU WERE
THERE.

JANET?
JANET?!

SHE--
SHE'S
GONE.



BACKUP
IS ON THE WAY.
STAY HERE,
FATHER!

FAT
CHANCE.

CAREFUL.

QUIET!

--THE
HELL?



FATHER...

WE NEED
TO SEE DOC
SUTTON.



I--I MADE
YOU SOME TEA. I
UH--DO TEA BAGS GO
STALE? I THINK IT'S
PRETTY OLD. I DON'T
DRINK MUCH
TEA.



THANK YOU,
NORTON. I'M
SURE IT'S
FINE.



SO...WHEN
DID YOU FIRST
SEE IT? THE
BARN?

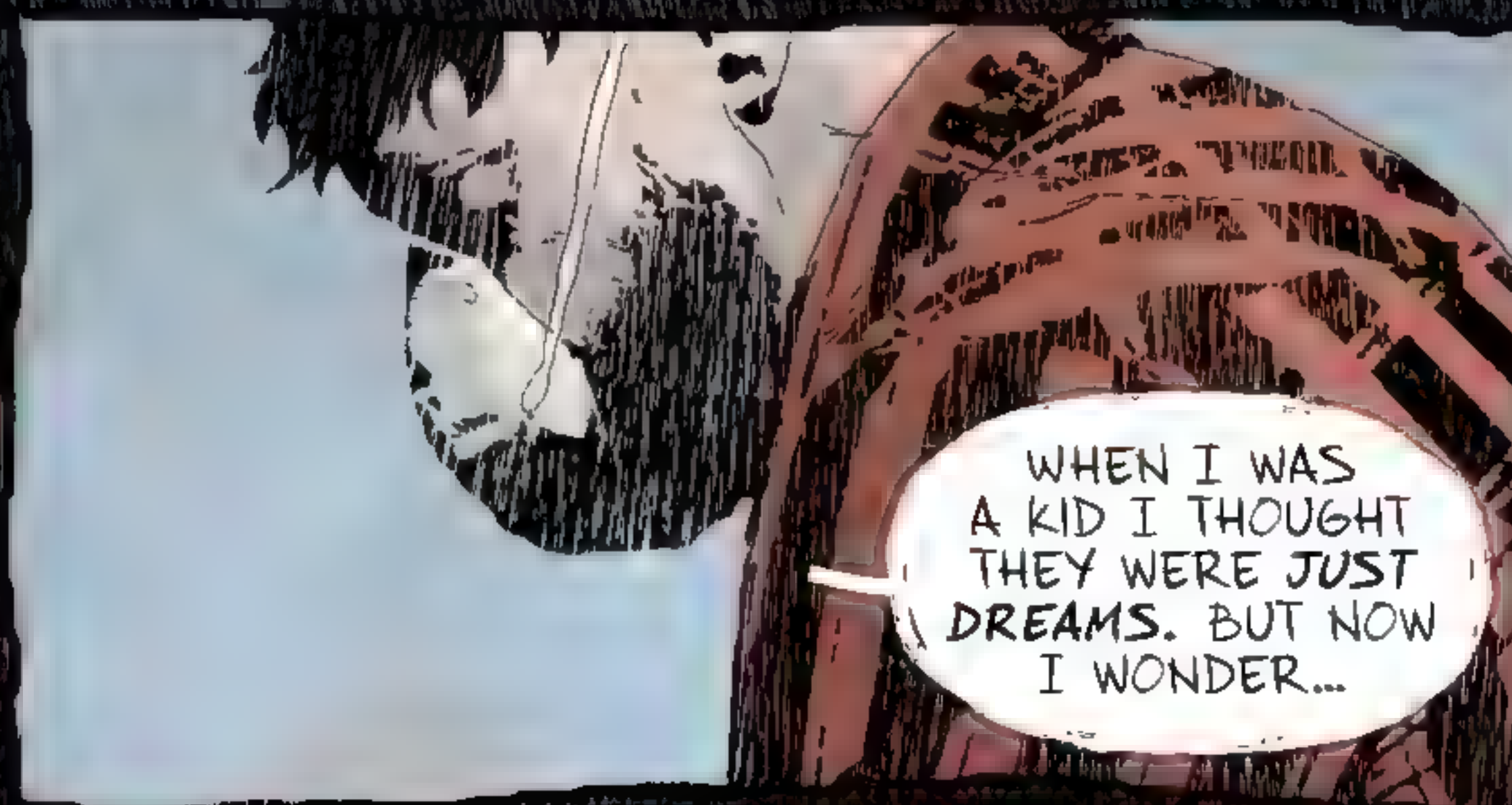


WHEN I WAS
VERY YOUNG.
MAYBE FOUR OR
FIVE YEARS
OLD.

JESUS.



WHEN I WAS
A KID I THOUGHT
THEY WERE JUST
DREAMS. BUT NOW
I WONDER...



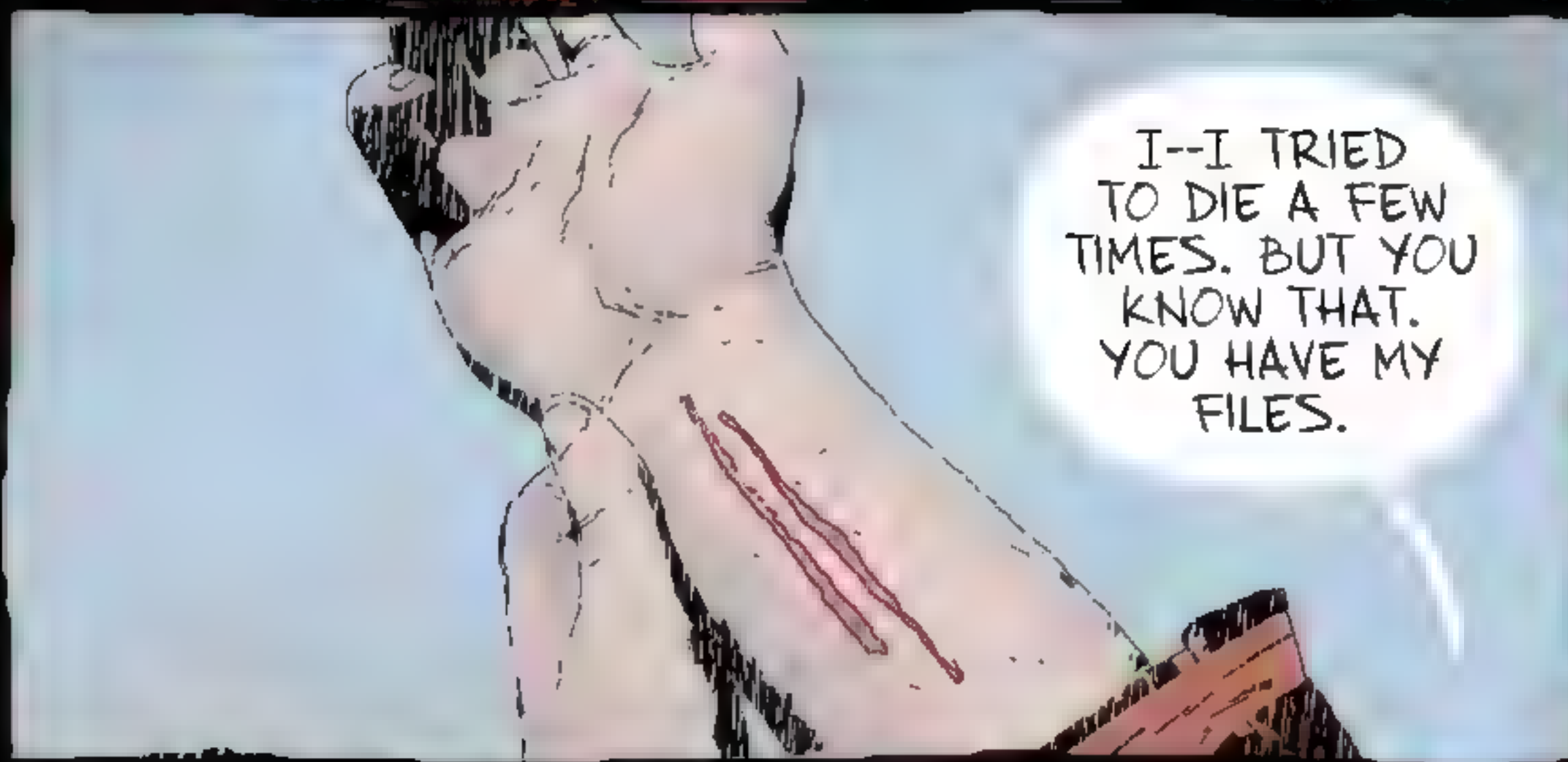
HOW MUCH
DO YOU REMEMBER
ABOUT YOUR
CHILDHOOD?



NOT MUCH. IT'S
ALL SORT OF LIKE A DREAM
TOO. I REMEMBER JUST BEING
HERE. IN THE CITY. I REMEMBER
THE POLICEMEN. I REMEMBER
THE ORPHANAGE. AND THEN...
THE HOSPITAL.



THE
HOSPITAL
WAS AWFUL. I
JUST WANTED
TO DIE.



I-I TRIED
TO DIE A FEW
TIMES. BUT YOU
KNOW THAT.
YOU HAVE MY
FILES.



YES. WE'VE
NEVER TALKED ABOUT
THAT IN OUR SESSIONS.
YOU WEREN'T READY. YOUR
OBSESSION WITH THE
GARBAGE WAS ALWAYS...
IN THE WAY.



BUT THAT'S
WHAT SAVED ME. IN
THE HOSPITAL, WHEN I
DISCOVERED THAT THE
GARBAGE WAS THE KEY TO
FINDING IT, THAT'S WHEN I
KNEW I HAD A HIGHER
PURPOSE.



I--THE BARN IS HORRIFYING. IT IS--IT FEELS EVIL. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WANT TO FIND IT. WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL HAPPEN IF YOU DO, NORTON?



ONLY WAY FOR WHAT?

I DON'T KNOW FOR SURE...BUT I THINK IT'S THE ONLY WAY.

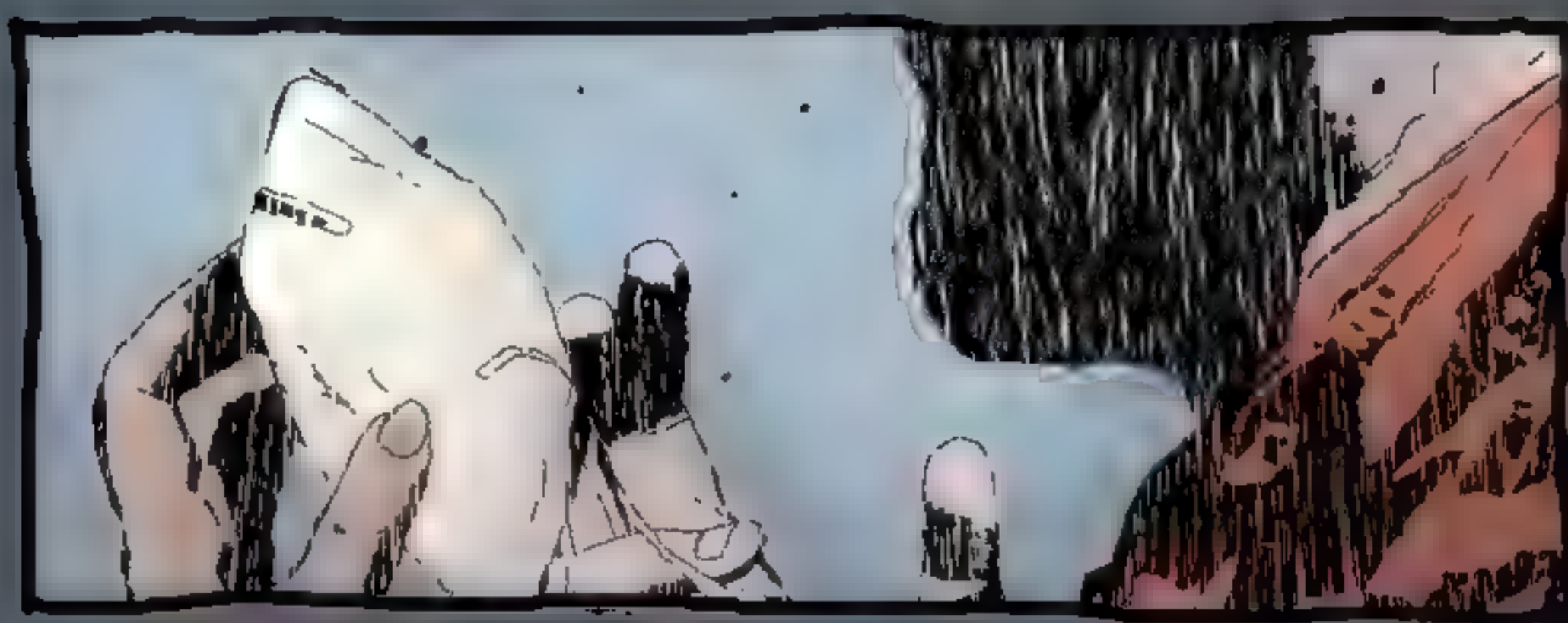


THE ONLY WAY TO FIX ME.



YES. I--I WOULDN'T BE HERE IF I DIDN'T.

YOU FEEL IT NOW TOO, DON'T YOU? THESE CONTRADICTIONS? LIKE YOUR MIND IS SPLIT IN HALF. YOU'RE TERRIFIED OF IT, BUT YOU'RE DRAWN TO IT TOO?





--YES, REG,
CALL ME AS SOON
AS YOU FIND ANYTHING.
I'LL BE DOWN THERE TO
HELP AS SOON AS I
FINISH HERE.



REGGIE AND
THE REST ARE
SEARCHING THE FIELDS
AND THE SURROUNDING
AREAS. STILL NO TRACE
OF JOE REDDY
ANYWHERE.

YOU SHOULD
REALLY GO
HOME,
FATHER.

A LITTLE
LATE FOR THAT,
SHERIFF. NOW,
WHY DO YOU WANT
TO SEE DR.
SUTTON?



YOU DON'T
THINK
SUTTON HAD
ANYTHING TO
DO WITH--



FATHER FRED?
SHERIFF! I DIDN'T
EXPECT TO EVER
SEE YOU OUT HERE
AGAIN. WHAT DO I
OWE THE
PLEASURE?

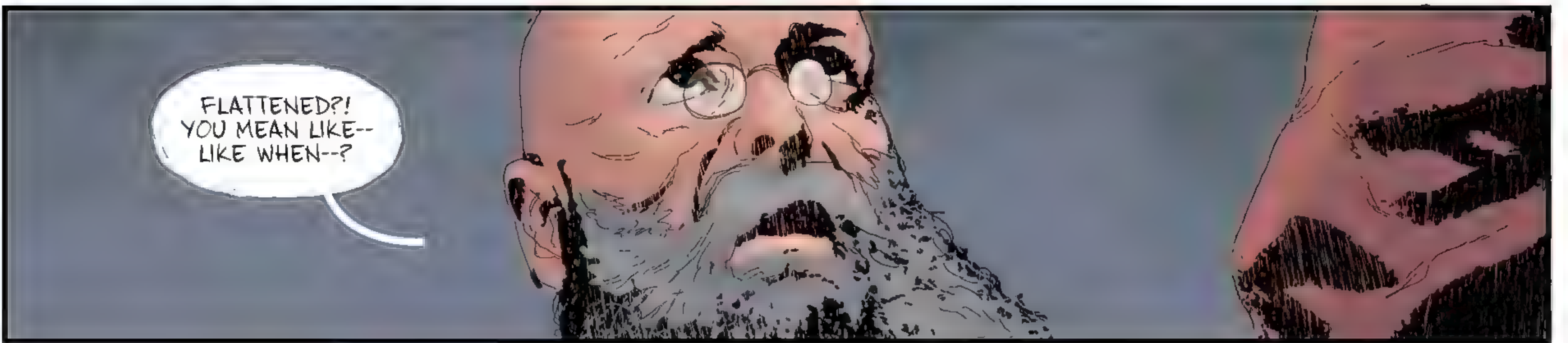
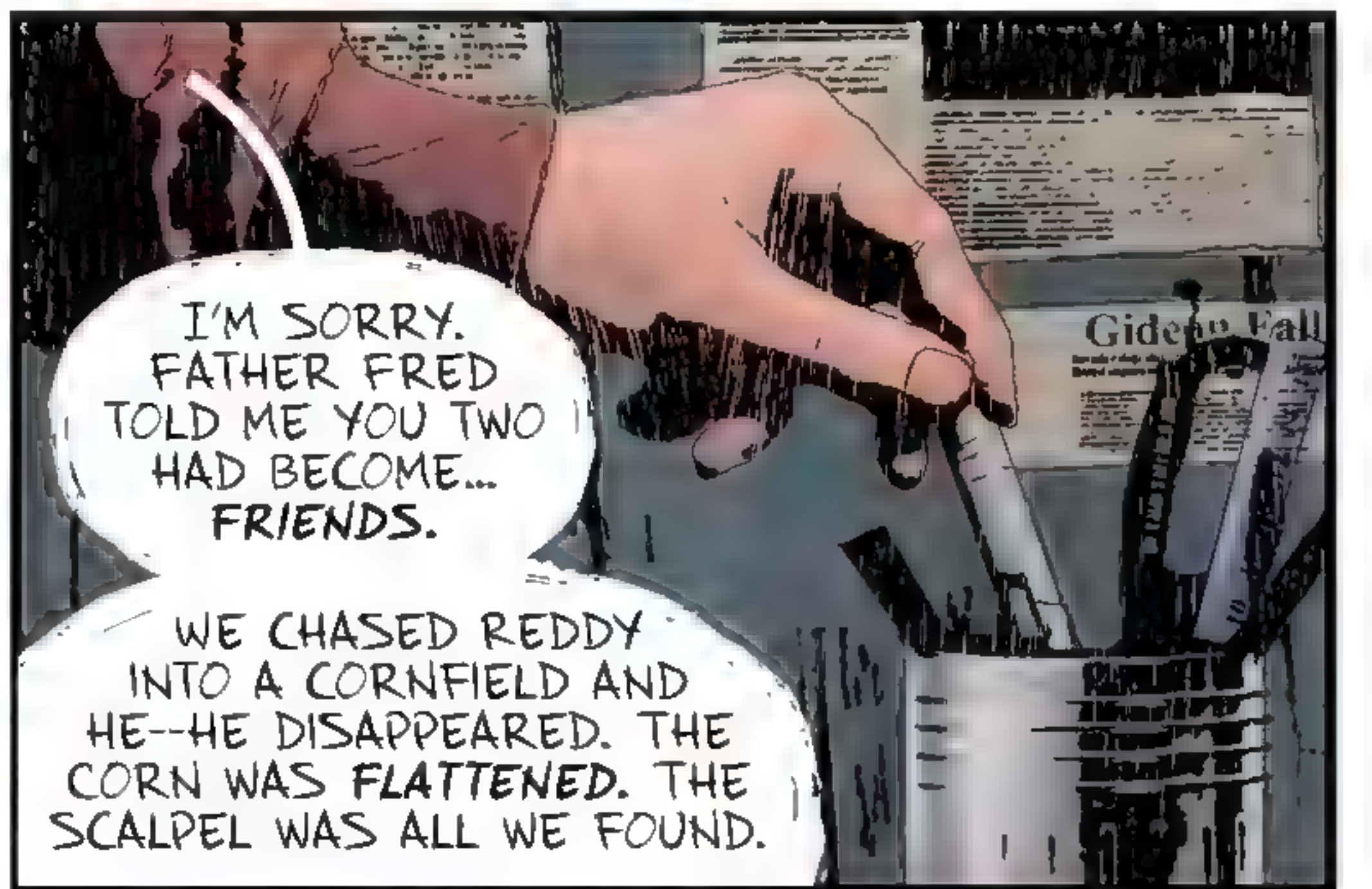
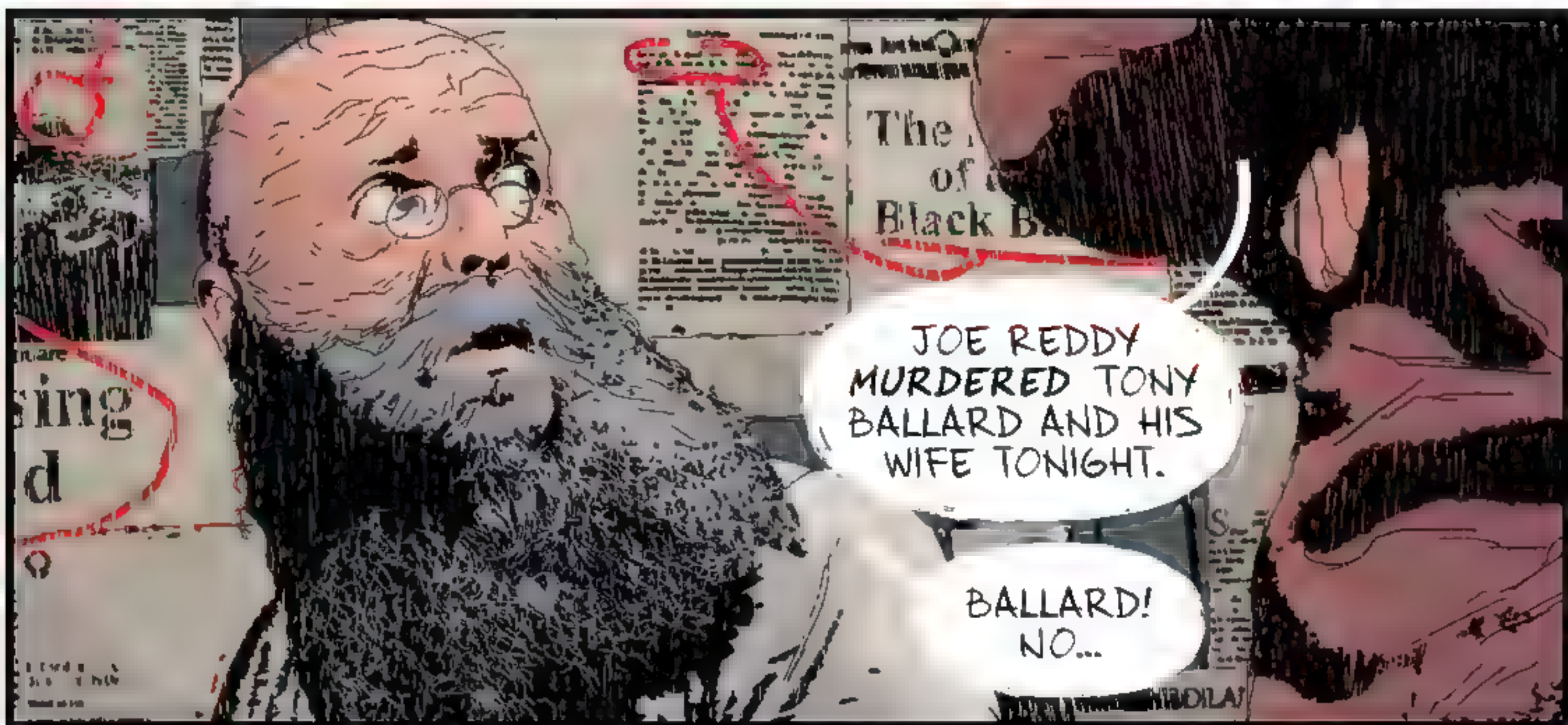
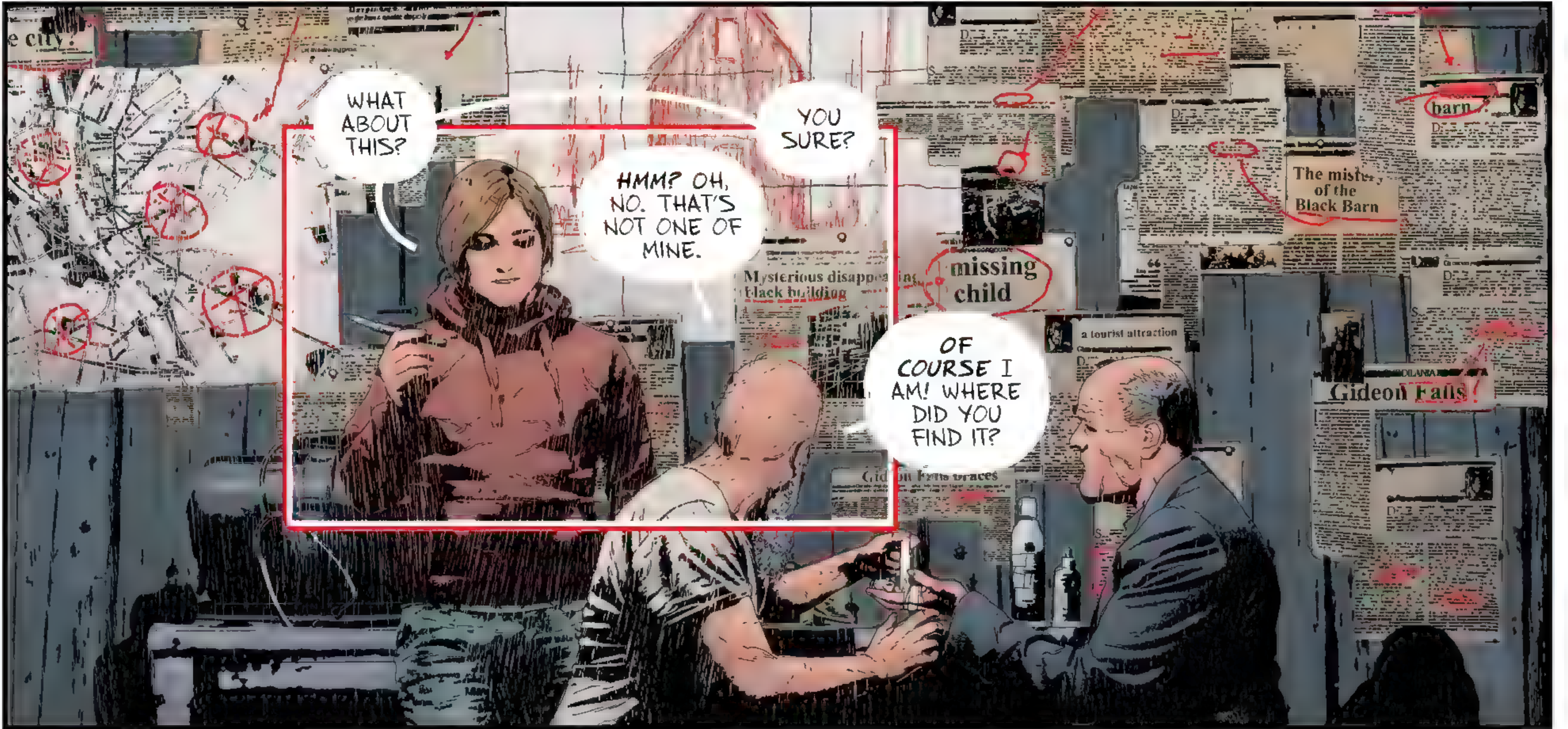
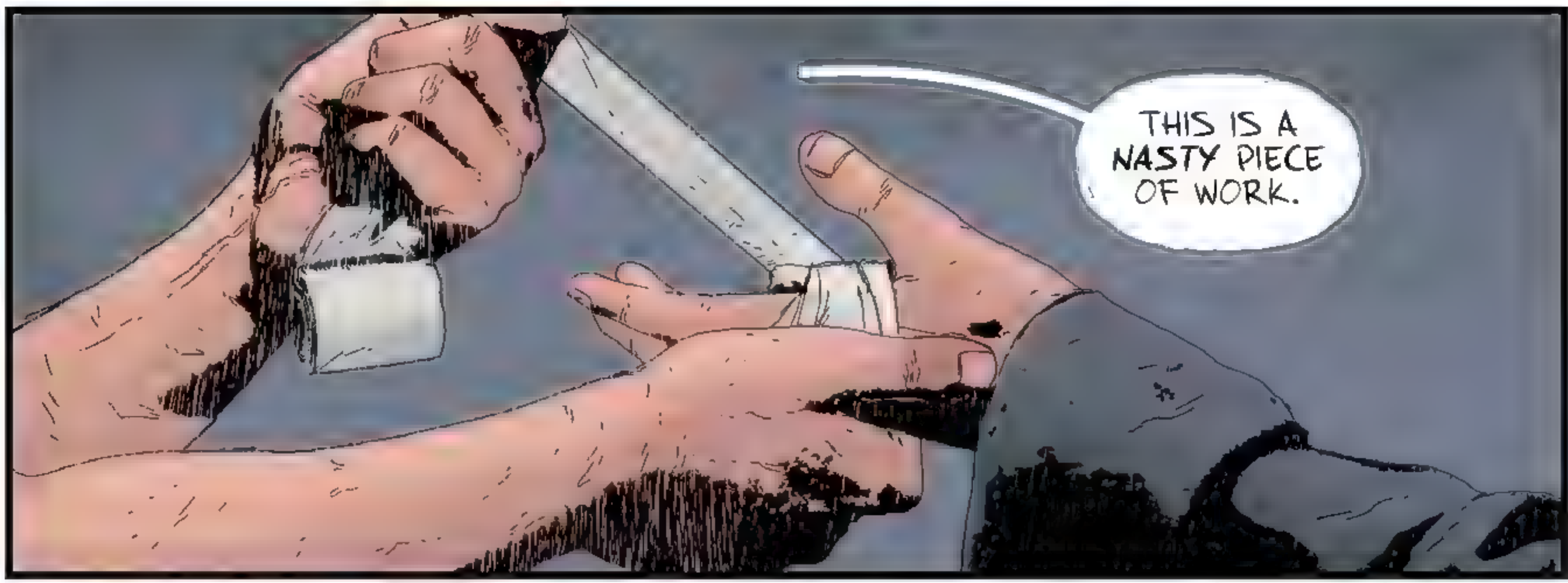


WE NEED
TO TALK.
NOW.

JESUS,
FATHER! WHAT
THE HECK DID
YOU DO TO
YOURSELF?



»SIGH«
COME IN...I'LL
STITCH THAT
UP.







IT DID NOT
BREAK ME! IT
OPENED MY EYES TO
THE TRUTH! YOU'RE
THE ONE LIVING IN
A FANTASY,
CLARA!

AND I
KNOW A PART
OF YOU BELIEVES
IT. IF YOU DIDN'T,
YOU WOULDN'T
HAVE COME
HERE!



IT'S JUST--
DAD, DO YOU
THINK JOE REDDY
COULD HAVE
TAKEN HIM?

JOE REDDY
DID NOT TAKE YOUR
BROTHER! JOE WAS A
GOOD MAN. BACK THEN,
HE WAS ONE OF US...A
PLOUGHMAN. WHATEVER
JOE DID TONIGHT, IT
WAS THE BARN THAT
MADE HIM DO IT!



HERE.

WHAT?
WHAT IS THIS
SUPPOSED TO
BE?

I FOUND
THAT IN YOUR
BROTHER'S
ROOM.
AFTER...

YOU'RE
LYING.



LYING?!

CLARA, THE DAY BEFORE HE DISAPPEARED HE CAME INTO MY ROOM. LATE AT NIGHT. HE SAID HE HAD A NIGHTMARE AND COULDN'T SLEEP. I ASKED HIM WHAT THE DREAM WAS ABOUT. HE SAID:

I WAS LOST IN AN OLD BARN AND I COULDN'T GET OUT.



I HAD TO WORK EARLY THE NEXT DAY OR SOMETHING. I WAS TIRED AND GOT ANGRY AND TOLD HIM TO GO BACK TO BED.

THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM. THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I SAW MY LITTLE BOY. SO DON'T YOU TELL ME I'M LYING. I WOULD NEVER LIE ABOUT HIM. NEVER.



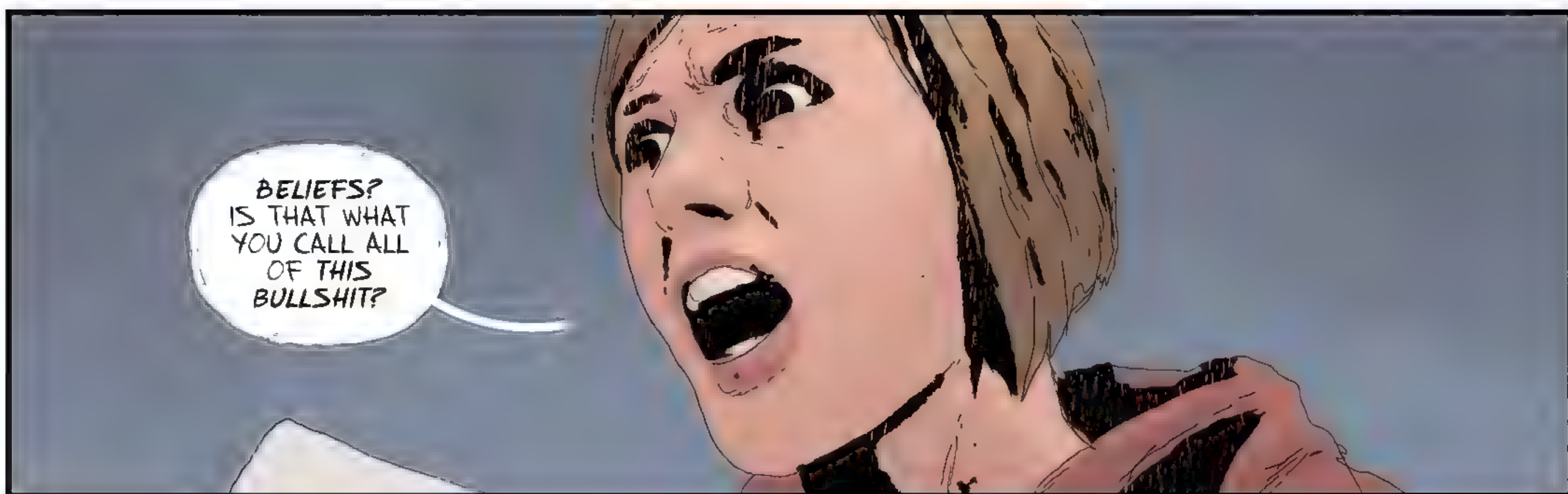
WHY DIDN'T YOU EVER TELL ME THIS BEFORE?

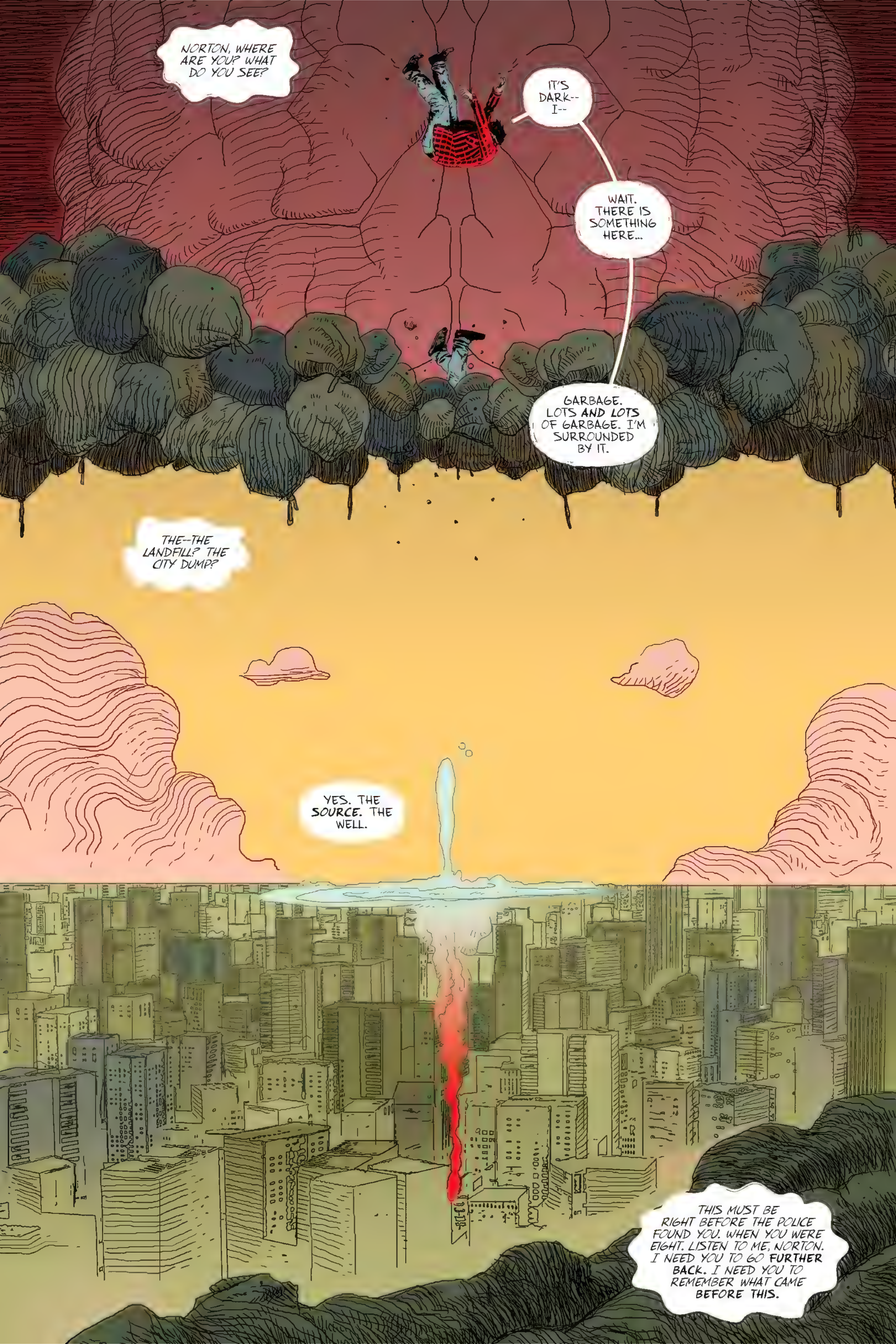
YOU WERE TWELVE WHEN HE DISAPPEARED. THIS WOULD NOT HAVE HELPED YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM. AND LATER YOU MADE IT VERY CLEAR YOU WANTED NOTHING TO DO WITH ME OR MY BELIEFS.

Urban Legend or reality?

kidnapped child

The mystery of the Black Barn





NORTON, WHERE
ARE YOU? WHAT
DO YOU SEE?

IT'S
DARK--
I--

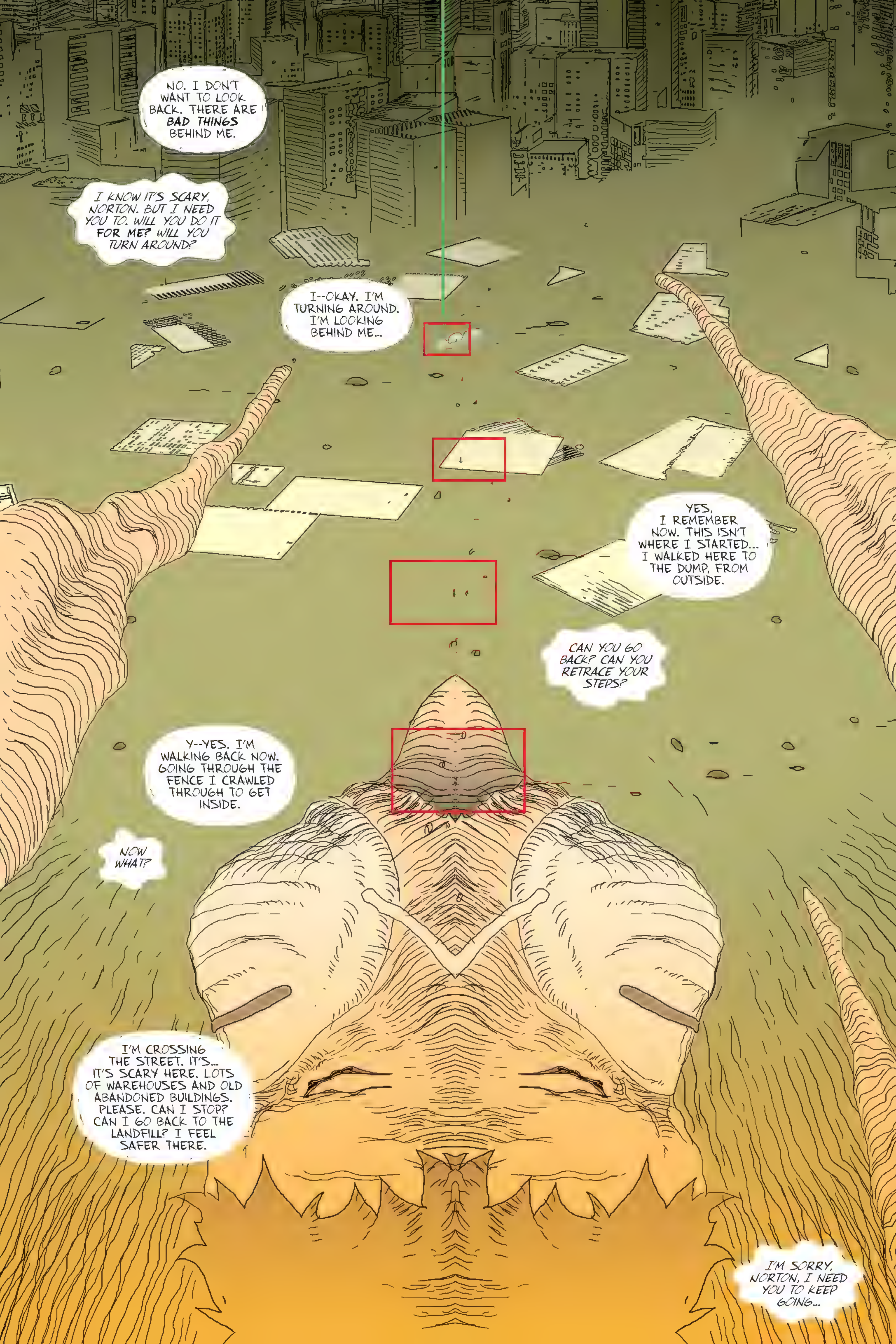
WAIT.
THERE IS
SOMETHING
HERE...

GARBAGE.
LOTS AND LOTS
OF GARBAGE. I'M
SURROUNDED
BY IT.

THE--THE
LANDFILL? THE
CITY DUMP?

YES. THE
SOURCE. THE
WELL.

THIS MUST BE
RIGHT BEFORE THE POLICE
FOUND YOU. WHEN YOU WERE
EIGHT. LISTEN TO ME, NORTON.
I NEED YOU TO GO FURTHER
BACK. I NEED YOU TO
REMEMBER WHAT CAME
BEFORE THIS.



NO. I DON'T WANT TO LOOK BACK. THERE ARE BAD THINGS BEHIND ME.

I KNOW IT'S SCARY, NORTON. BUT I NEED YOU TO. WILL YOU DO IT FOR ME? WILL YOU TURN AROUND?

I--OKAY. I'M TURNING AROUND. I'M LOOKING BEHIND ME...

YES, I REMEMBER NOW. THIS ISN'T WHERE I STARTED... I WALKED HERE TO THE DUMP, FROM OUTSIDE.

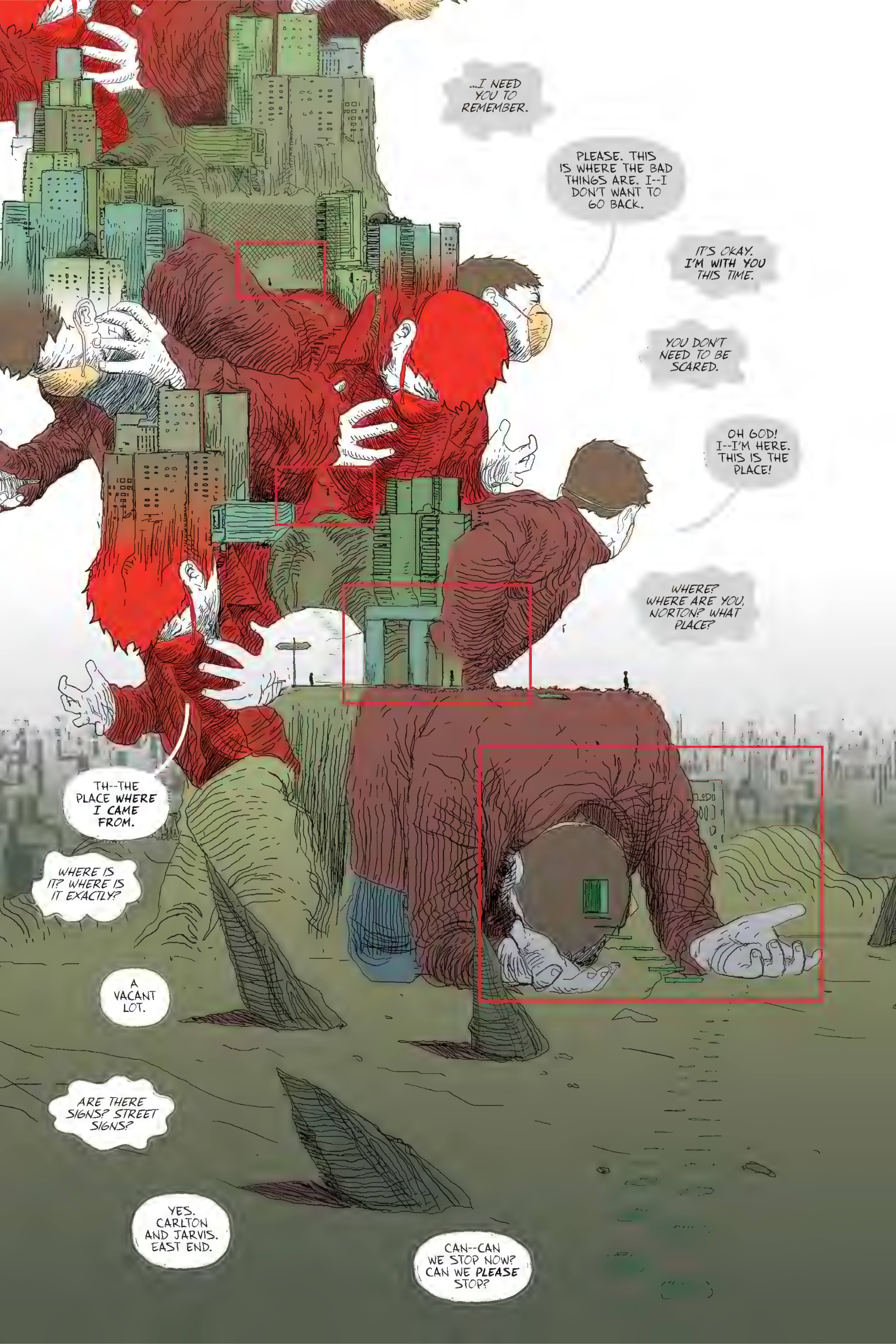
CAN YOU GO BACK? CAN YOU RETRACE YOUR STEPS?

Y--YES. I'M WALKING BACK NOW. GOING THROUGH THE FENCE I CRAWLED THROUGH TO GET INSIDE.

NOW WHAT?

I'M CROSSING THE STREET. IT'S... IT'S SCARY HERE. LOTS OF WAREHOUSES AND OLD ABANDONED BUILDINGS. PLEASE. CAN I STOP? CAN I GO BACK TO THE LANDFILL? I FEEL SAFER THERE.

I'M SORRY, NORTON, I NEED YOU TO KEEP GOING...



...I NEED
YOU TO
REMEMBER.

PLEASE. THIS
IS WHERE THE BAD
THINGS ARE. I--I
DON'T WANT TO
GO BACK.

IT'S OKAY.
I'M WITH YOU
THIS TIME.

YOU DON'T
NEED TO BE
SCARED.

OH GOD!
I--I'M HERE.
THIS IS THE
PLACE!

WHERE?
WHERE ARE YOU,
NORTON? WHAT
PLACE?

TH--THE
PLACE WHERE
I CAME
FROM.

WHERE IS
IT? WHERE IS
IT EXACTLY?

A
VACANT
LOT.

ARE THERE
SIGNS? STREET
SIGNS?

YES.
CARLTON
AND JARVIS.
EAST END.

CAN--CAN
WE STOP NOW?
CAN WE PLEASE
STOP?

NO. WE NEED
TO GO INTO THE
LOT, NORTON.
WE NEED TO
SEE IT.

WHAT?
WHAT'S IN THE
SHADOWS,
NORTON?

IT'S SO DARK
BACK HERE. THE
FURTHER I WALK IN
THE DARKER IT GETS.
BUT THERE--THERE'S
SOMETHING HERE.
SOMETHING IN THE
SHADOWS!

OH GOD!
YES! THERE
IT IS! I SEE
IT!



--THE
DOOR!



"I--I SEE
THE DOOR.
I SEE THE
OTHER
SIDE."

IF THE BARN HAS
REDDY, THEN IT'S ONLY A
MATTER OF TIME UNTIL HE KILLS
AGAIN, FATHER. BUT IT'S NOT TOO
LATE. I CAN CALL THE OTHER
PLOUGHMEN. AND WITH YOU
AT OUR SIDE...A MAN
OF GOD--

I DON'T
THINK SO,
DOCTOR.

BUT FATHER
FRED, YOU MUST
SEE WHAT'S
HAPPENING BY
NOW!

ALL I SEE IS
A VERY CONFUSED
MAN. TRUST ME, DOCTOR.
I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO
WANT TO BELIEVE SO BADLY
IN SOMETHING, BUT I THINK
IT'S BEST IF YOU LET THE
SHERIFF AND HER TEAM
DEAL WITH THIS.

D
R
E
A
M

CLARA!

SHERIFF
MILLER?

"A DOOR? WHAT DOOR, NORTON?"

BLAM



FATHER, BE CAREFUL!

"YOU KNOW WHAT DOOR, ANGIE..."



SHERIFF MILLER? CLARA?



"THE ONLY DOOR..."



"THE DOOR
TO THE BLACK
BARN."

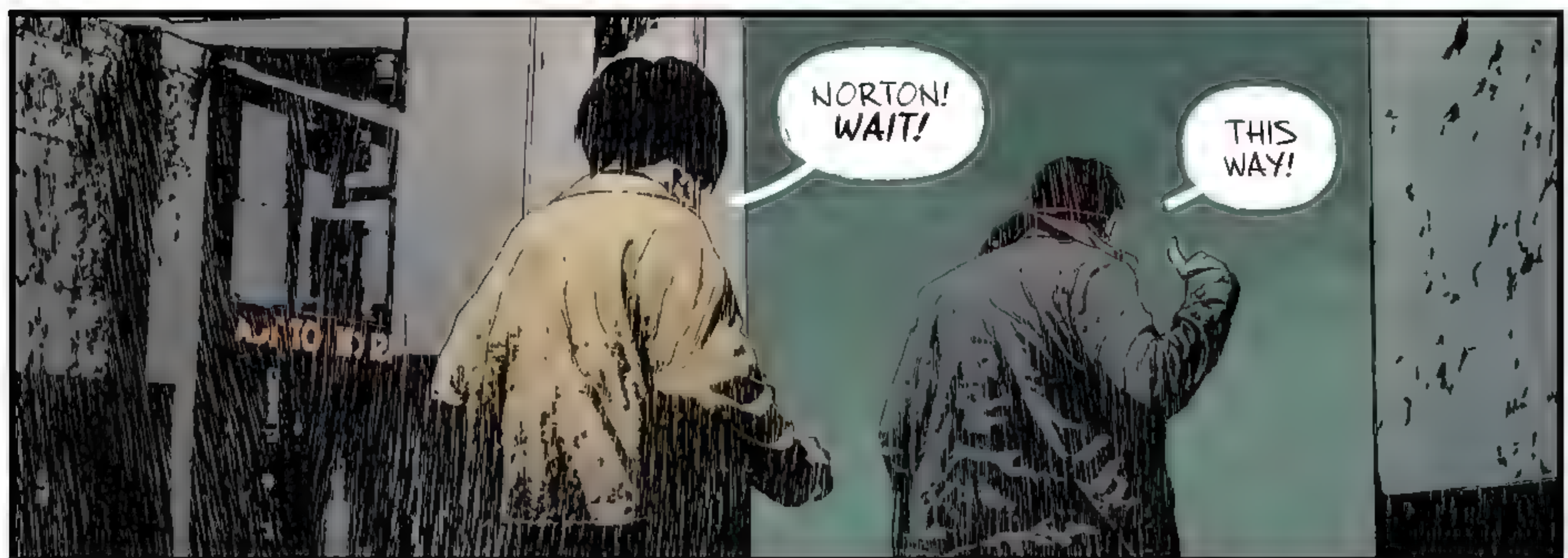
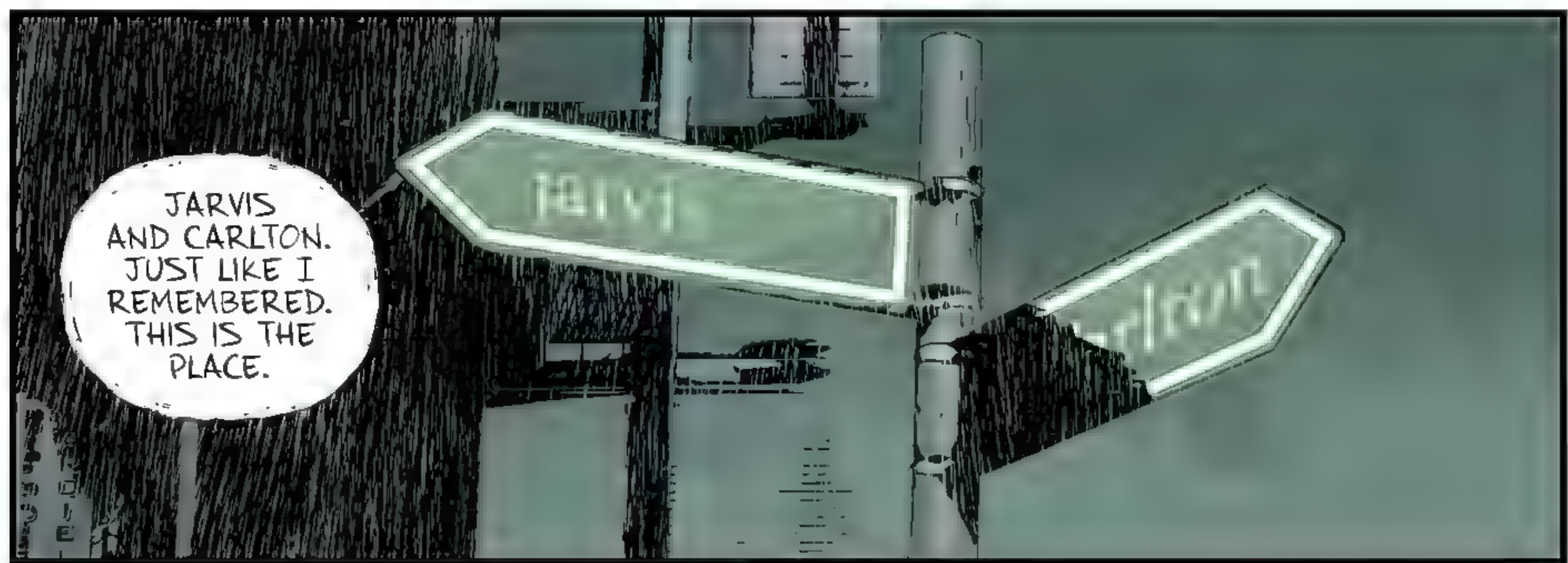
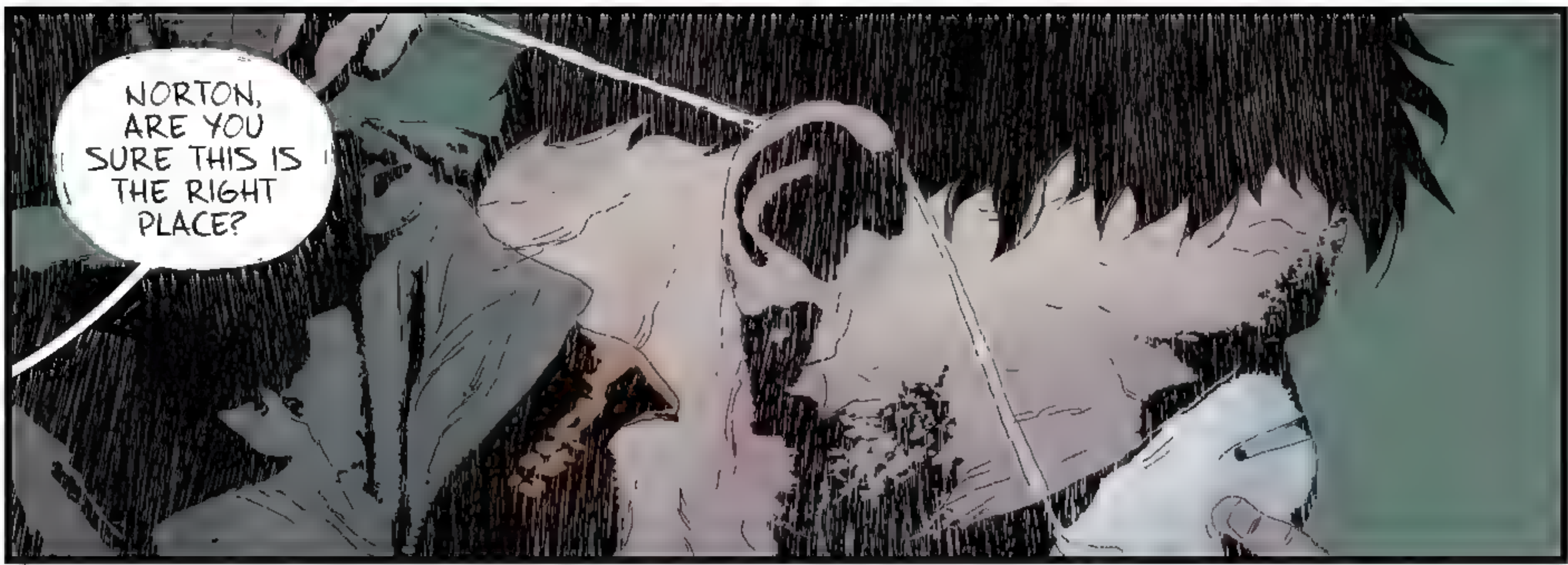
CLARA!

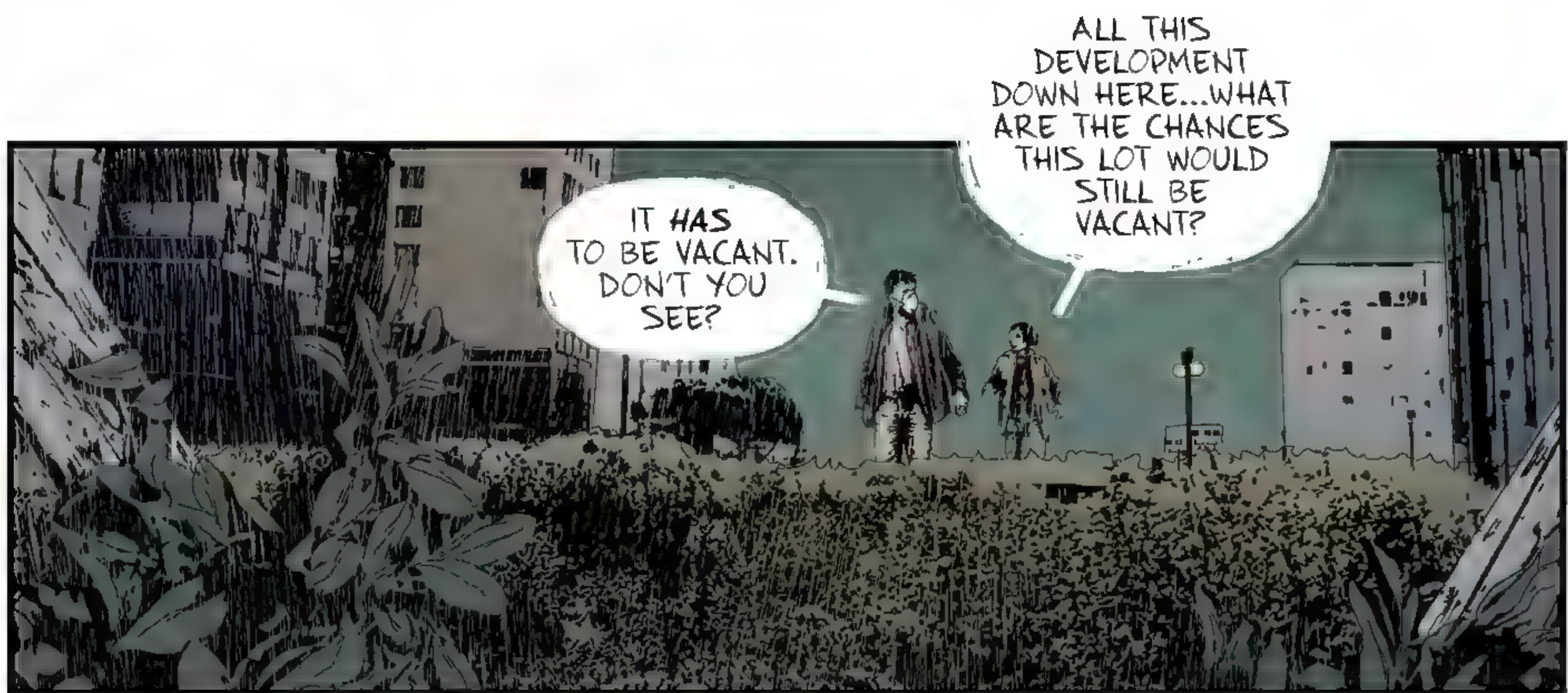
"IT'S
OPENING
NOW..."

CLARA!

"IT'S OPENING,
AND WHEN IT
DOES, WE'LL
NEVER BE ABLE
TO STOP IT."







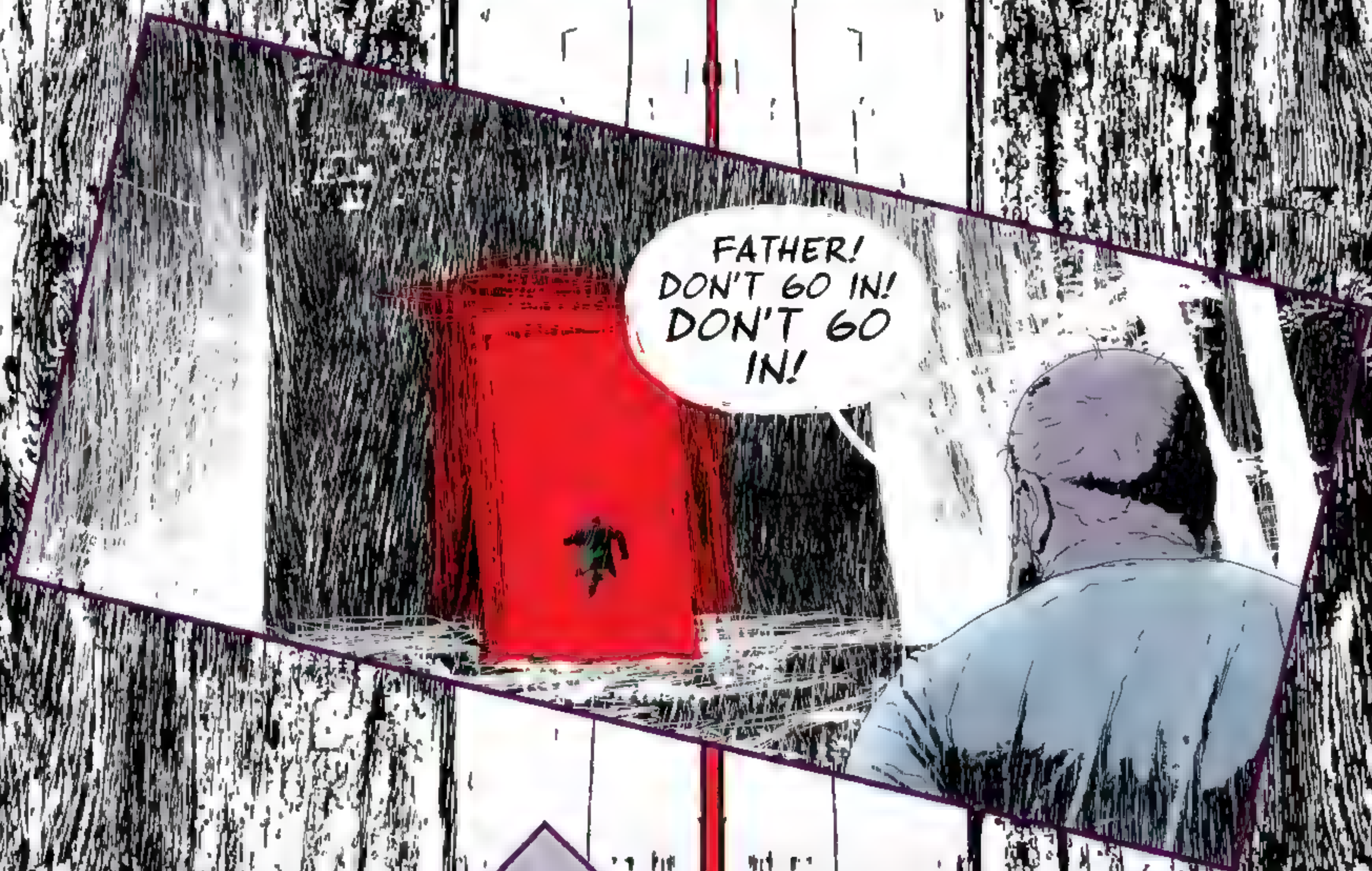


MY
GOD.

...THE
DOOR. IT'S--
IT'S THE
DOORWAY.

I KNOW,
ANGIE. I
FINALLY KNOW
WHAT WE HAVE
TO DO.





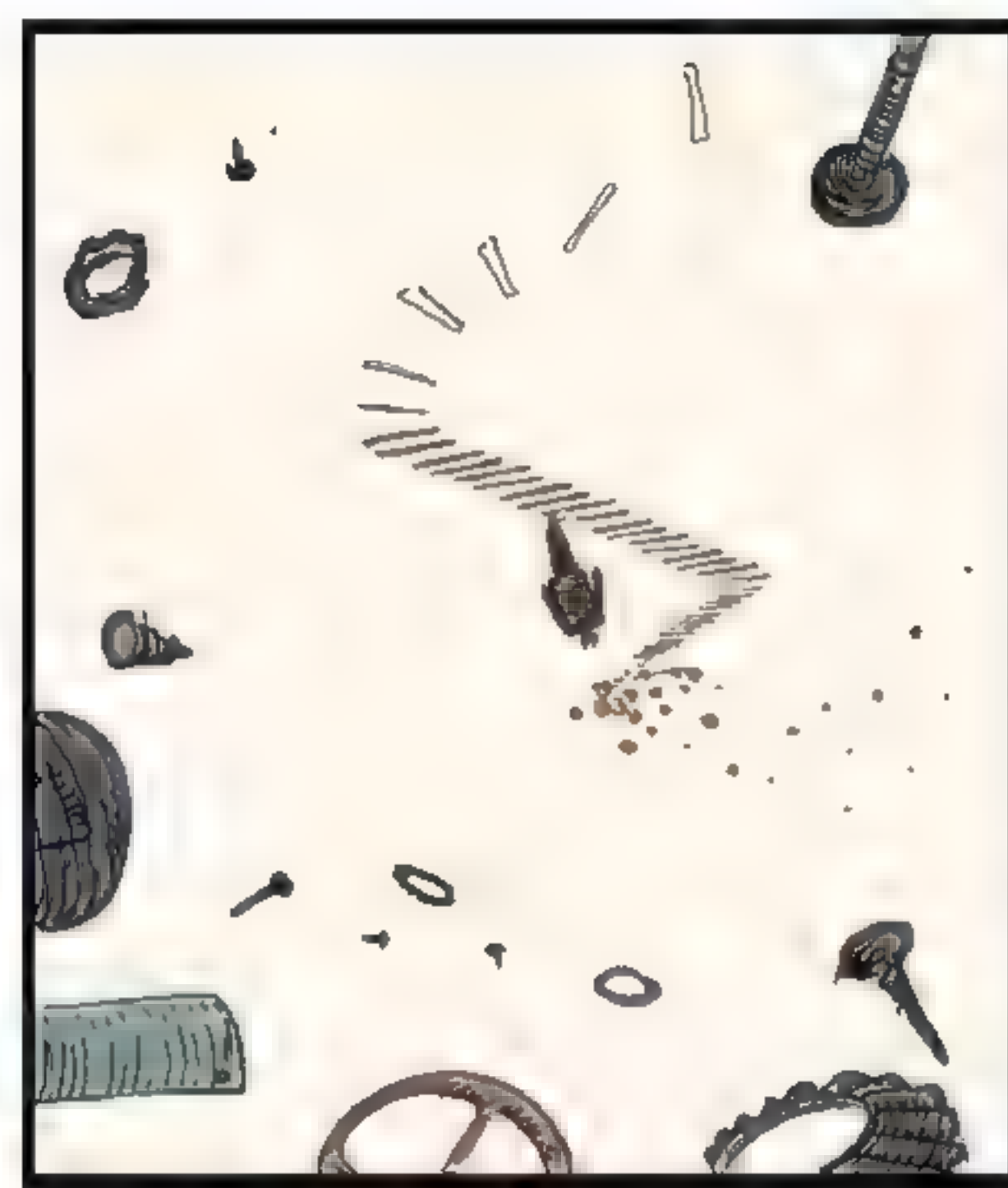
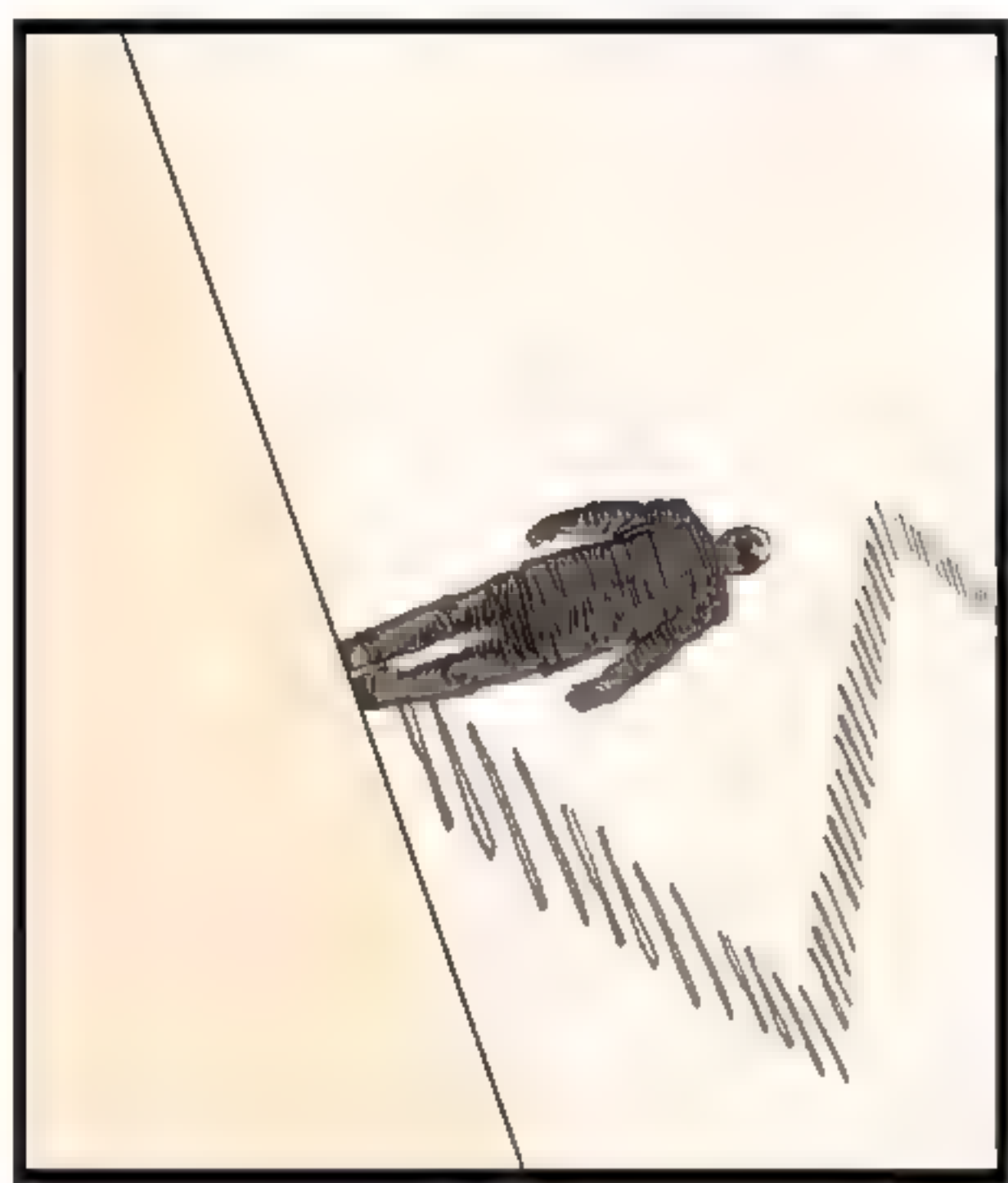
THOOOM

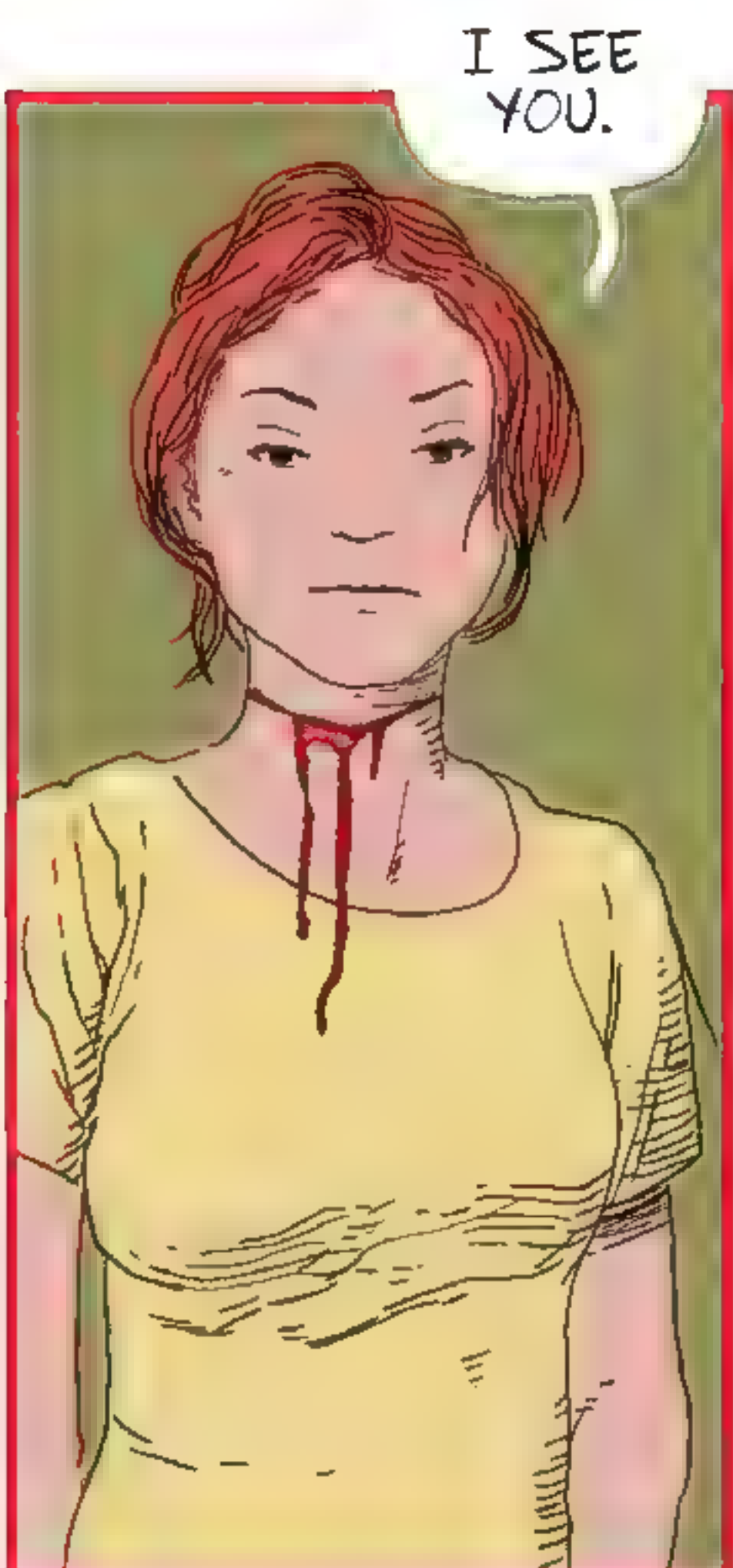
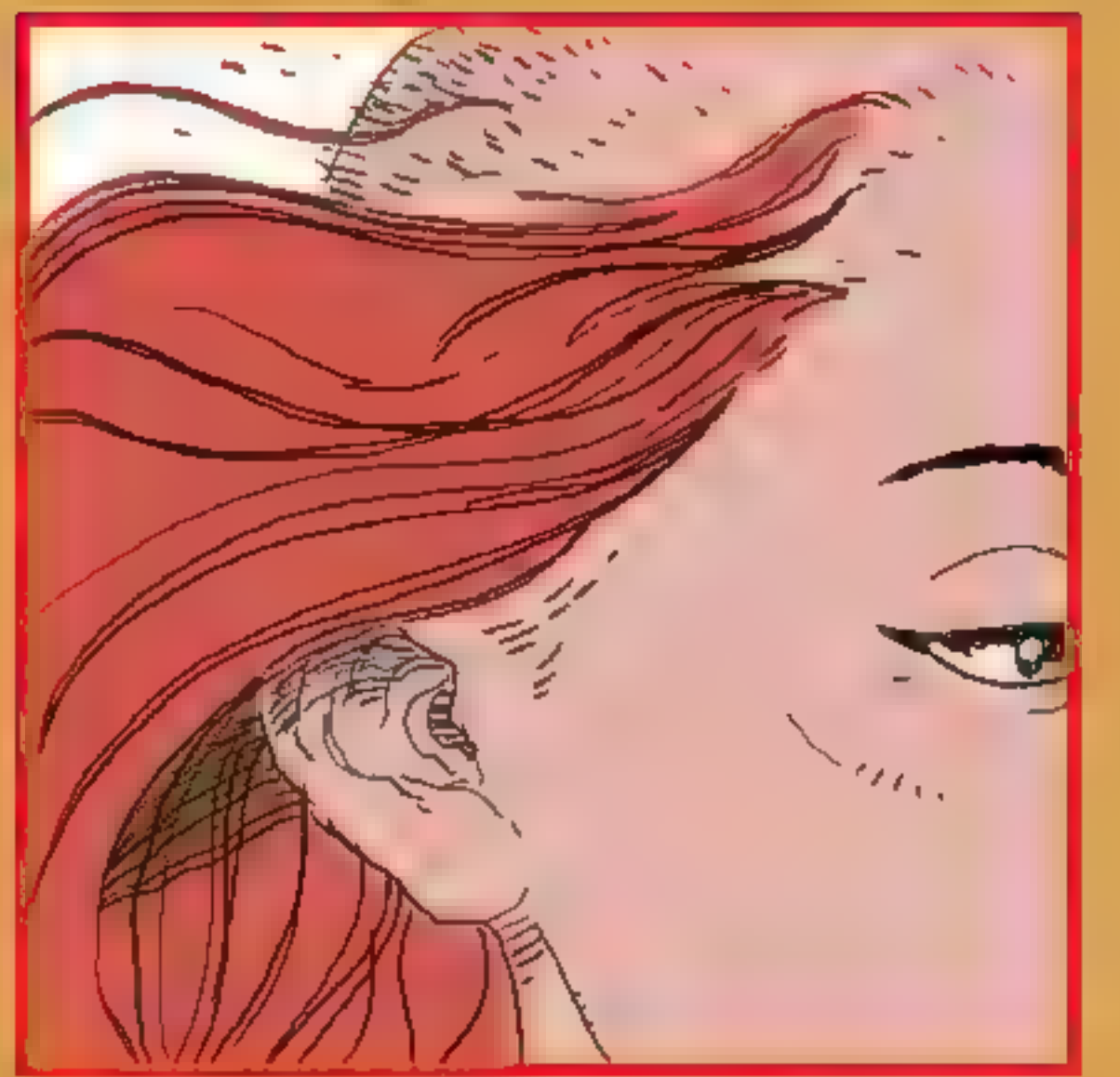
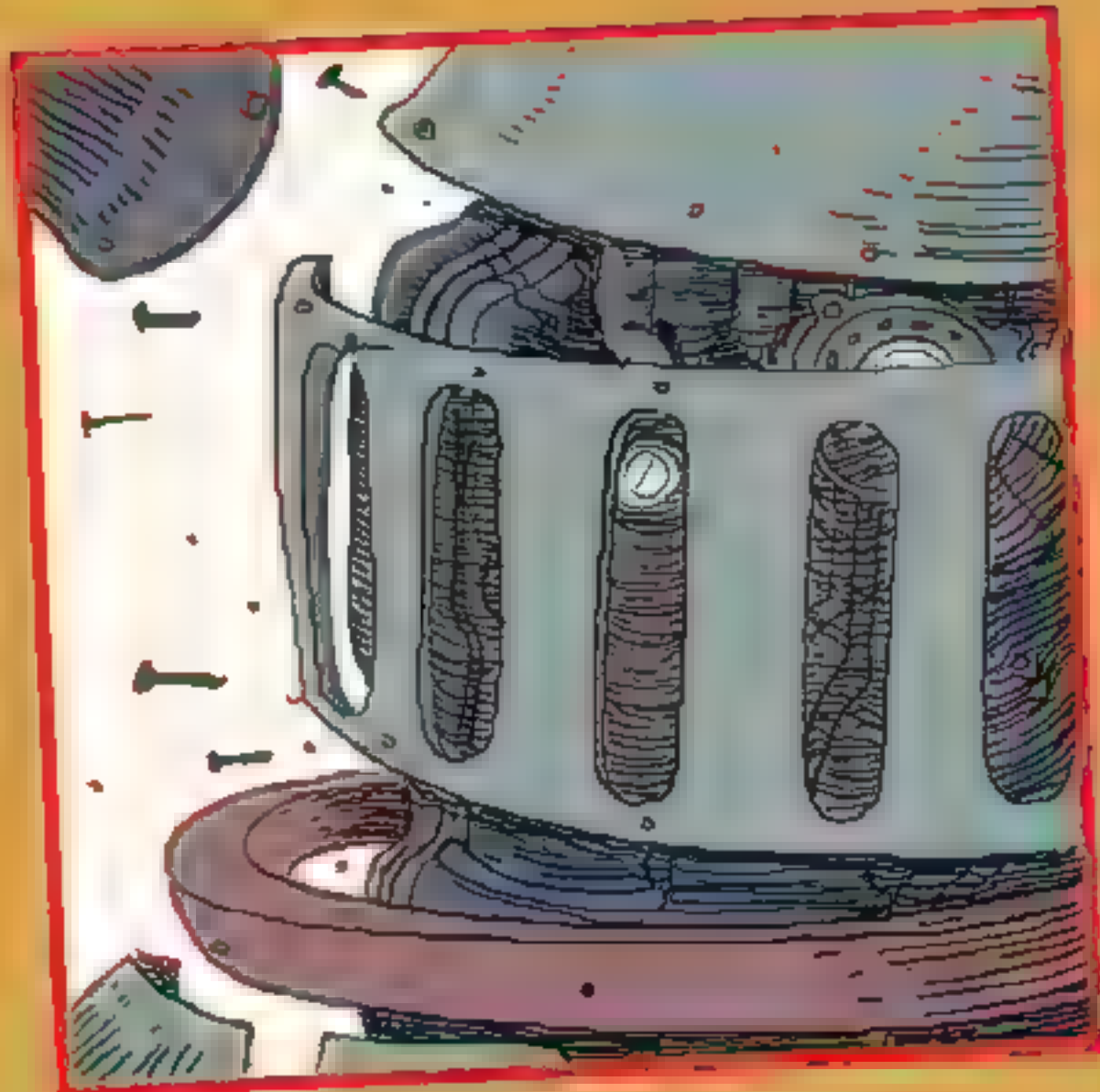


SHERIFF?

SHERIFF
MILLER...ARE--
ARE YOU IN
HERE?

CREEEAKK







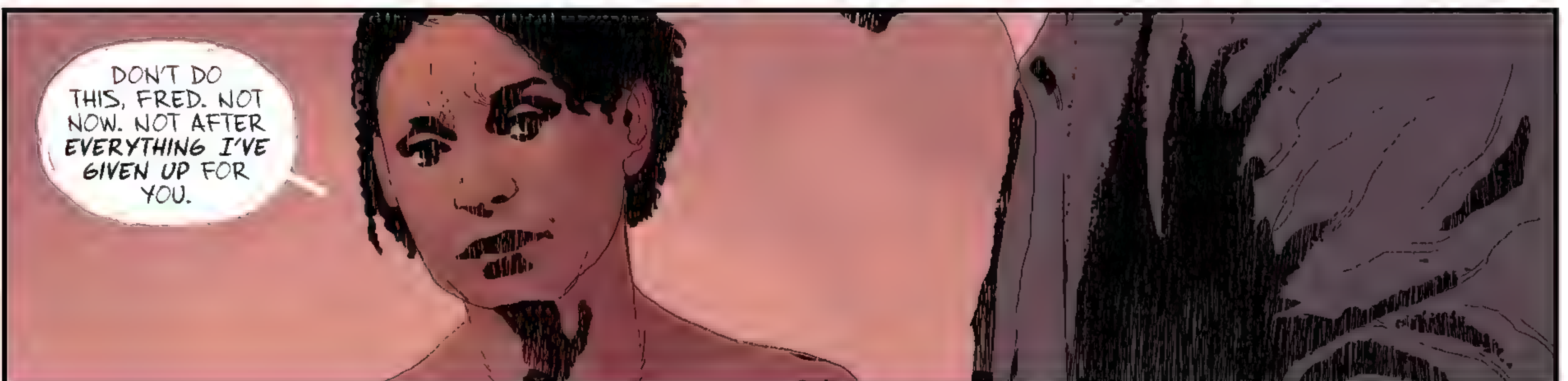
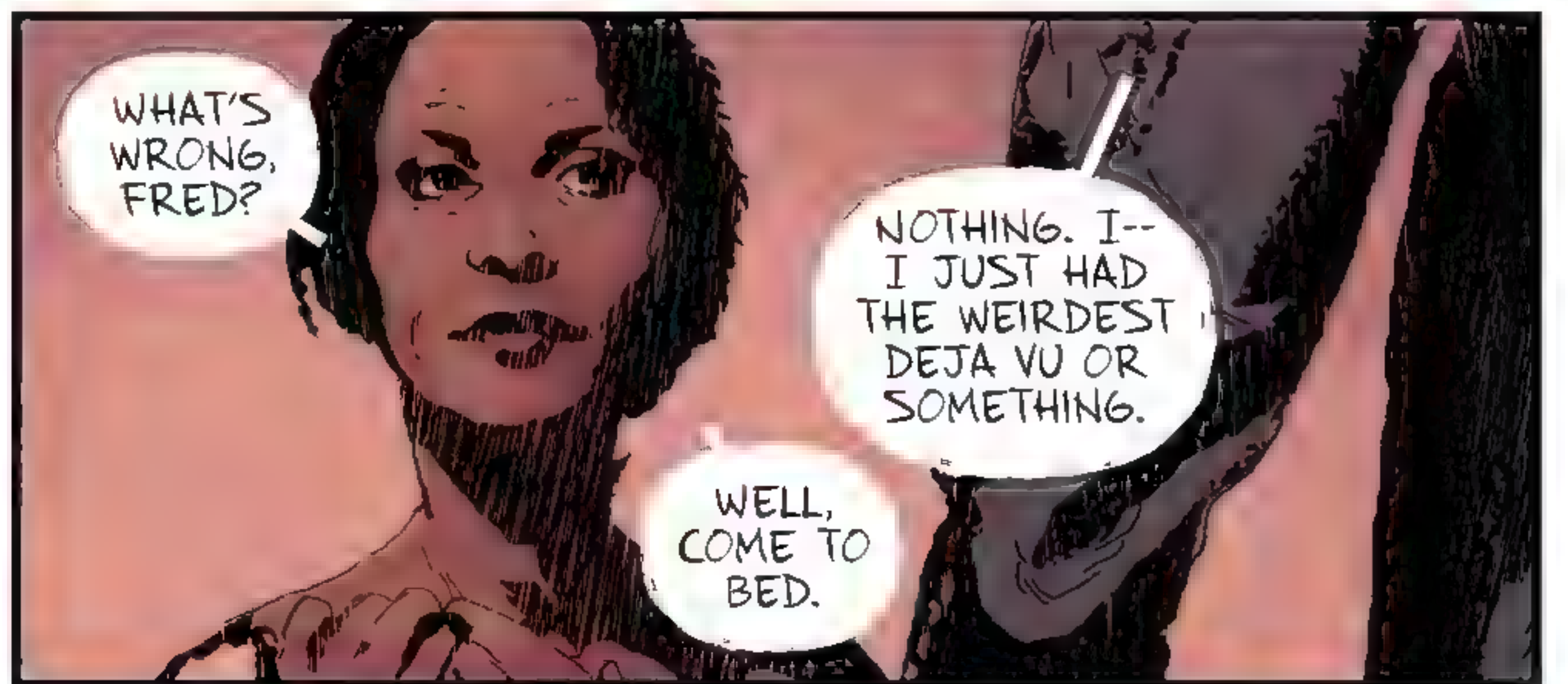
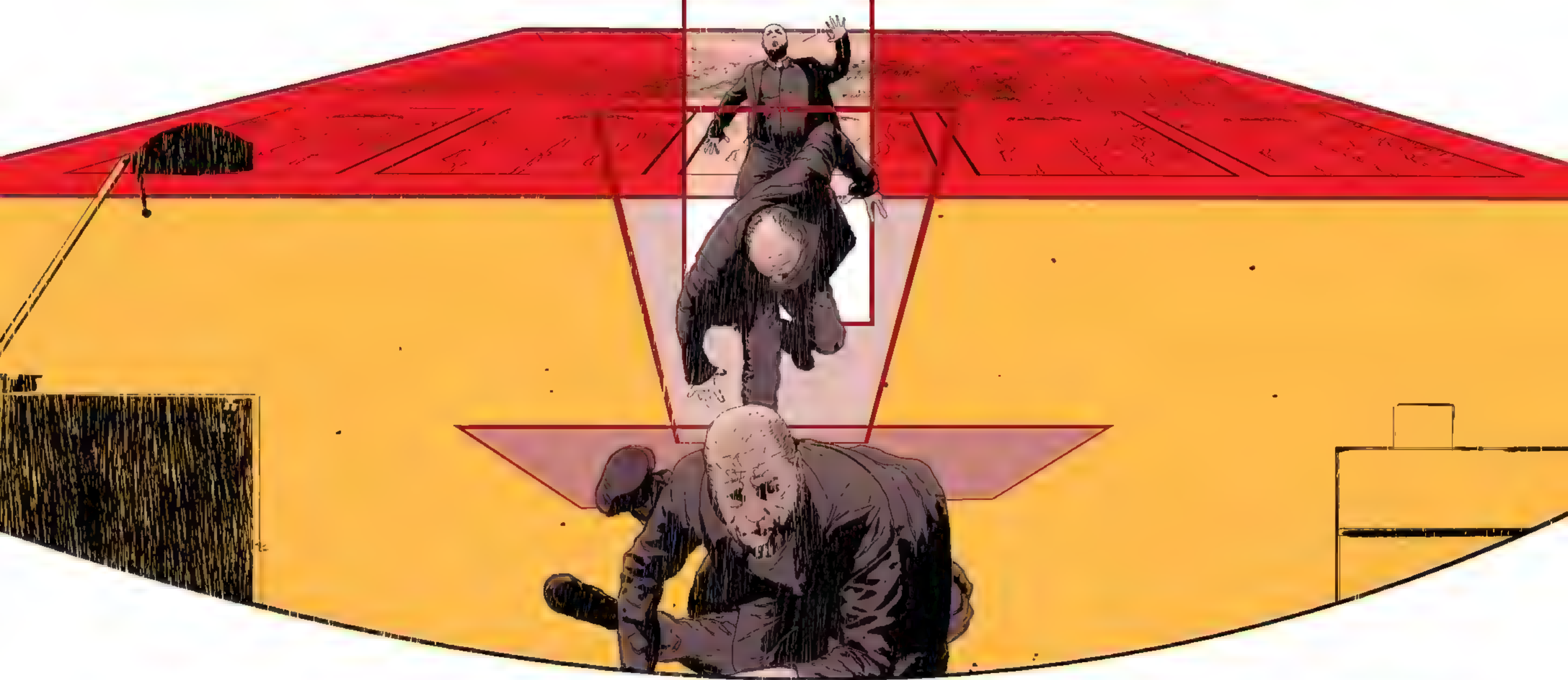
BUT
YOU GOT
SECRETS IN
YOUR
BELLY.

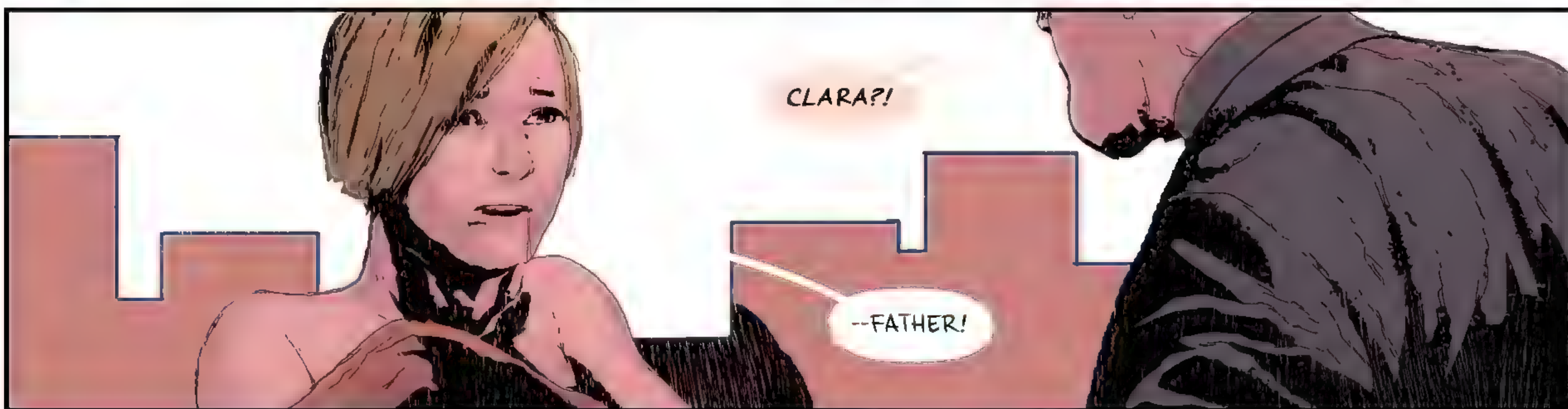
BUT
YOU GOT
SECRETS IN
YOUR
BELLY.

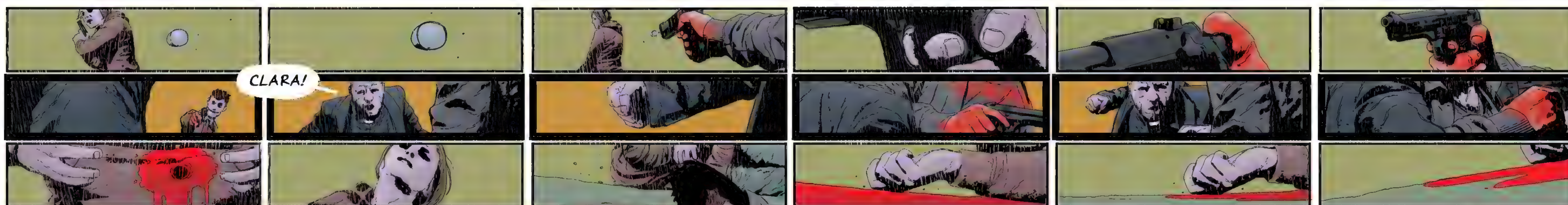
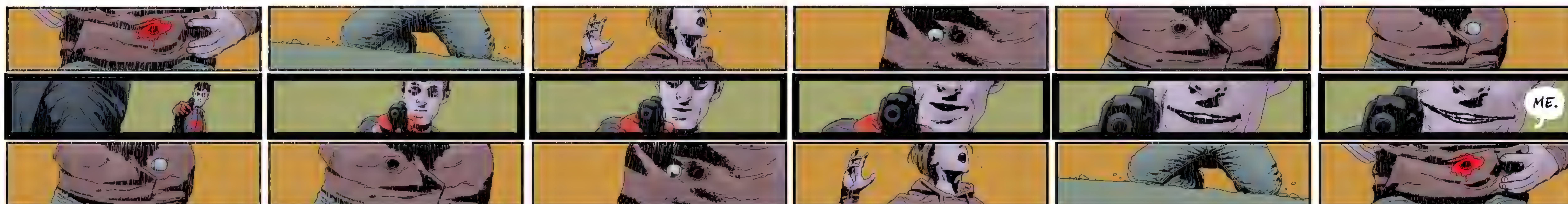
BUT
YOU GOT
SECRETS IN
YOUR
BELLY.

BUT
YOU GOT
SECRETS IN
YOUR
BELLY.

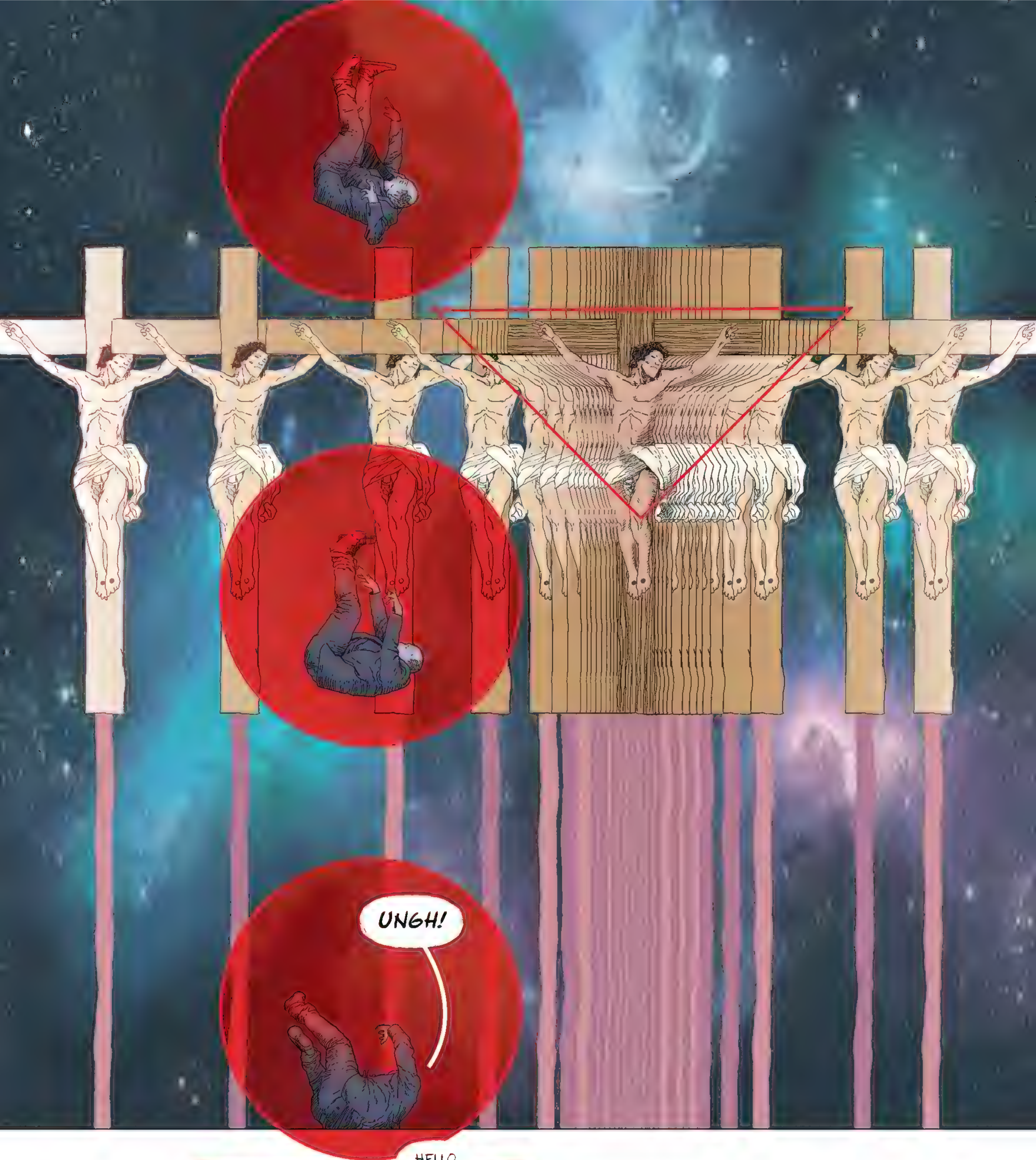
BUT
YOU GOT
SECRETS IN
YOUR
BELLY.











UNGH!

HELLO,
WILFRED.

I--
WHERE
AM I?

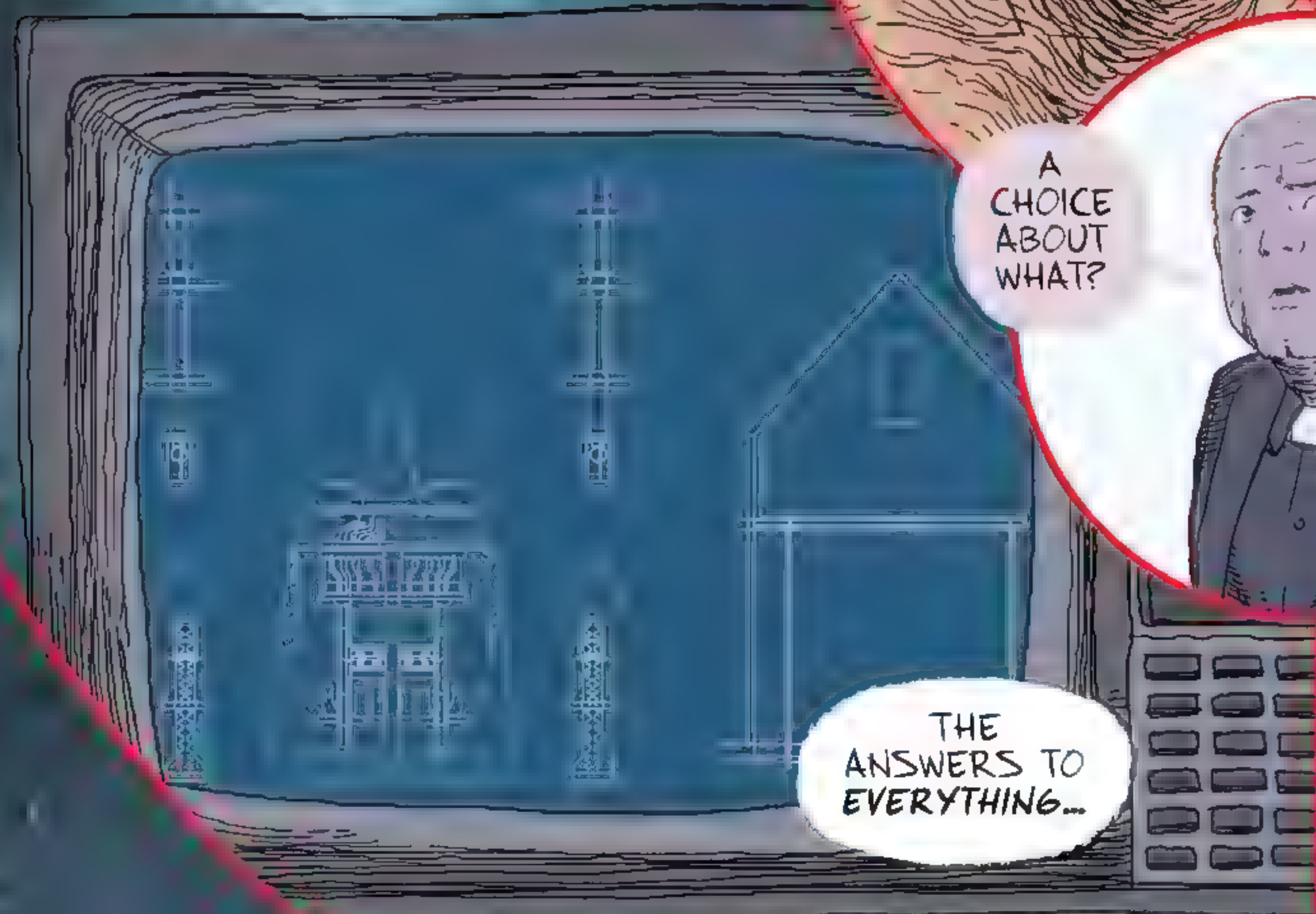
IN THE
BLACK BARN,
WHERE THE FUCK
DO YOU THINK
YOU ARE?



YOU NEED TO MAKE A CHOICE.



A CHOICE ABOUT WHAT?

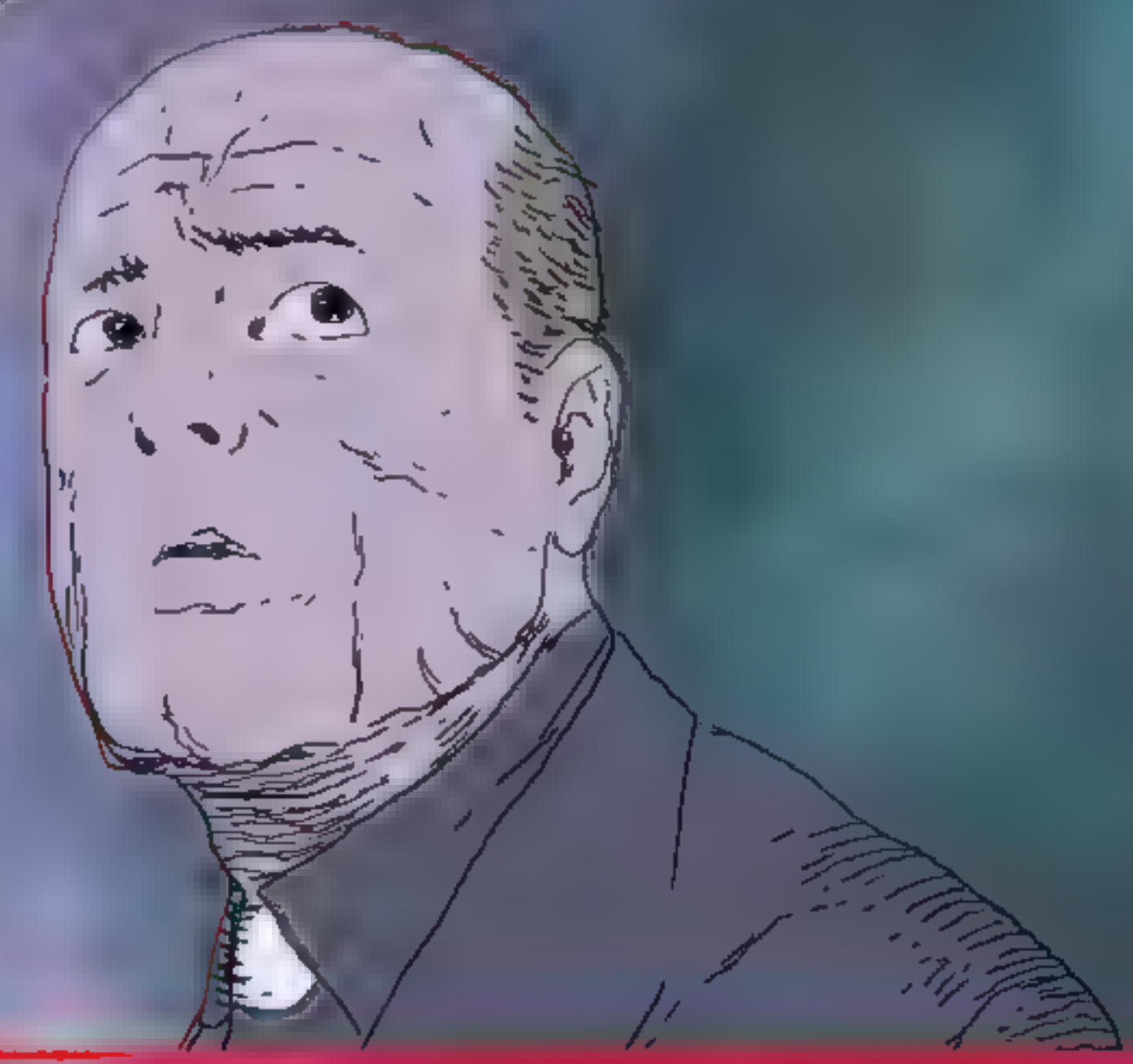


THE ANSWERS TO EVERYTHING...

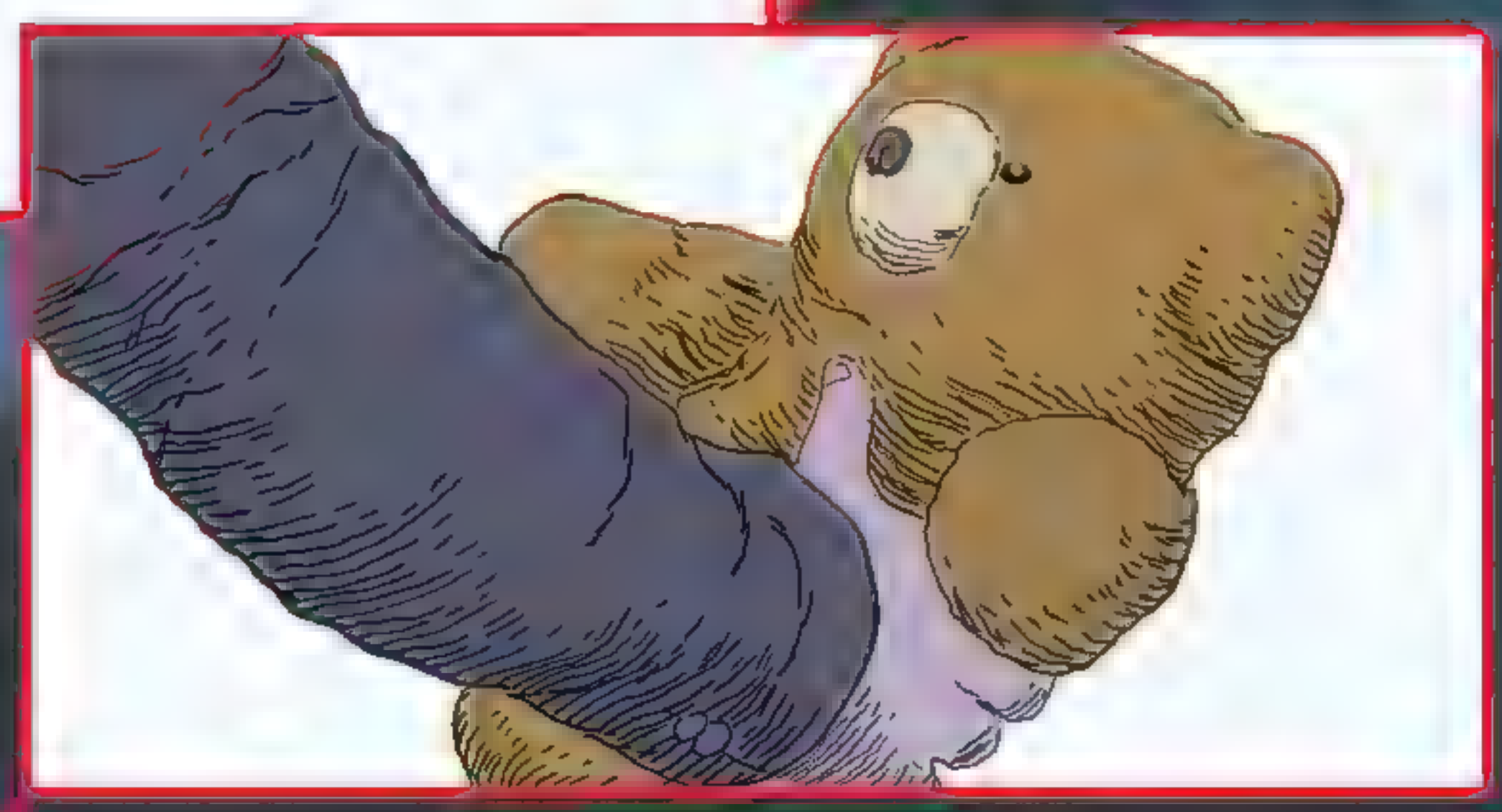
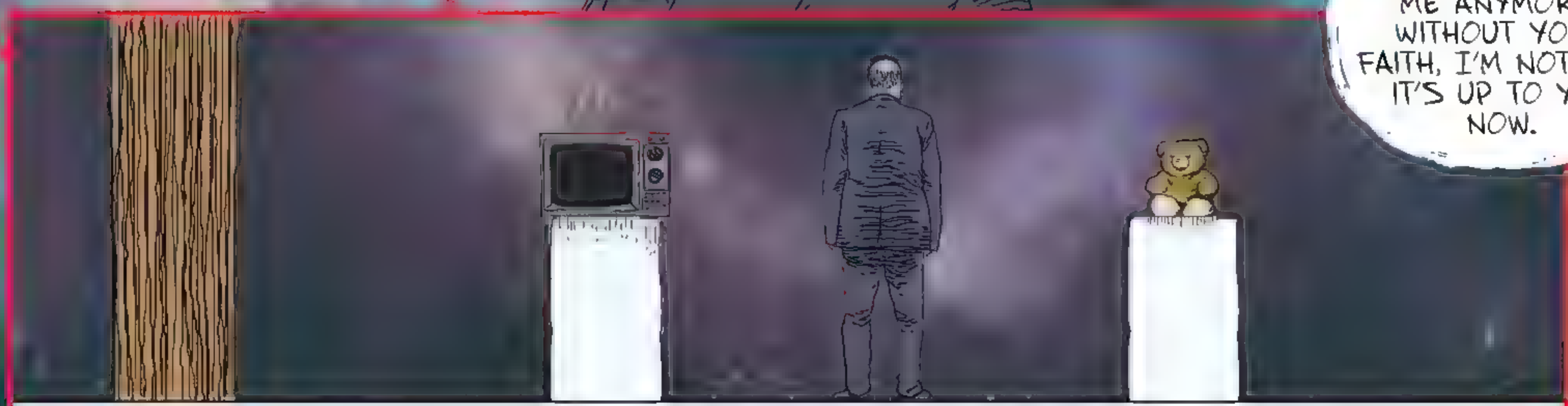


OR SAVING HER.

WHY CAN'T YOU HELP ME?



BECAUSE YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN ME ANYMORE. WITHOUT YOUR FAITH, I'M NOTHING. IT'S UP TO YOU NOW.





WRONG
CHOICE,
FATHER.

DON'T YOU
KNOW WHAT YOU
COULD HAVE HAD?!
THE ANSWERS! YOU
COULD HAVE HAD
EVERYTHING WE WERE
ALL LOOKING
FOR!



UNGH!



BUT IT WOULDN'T
GIVE THEM TO US!
IT SAID *ONLY YOU!*
ONLY YOU COULD
SAVE US!

--GKK!



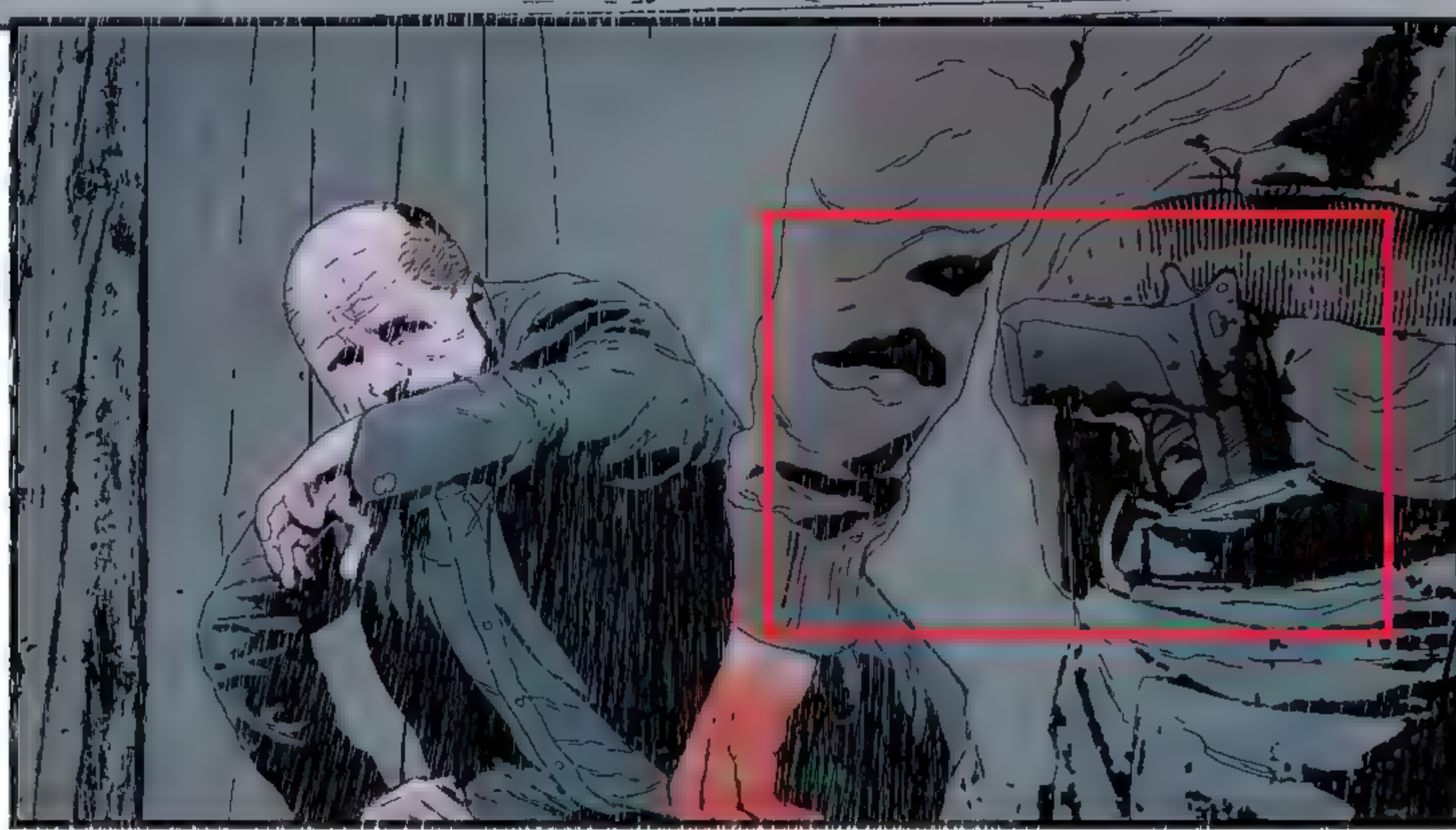
DON'T
YOU WANT TO
KNOW WHAT
IT REALLY
IS?!

ARRGH!



REDDY,
STOP THIS.
YOU--YOU'RE
INSANE.

INSANE?
THERE IS NO
SUCH THING,
PRIEST.

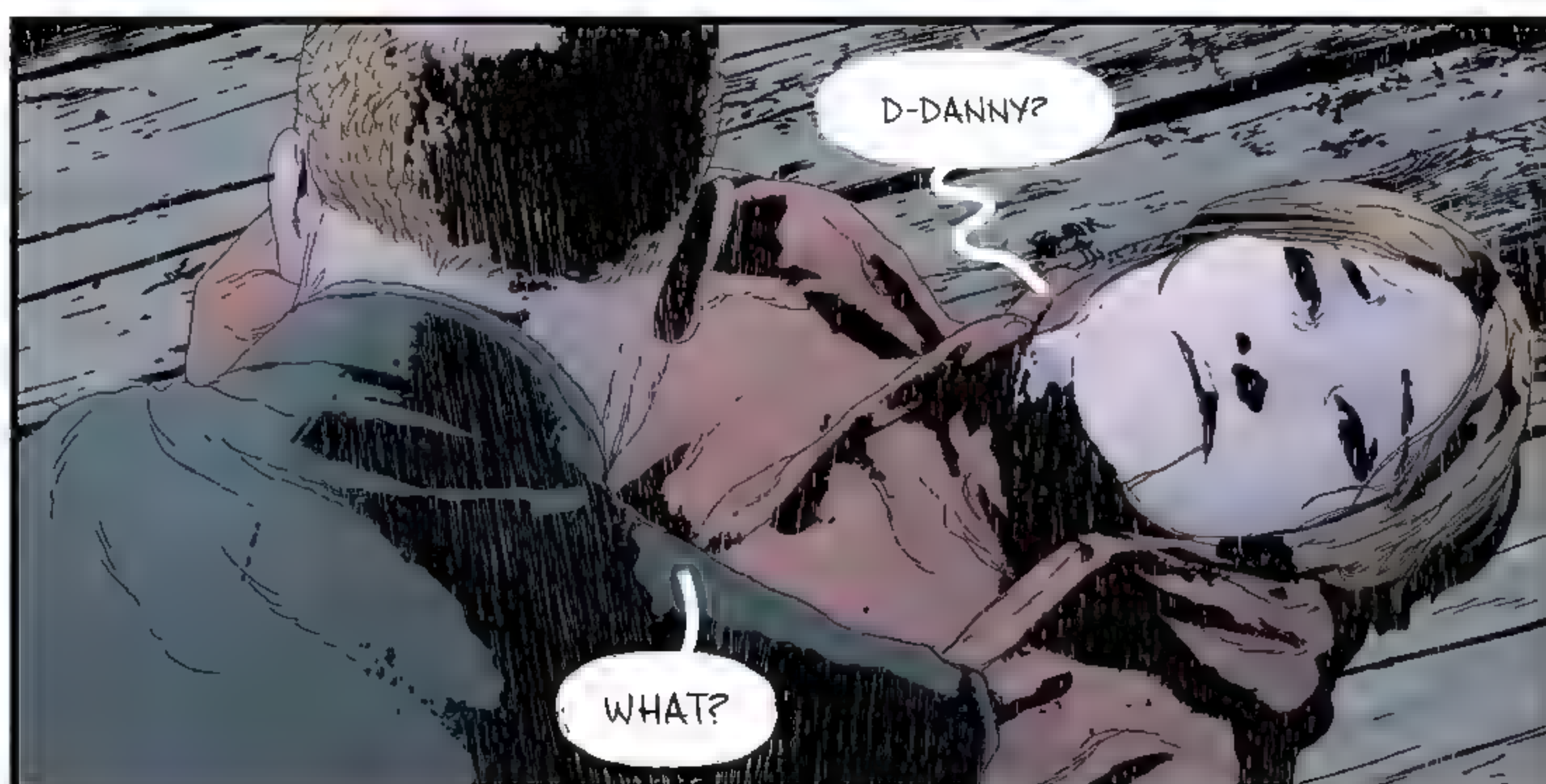


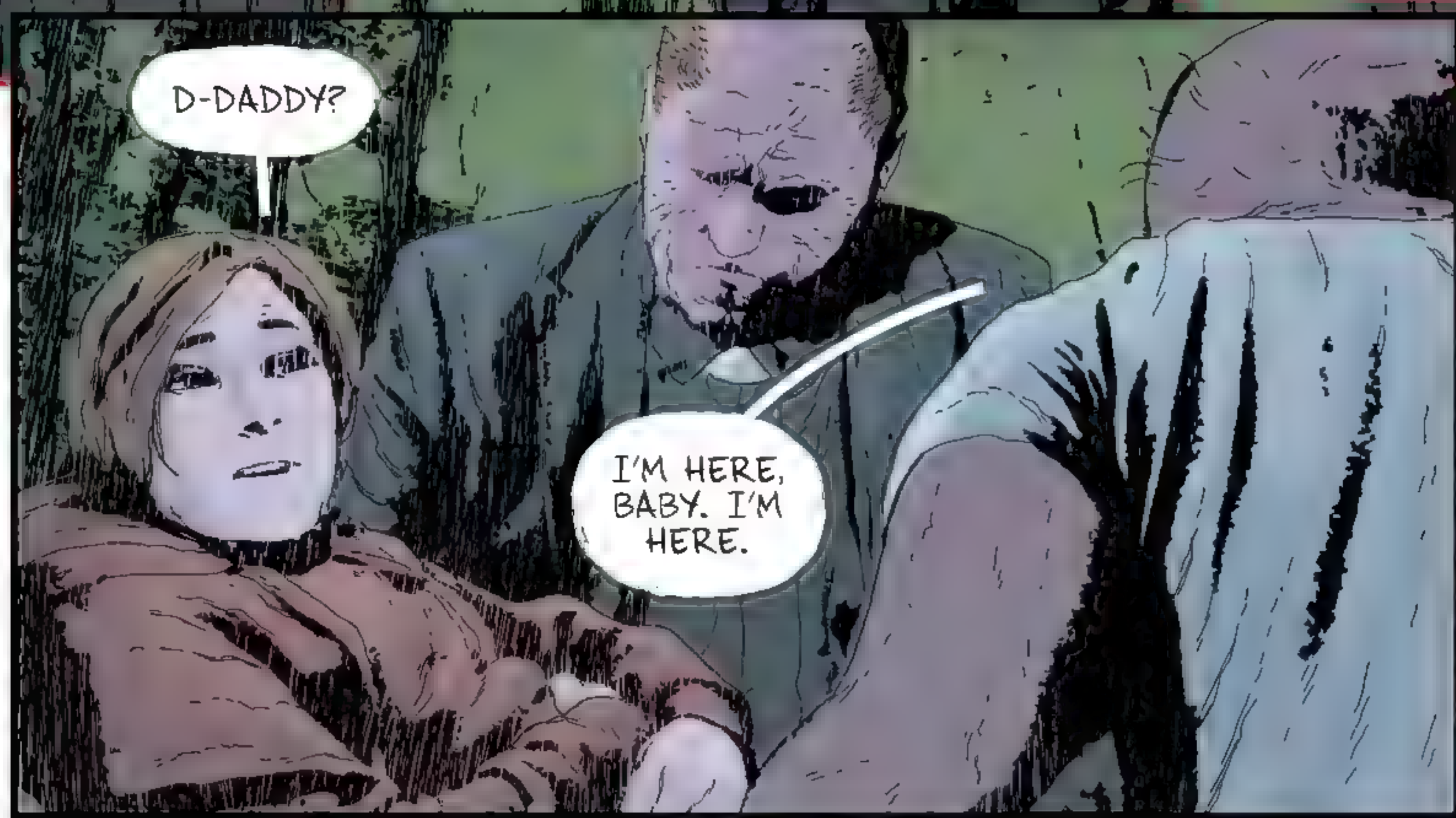
ALL RIGHT,
ASSHOLE...I'VE
HAD JUST ABOUT
ENOUGH OUT
OF YOU.



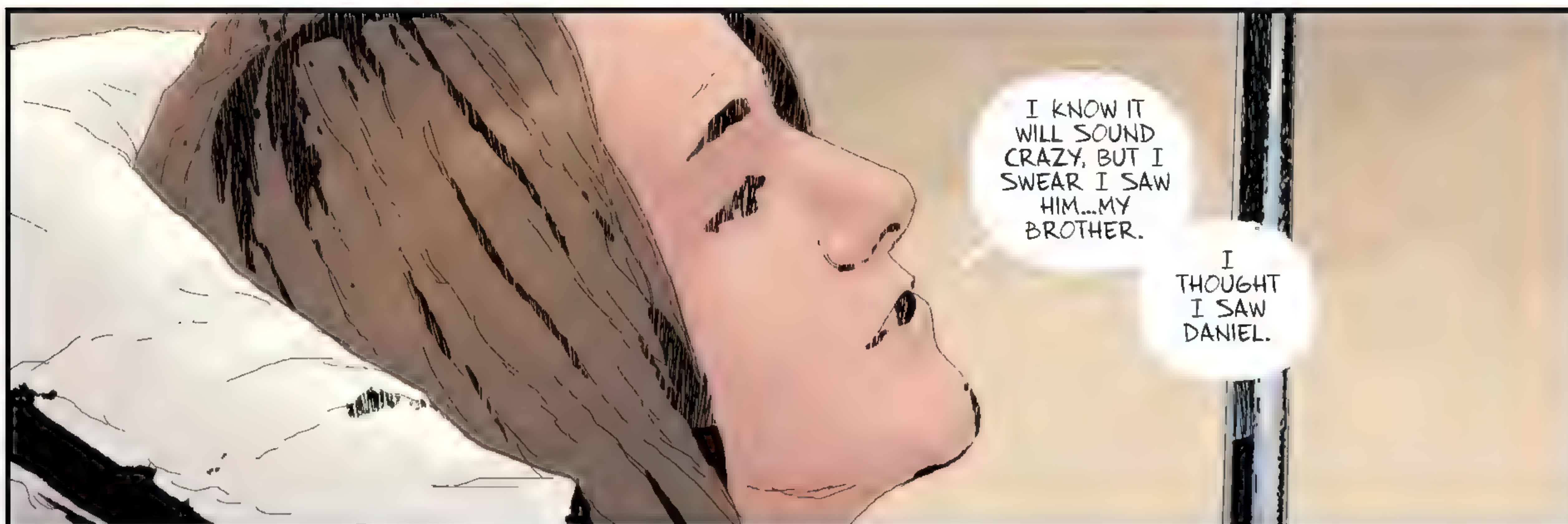
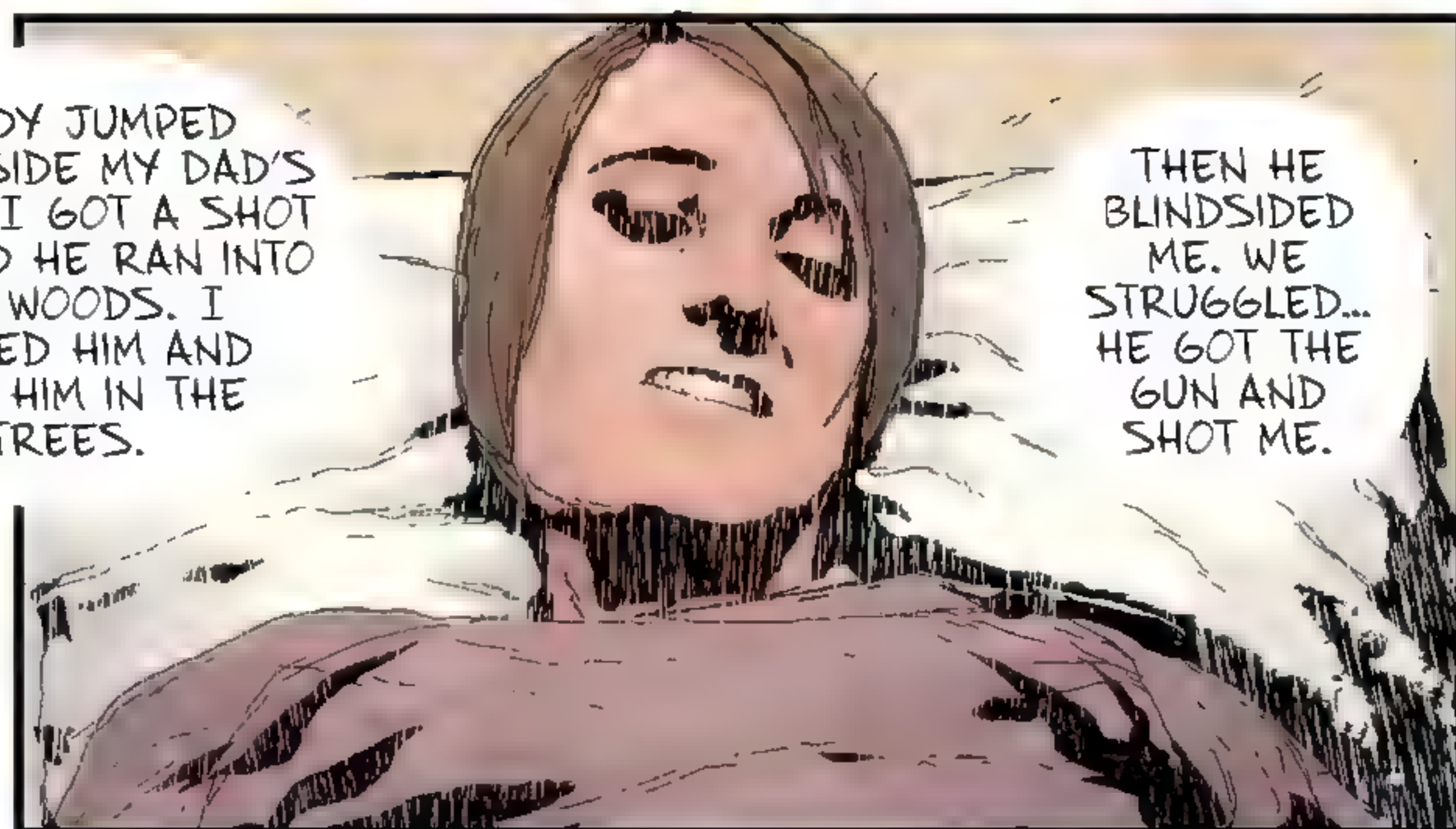
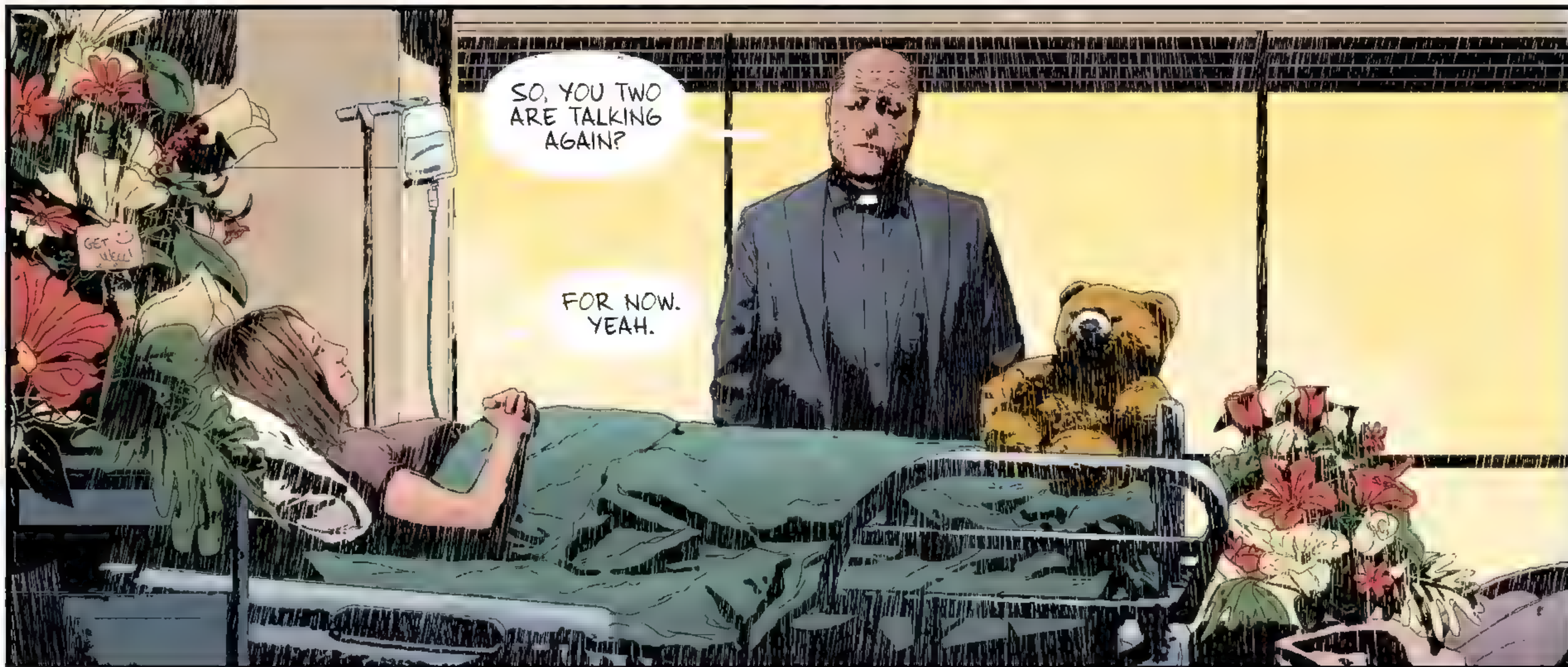
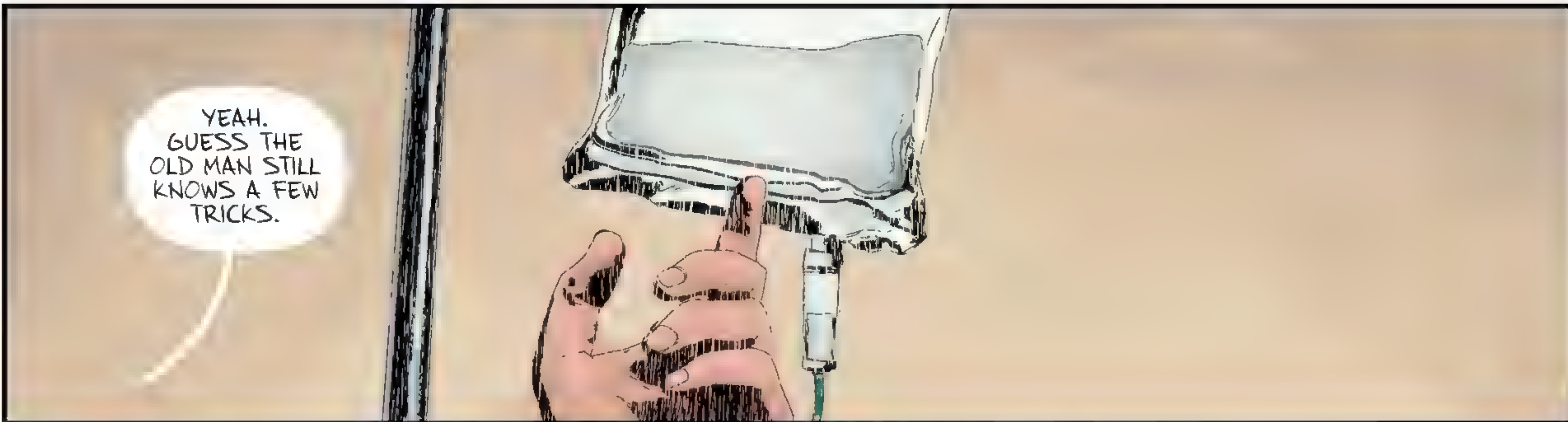
IT'S JUST
STARTING.

BLAM!





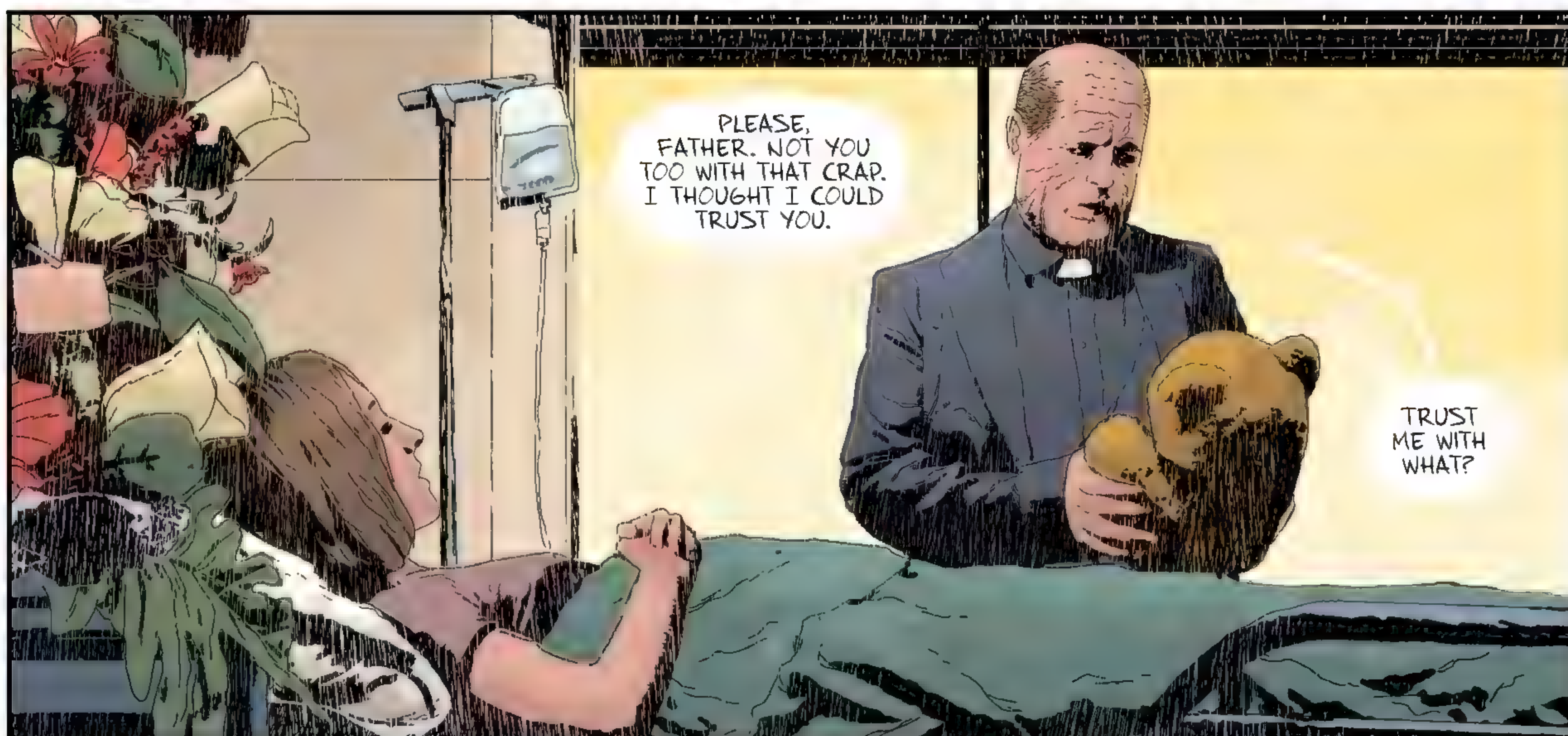






NOTHING
SOUNDS CRAZY
ANYMORE.
TRUST ME.

BUT, UH...
YOU DON'T
REMEMBER THE
BARN?



PLEASE,
FATHER. NOT YOU
TOO WITH THAT CRAP.
I THOUGHT I COULD
TRUST YOU.

TRUST
ME WITH
WHAT?



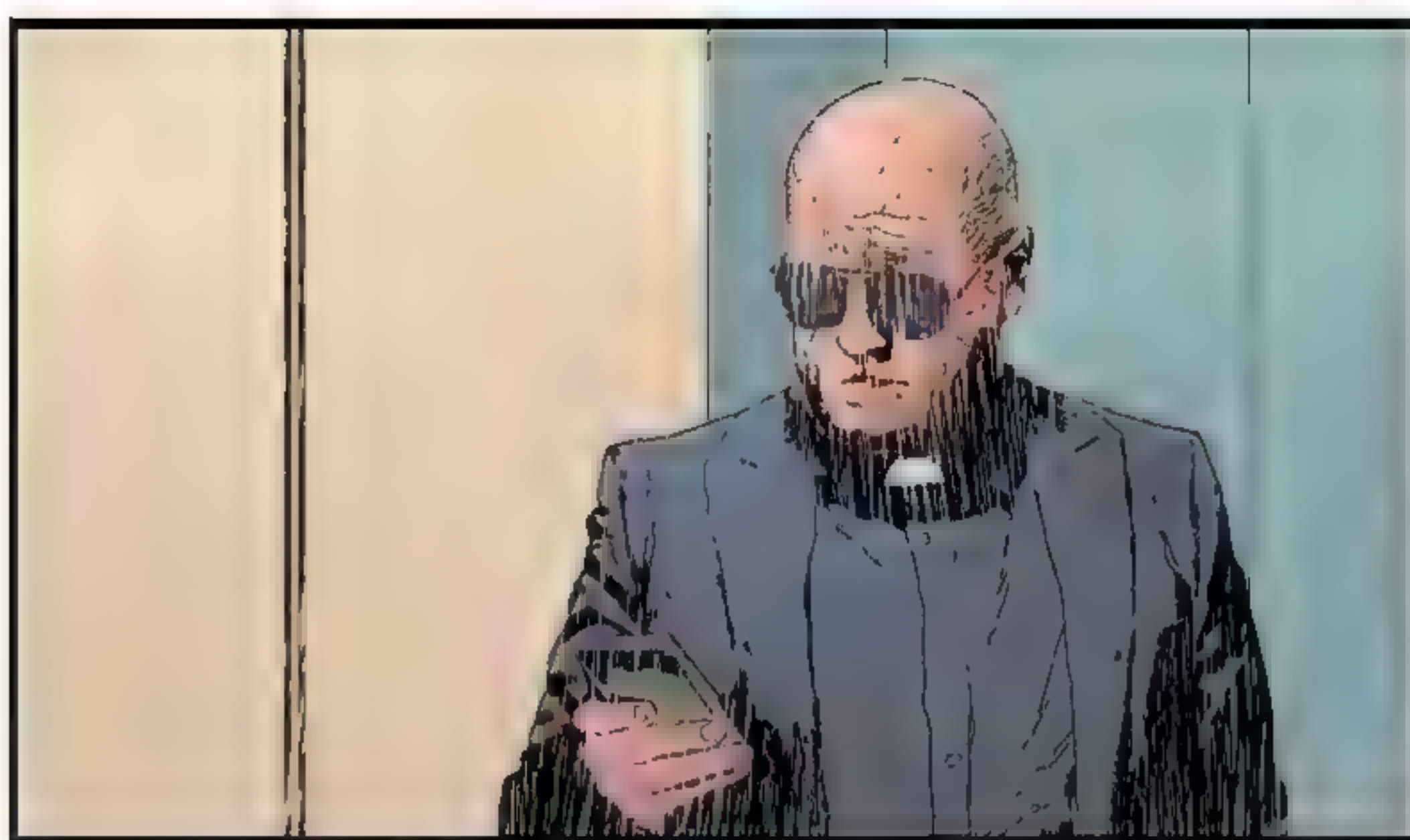
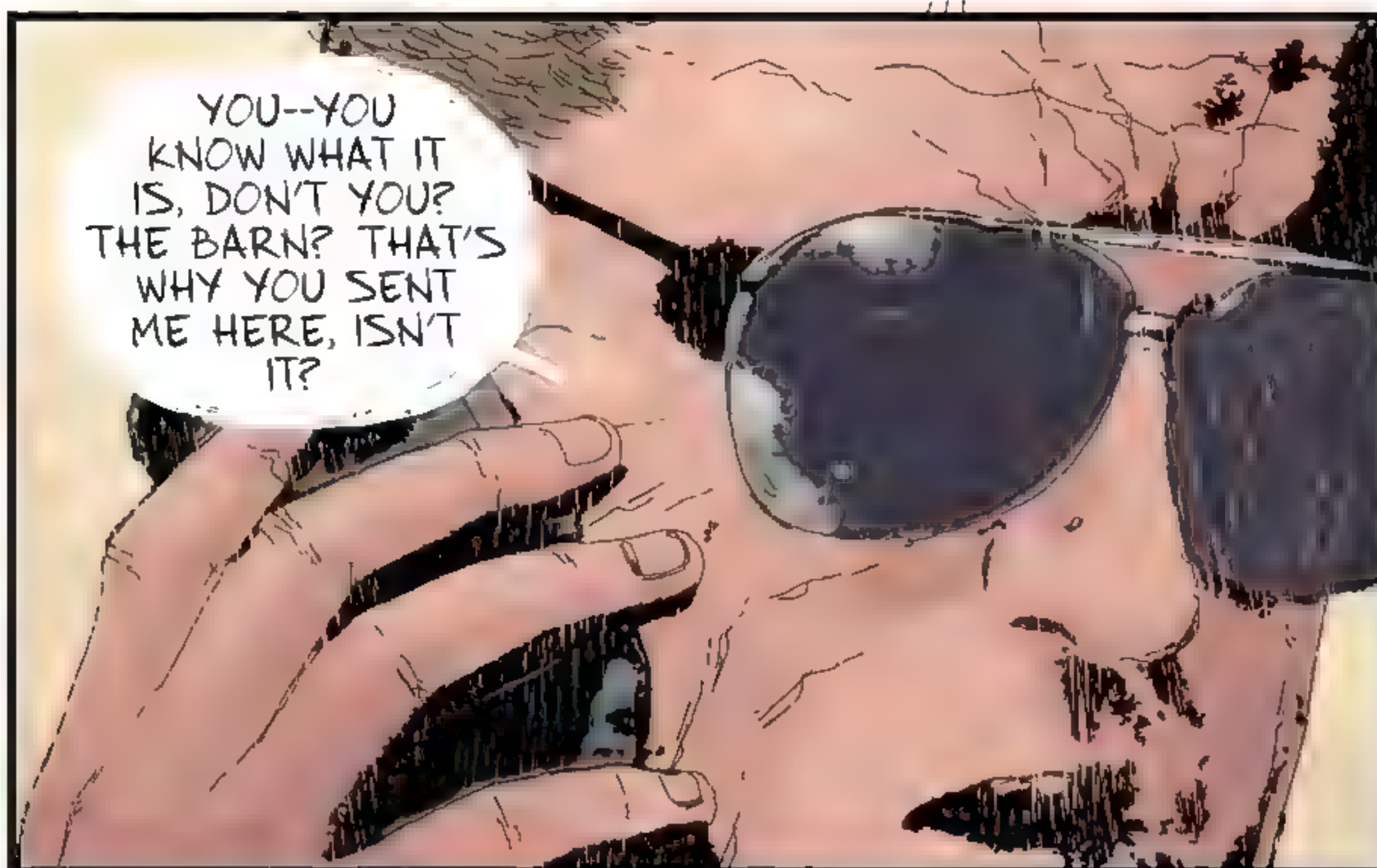
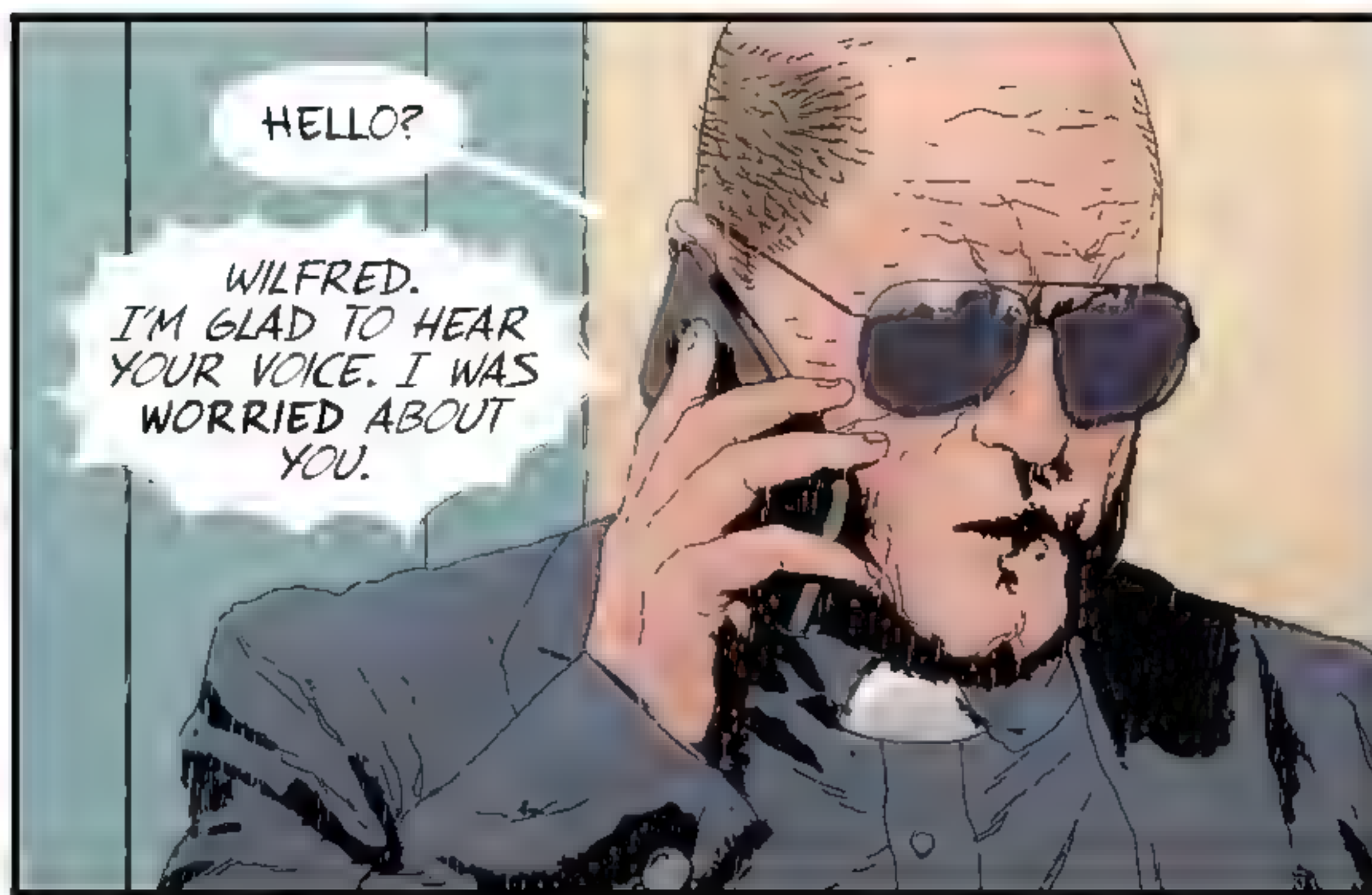
I HAVE
WORK TO DO. A
NEW CASE, AND I
THOUGHT MAYBE
I'D FOUND MY
WATSON.

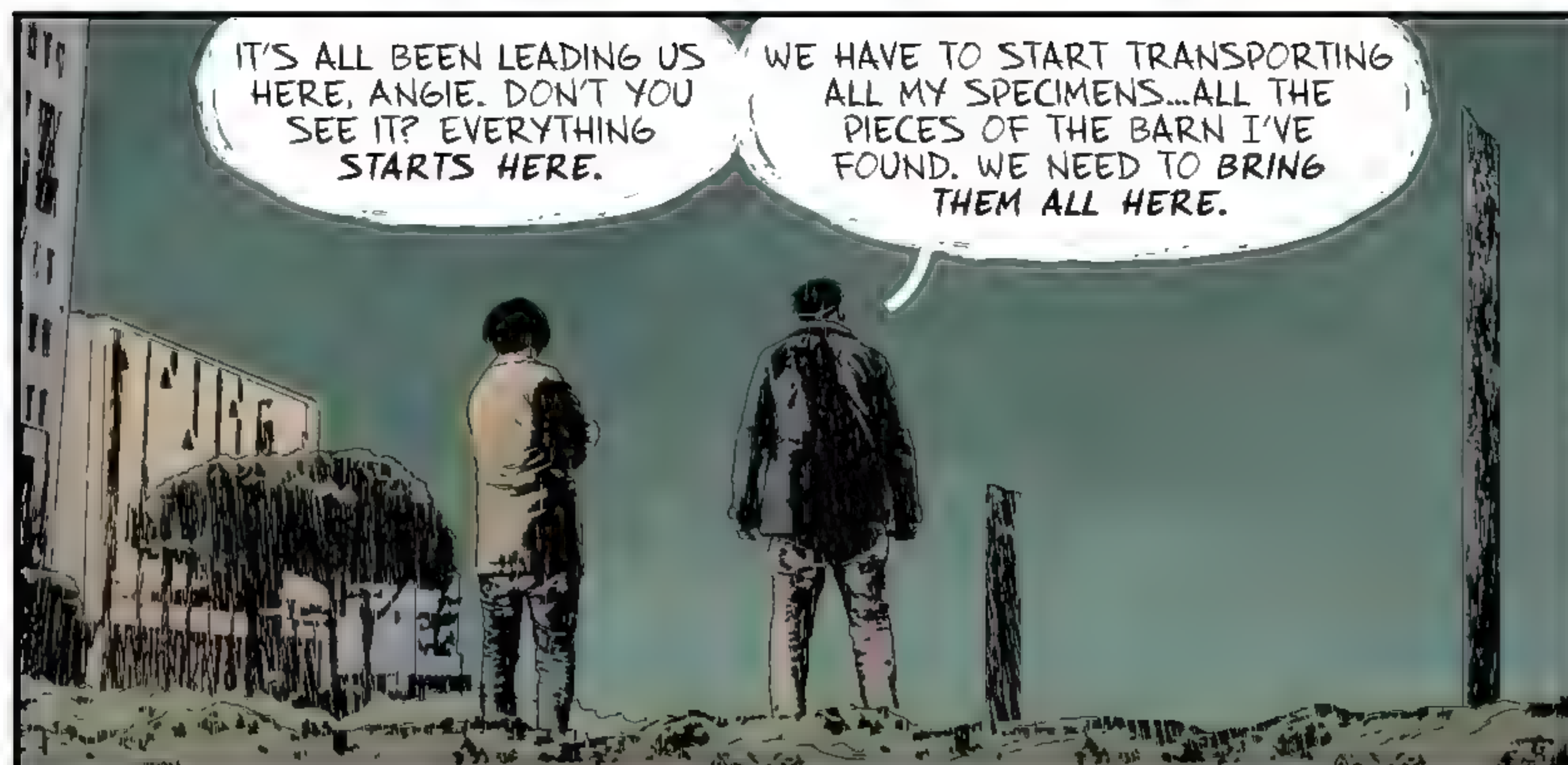


NEW
CASE?



I'M MORE
CONVINCED THAN
EVER THAT MY
BROTHER IS STILL OUT
THERE SOMEWHERE,
FATHER. AND I'M
GOING TO FIND
HIM.







"...EVEN IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE EVER DO."



welcome to
GIDEON FALLS
population 4 600 000

07

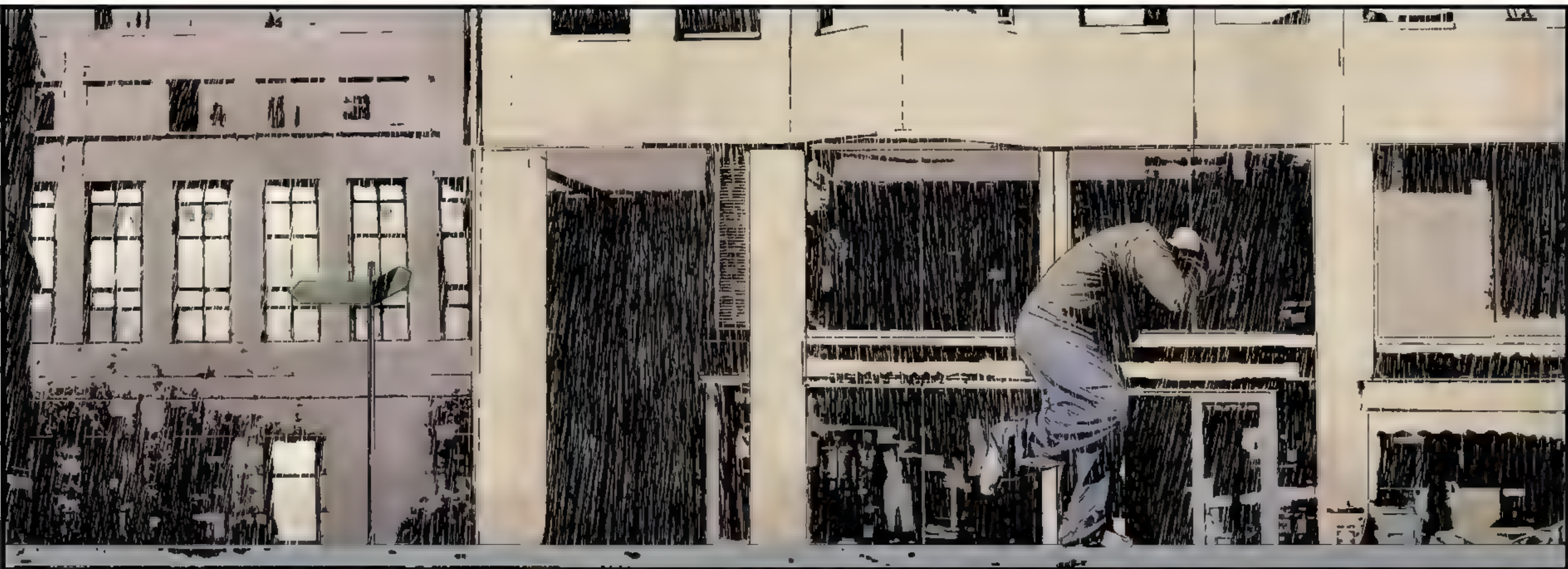
SOR
DEN
TIN
0.18





—COME TO
ME, CHILD. BE
WHAT YOU WERE
BORN TO BE.

BECOME MY
DOORWAY.



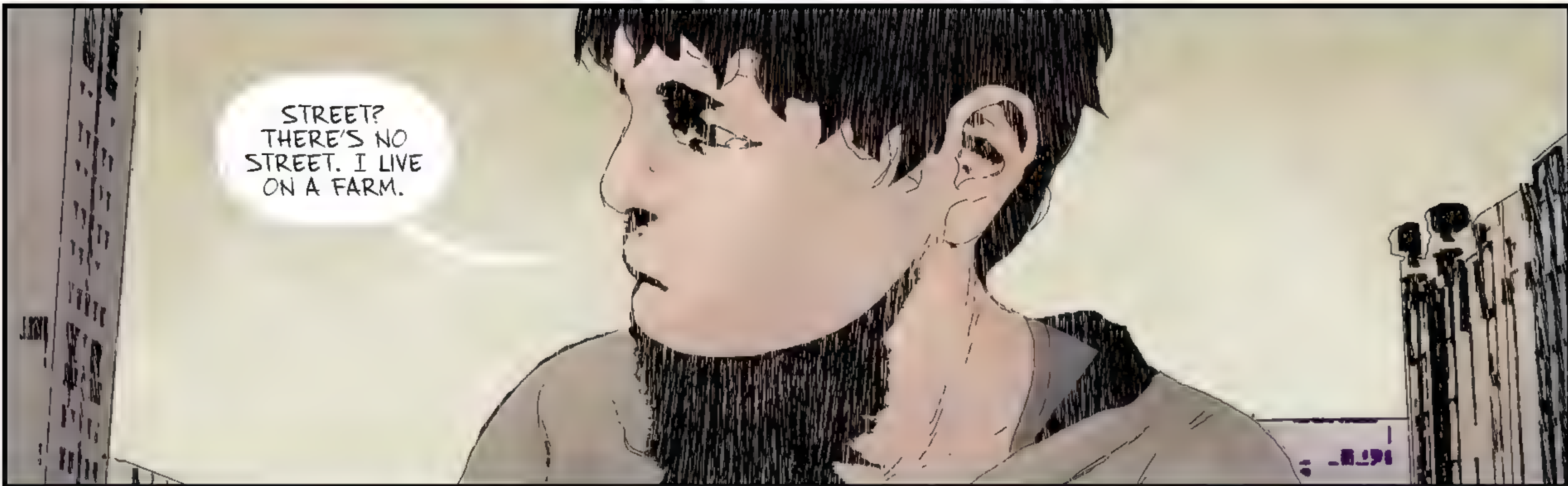


YOU ARE? WELL,
MAYBE I CAN HELP
YOU. WHERE DO
YOU LIVE?

I LIVE
IN GIDEON
FALLS.



HEH. WELL,
YES. OF COURSE
YOU DO. THIS IS
GIDEON FALLS, BUT
WHERE EXACTLY? DO
YOU KNOW WHAT
STREET?



STREET?
THERE'S NO
STREET. I LIVE
ON A FARM.



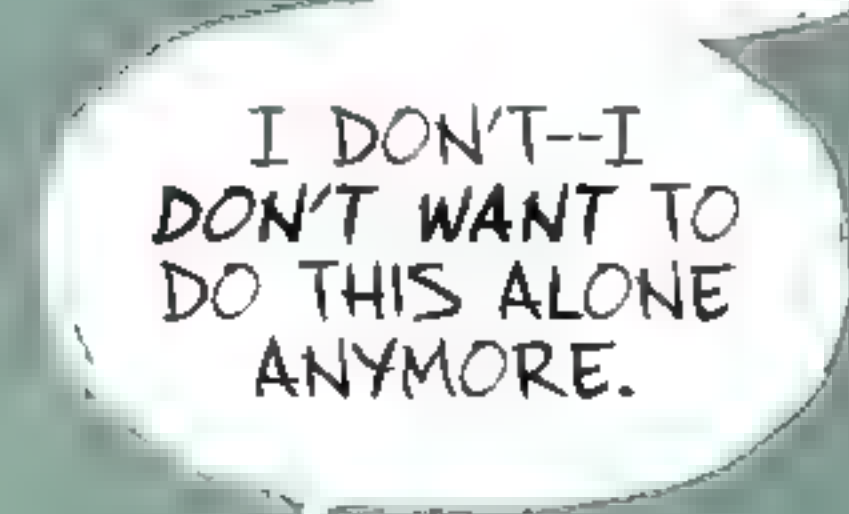
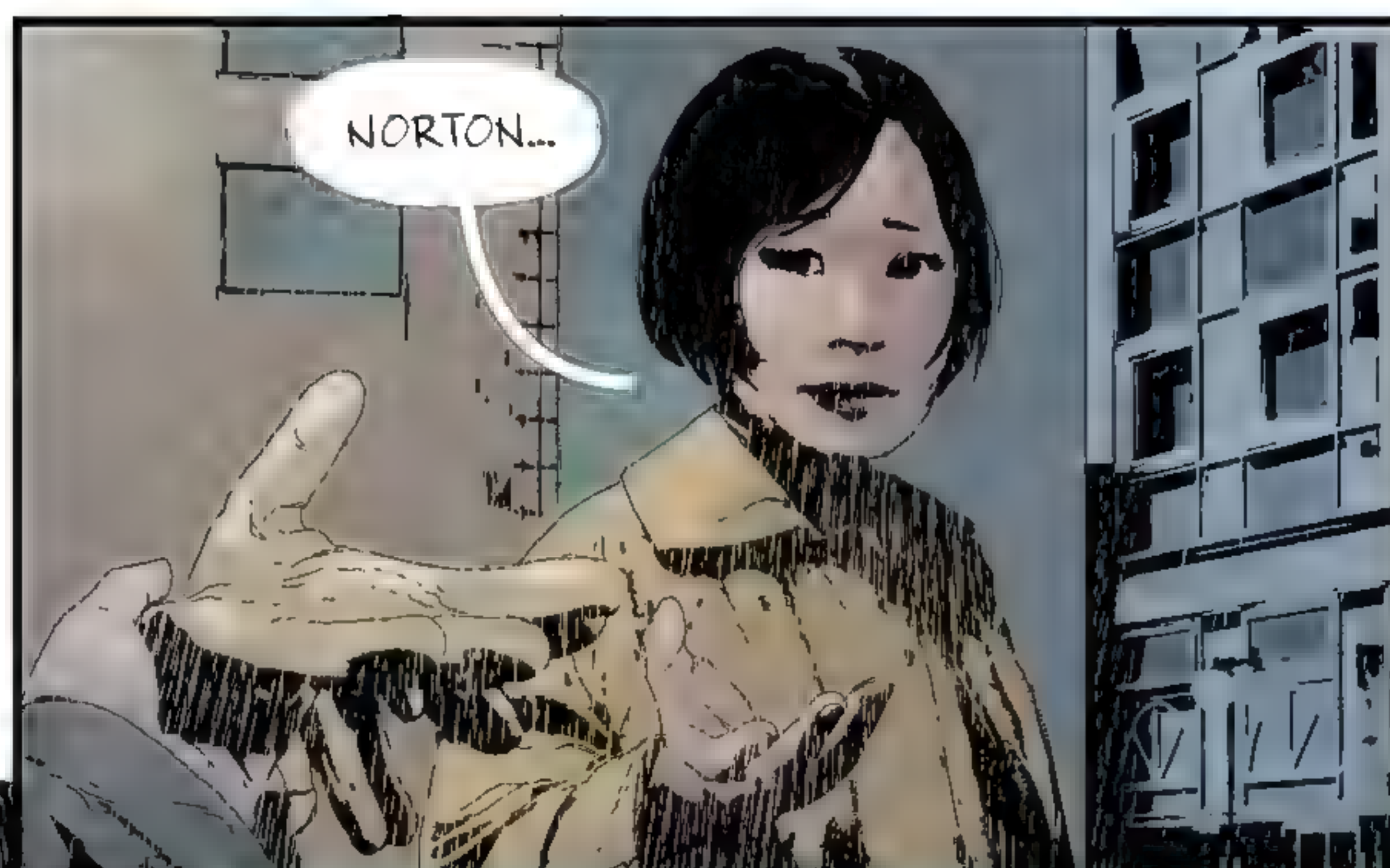
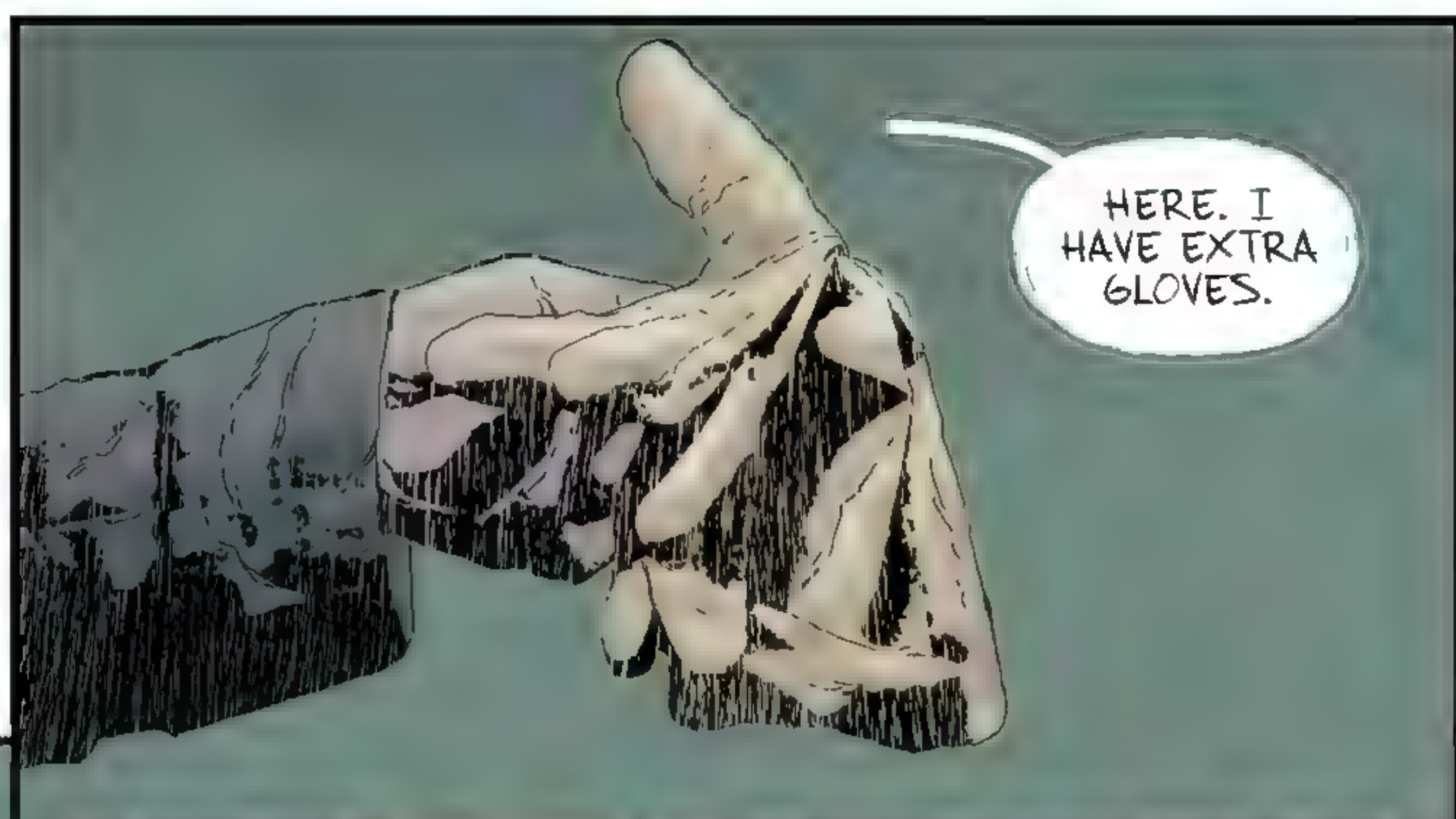
A
FARM?

WHAT
IS YOUR
NAME?



NORTON. I
THINK MY NAME
IS NORTON
SINCLAIR.







WELL, NICE TO SEE YOU BACK AMONG THE LIVING, SHERIFF.

FATHER FRED.

YEAH, THEY FINALLY LET ME OUT OF THE HOSPITAL.



HOPE I'M NOT INTERRUPTING ANYTHING?



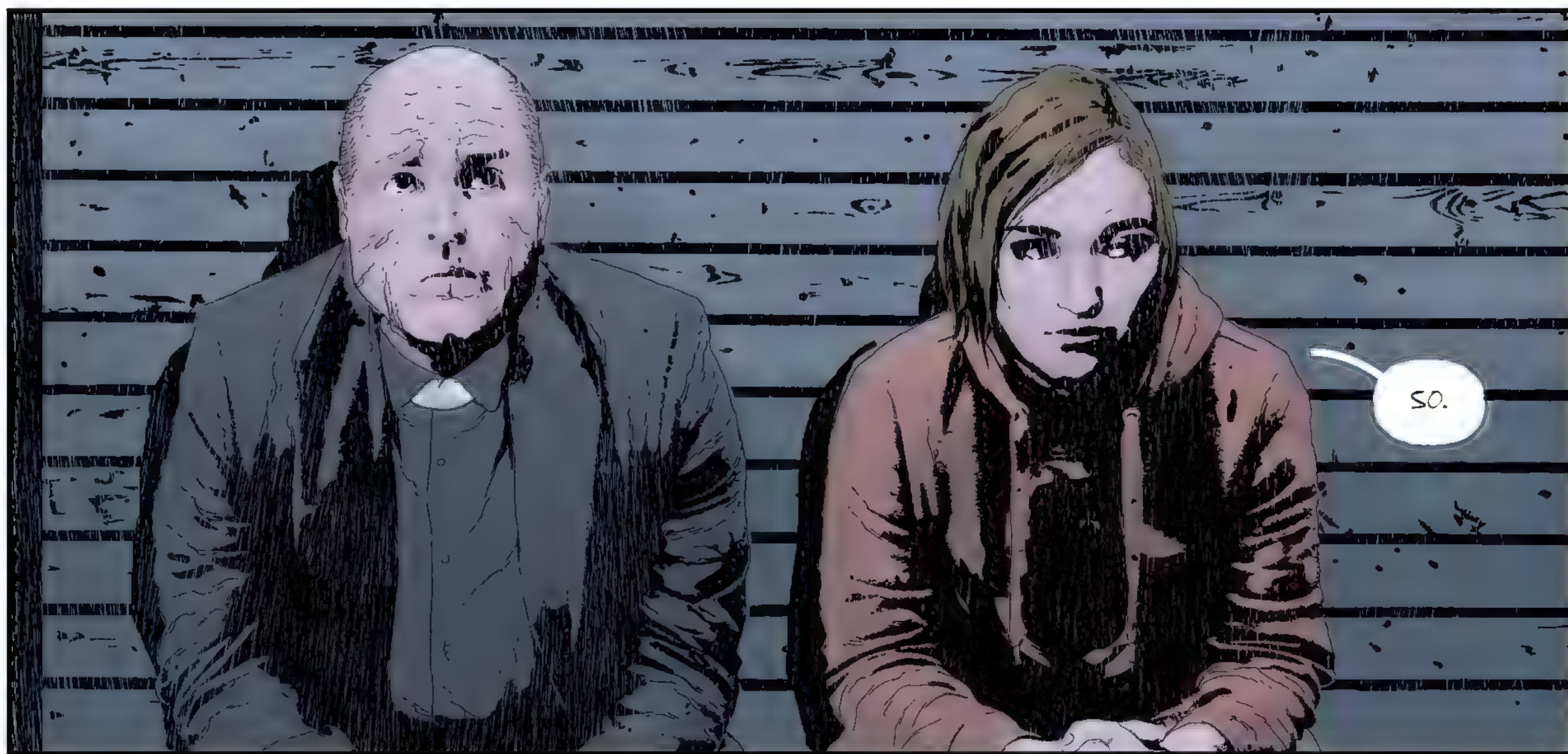
NAH. JUST WALLOWING. CARE TO JOIN?



I'M A WORLD-CLASS WALLOWER.



SO.



SO.



I HAVE TO ASK. DO YOU--DO YOU REMEMBER MUCH? I MEAN ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT--



NO. NOT REALLY. IT'S ALL SORT OF LIKE--A BLUR NOW. I REMEMBER JOE REDDY...



"I REMEMBER HIM ATTACKING ME. DRAGGING ME OUT OF HIS HOUSE."

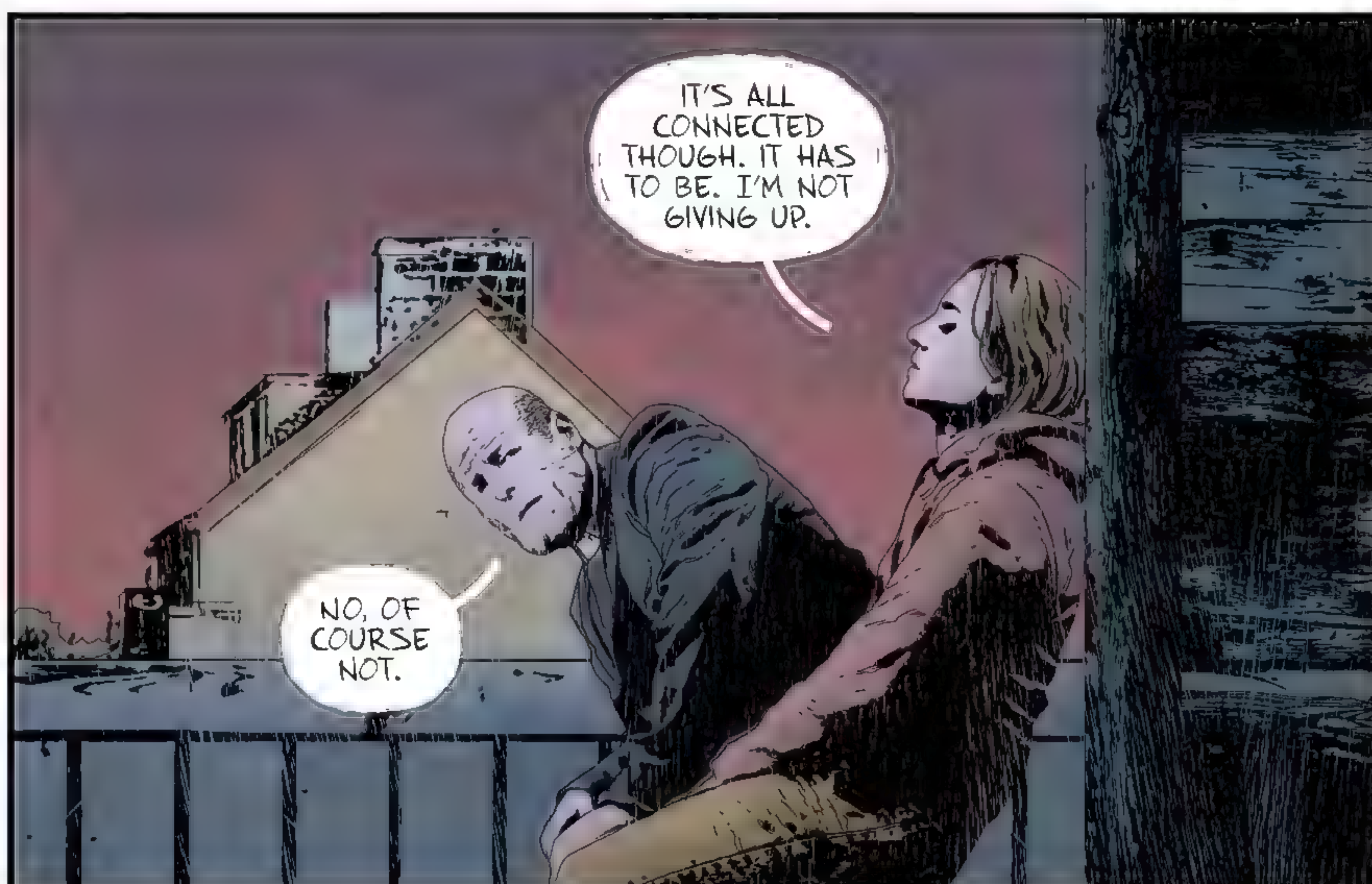
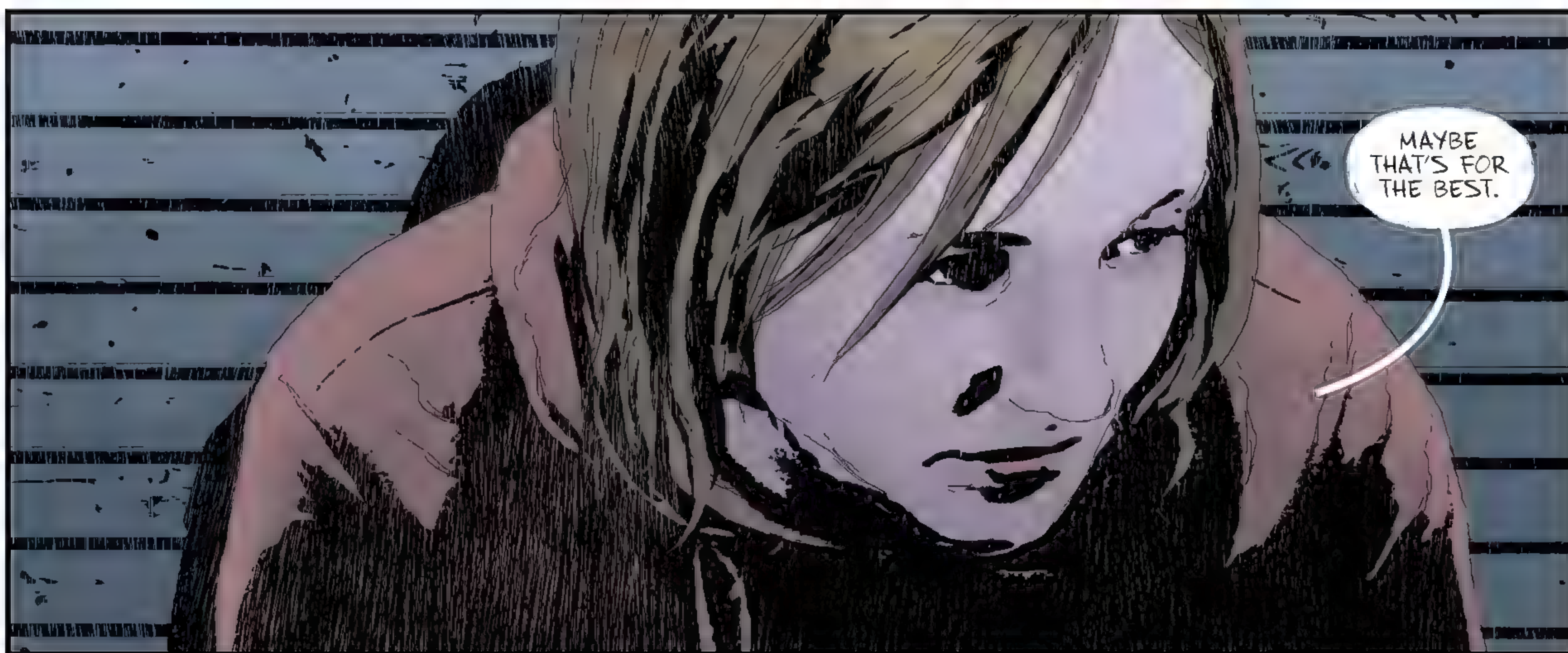


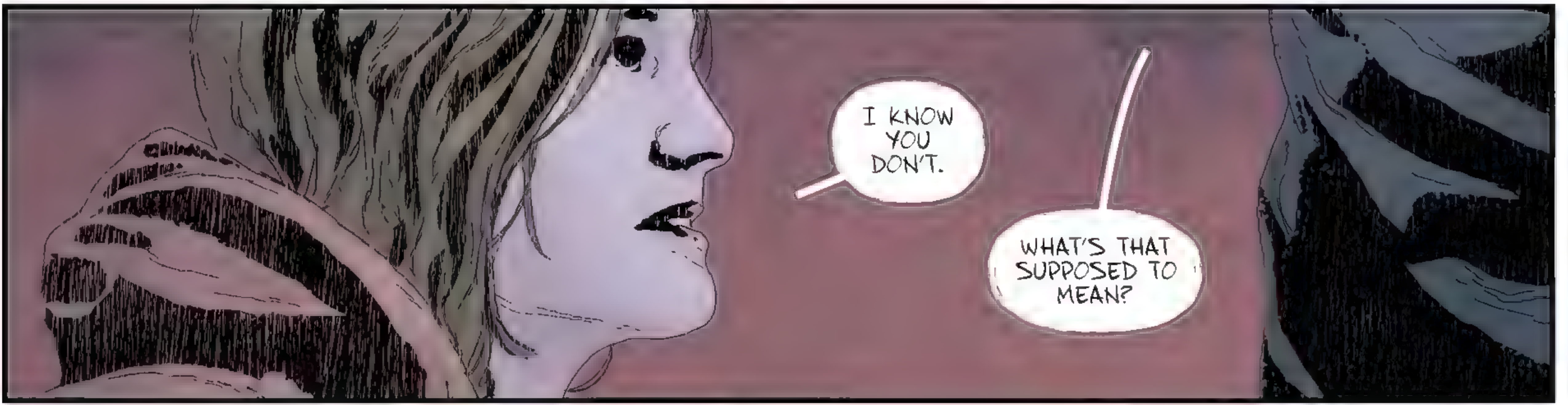
BUT AFTER THAT--IT FADES MORE EACH DAY.

YOU?



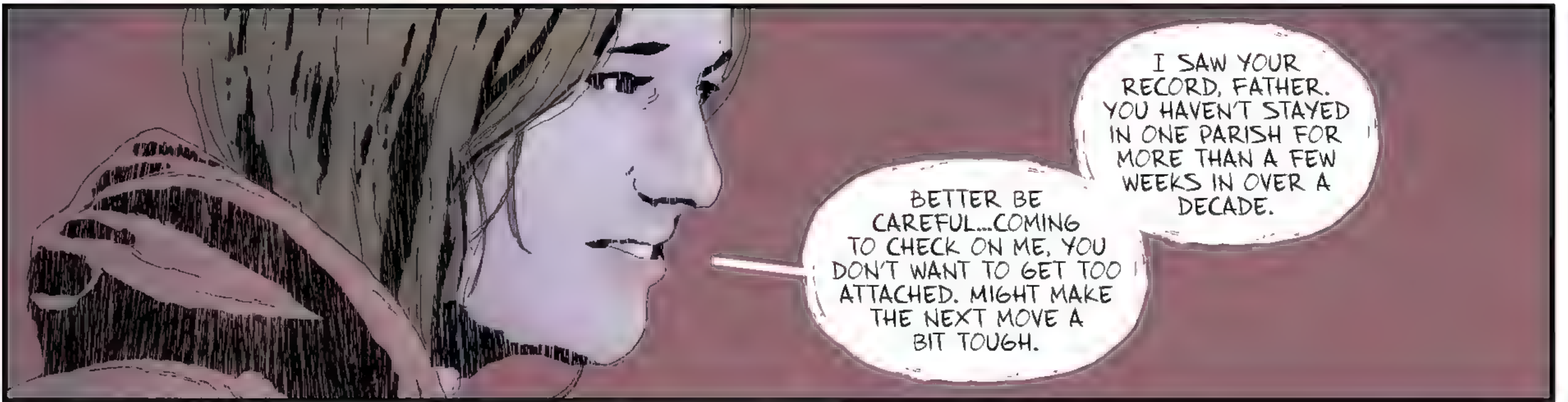
SAME. LIKE A BAD DREAM. BUT I'M FORGETTING THE DETAILS. AND SOON IT WILL ALL BE GONE.





I KNOW
YOU
DON'T.

WHAT'S THAT
SUPPOSED TO
MEAN?



BETTER BE
CAREFUL...COMING
TO CHECK ON ME, YOU
DON'T WANT TO GET TOO
ATTACHED. MIGHT MAKE
THE NEXT MOVE A
BIT TOUGH.

I SAW YOUR
RECORD, FATHER.
YOU HAVEN'T STAYED
IN ONE PARISH FOR
MORE THAN A FEW
WEEKS IN OVER A
DECADE.



I HAVE A
FEELING I MAY
BE HERE FOR
A WHILE.

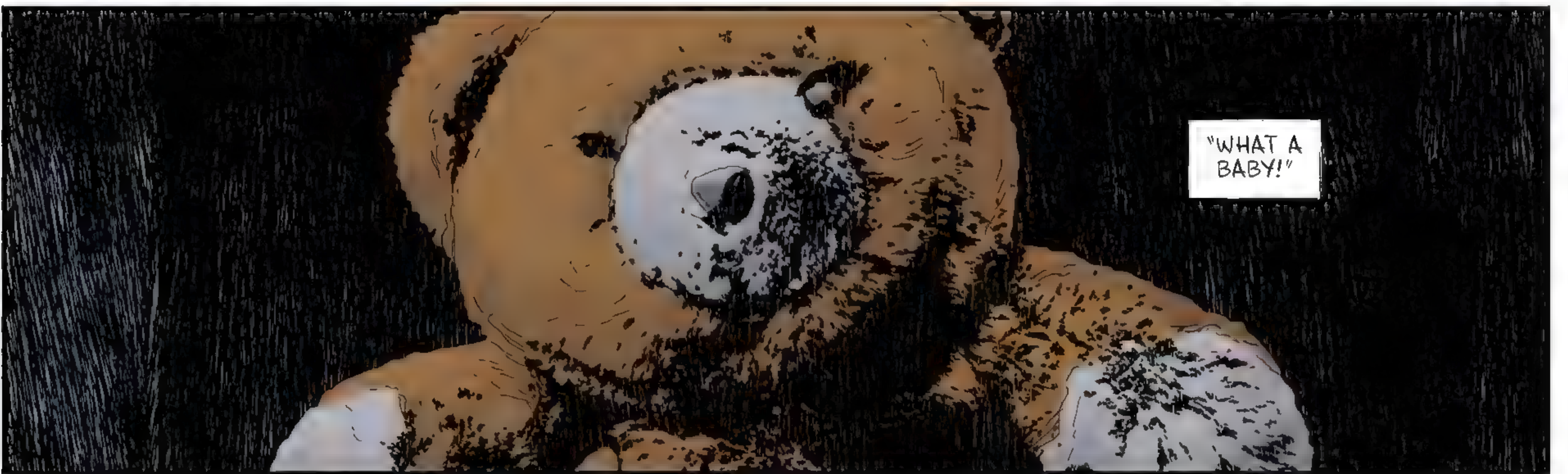


YEAH...THIS
PLACE HAS A WAY
OF GETTING TO YOU.
SEEMS LIKE ONCE
YOU GET TO GIDEON
FALLS, YOU DON'T
LEAVE.

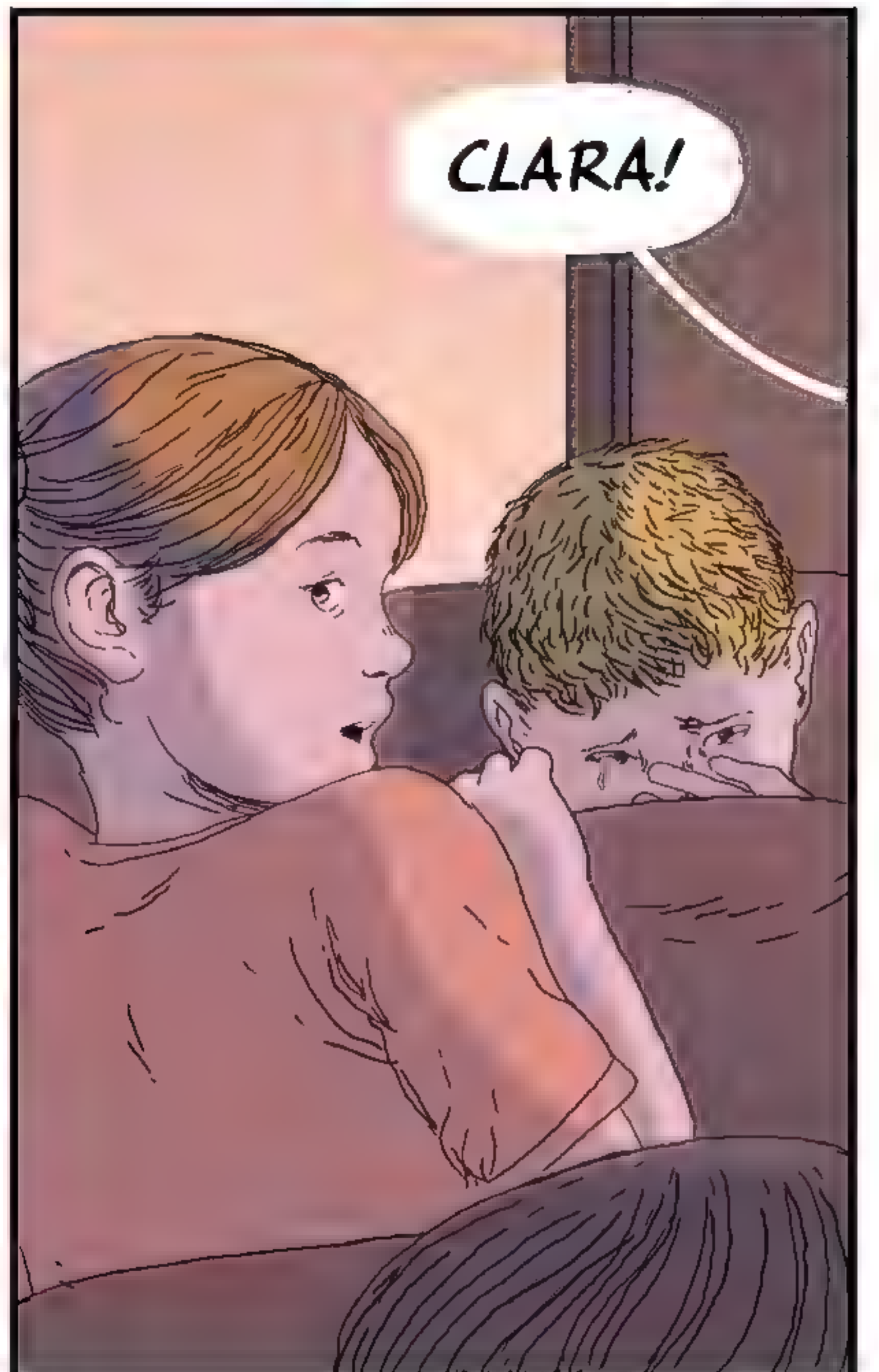
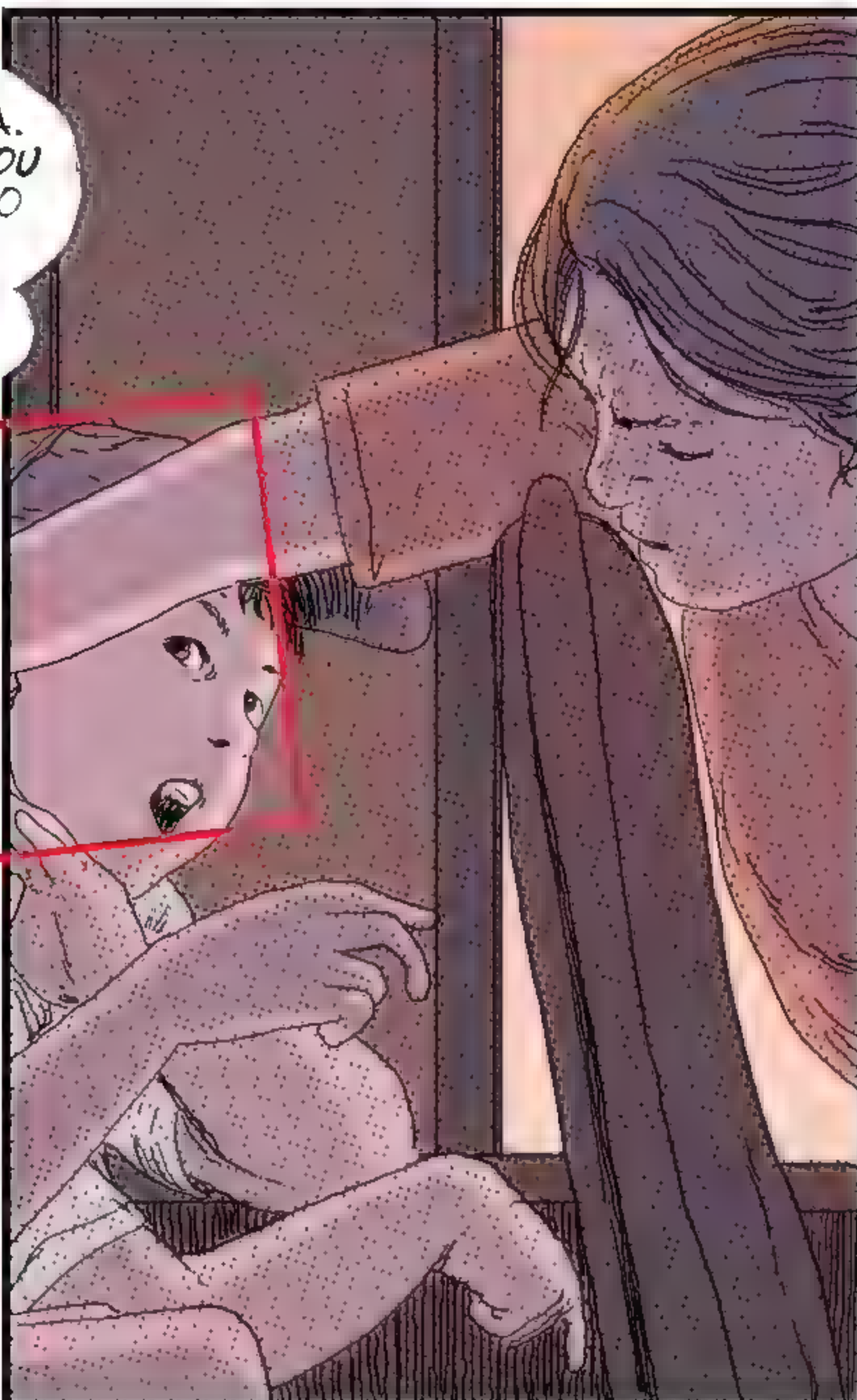
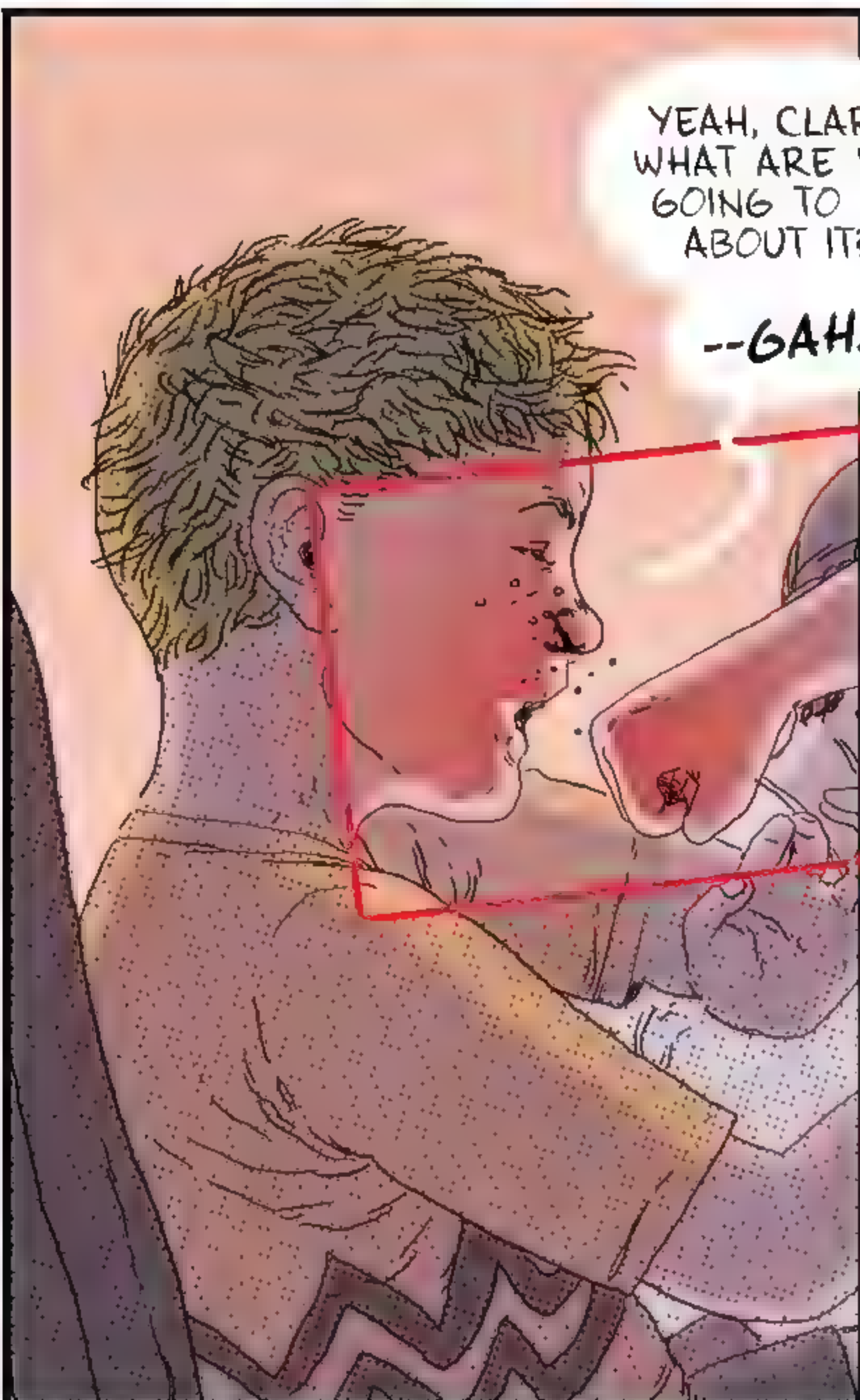
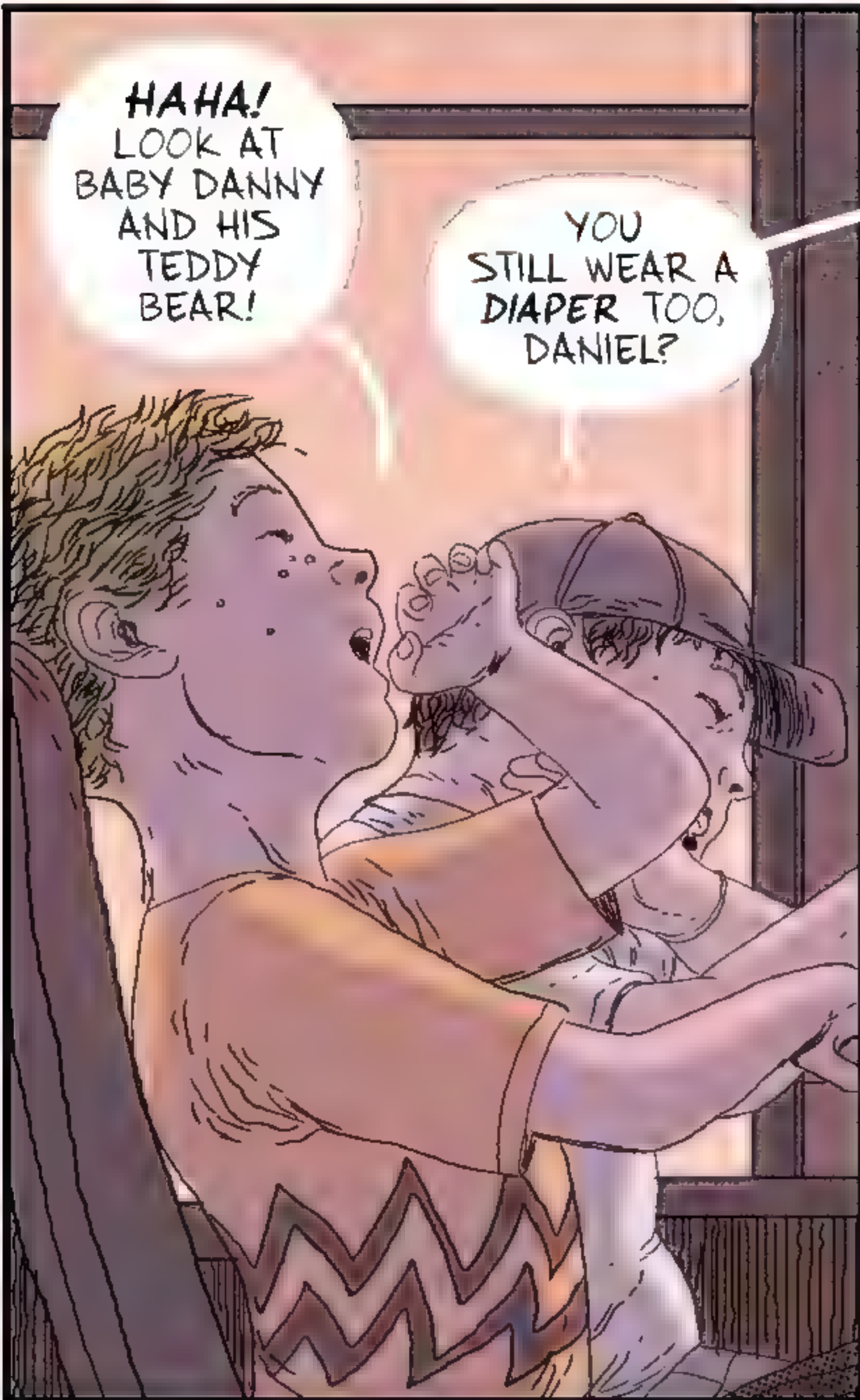
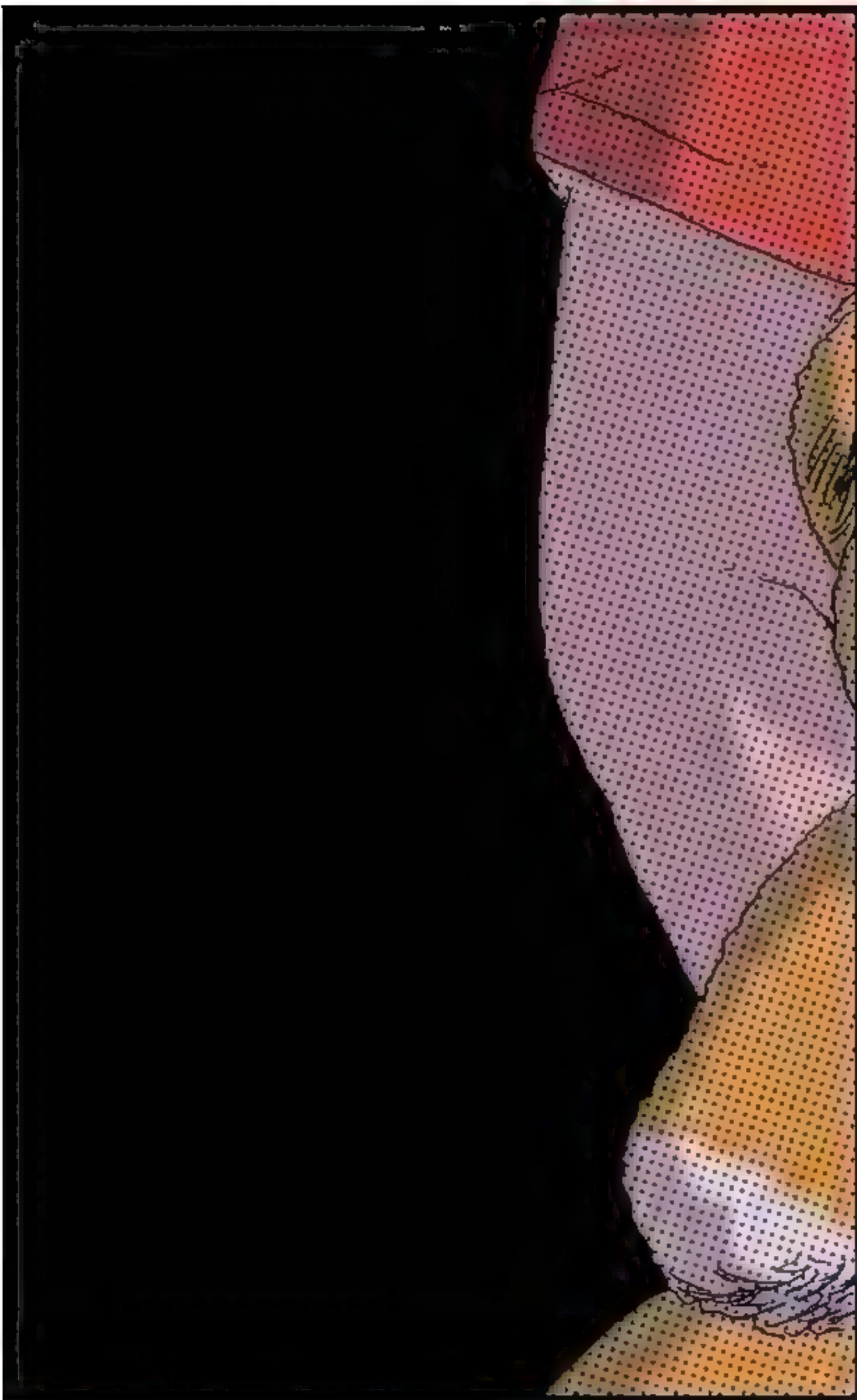


SEE YOU
AROUND,
FATHER.

BE
SEEING YOU,
CLARA.

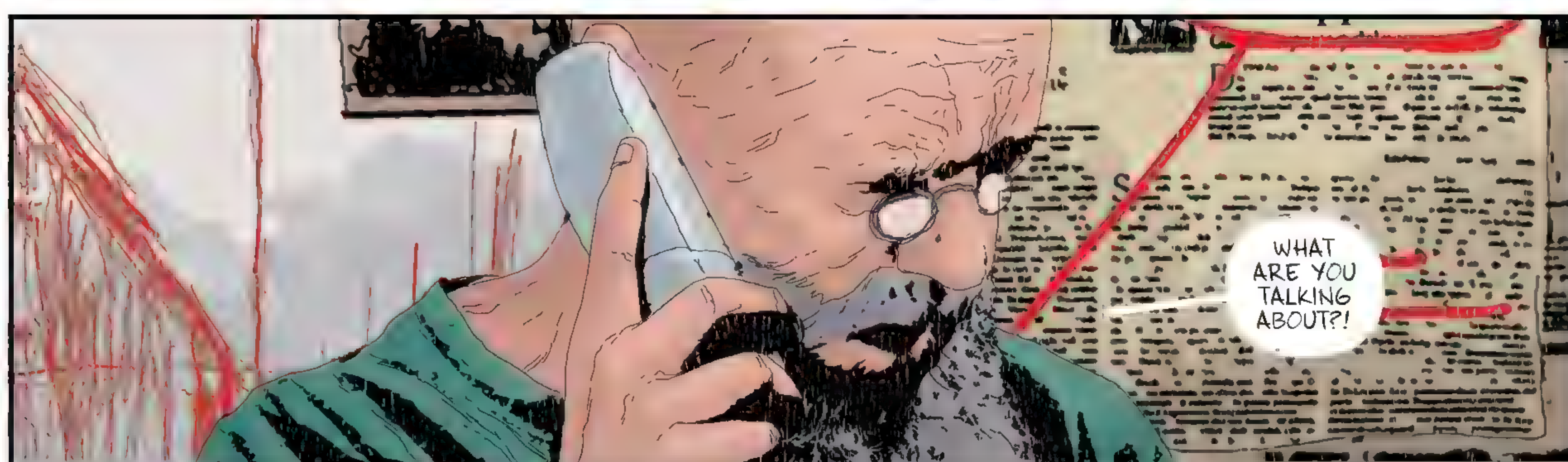
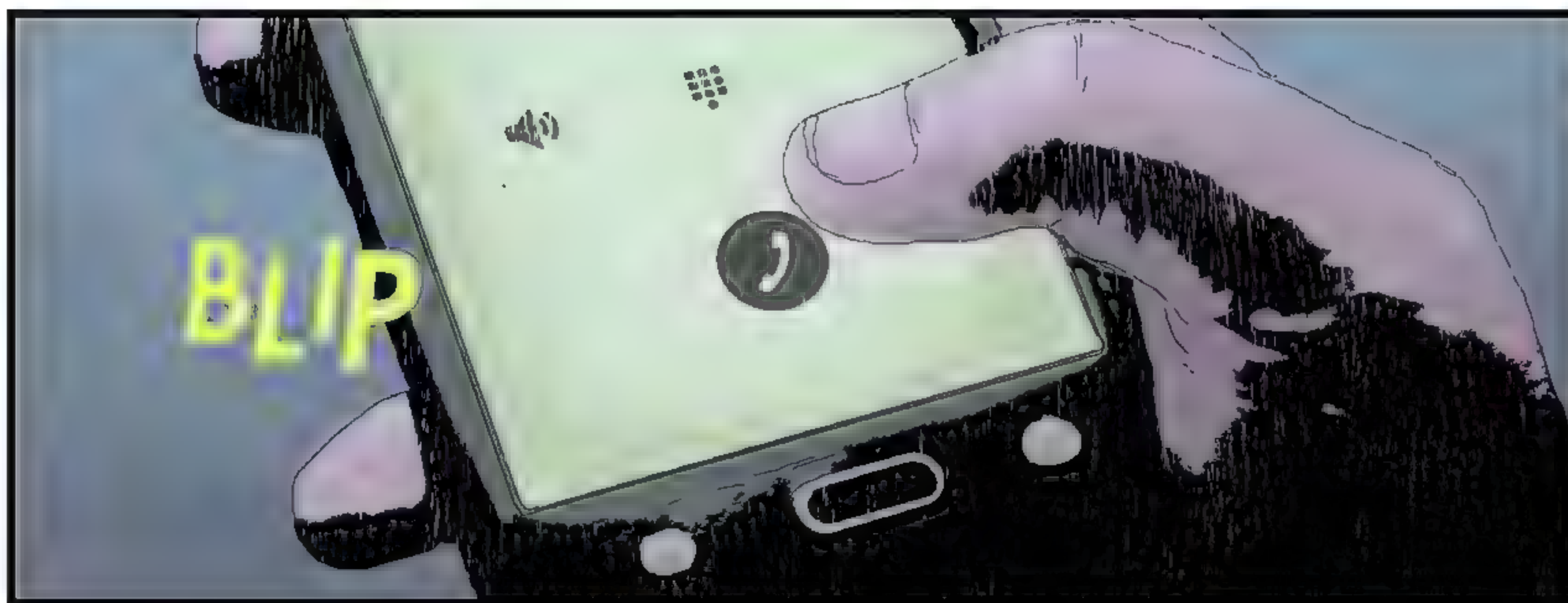


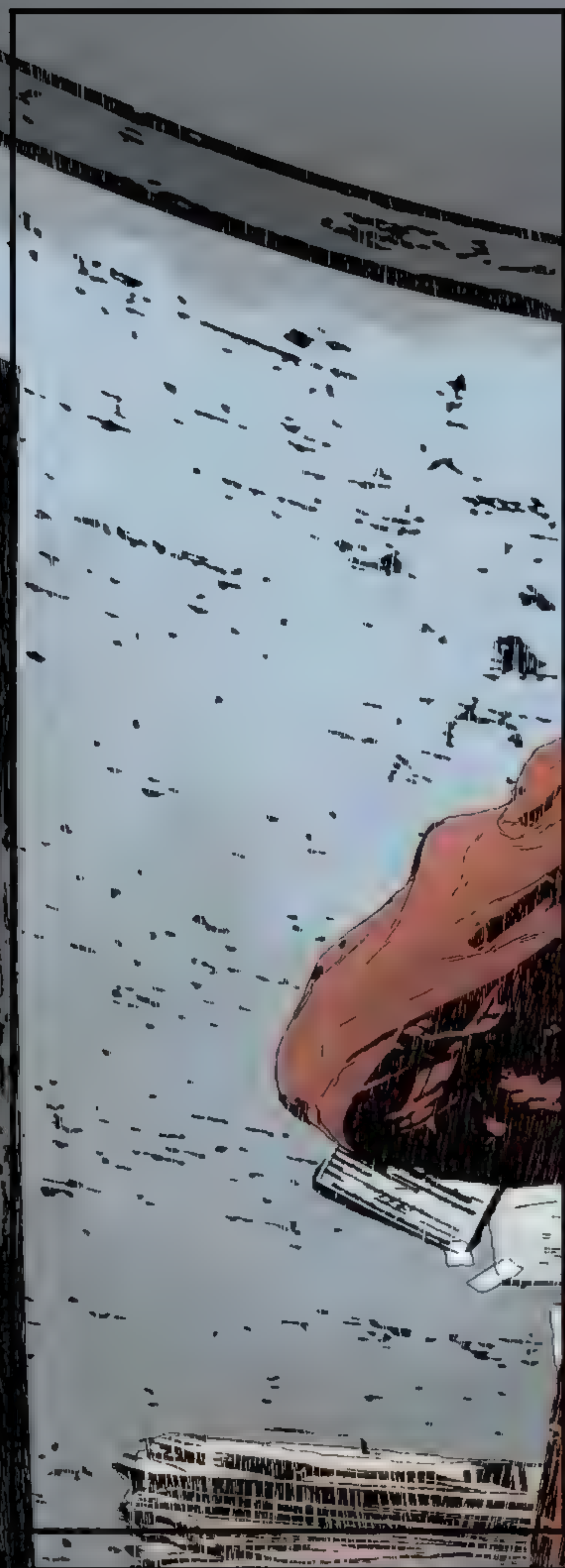
"WHAT A
BABY!"



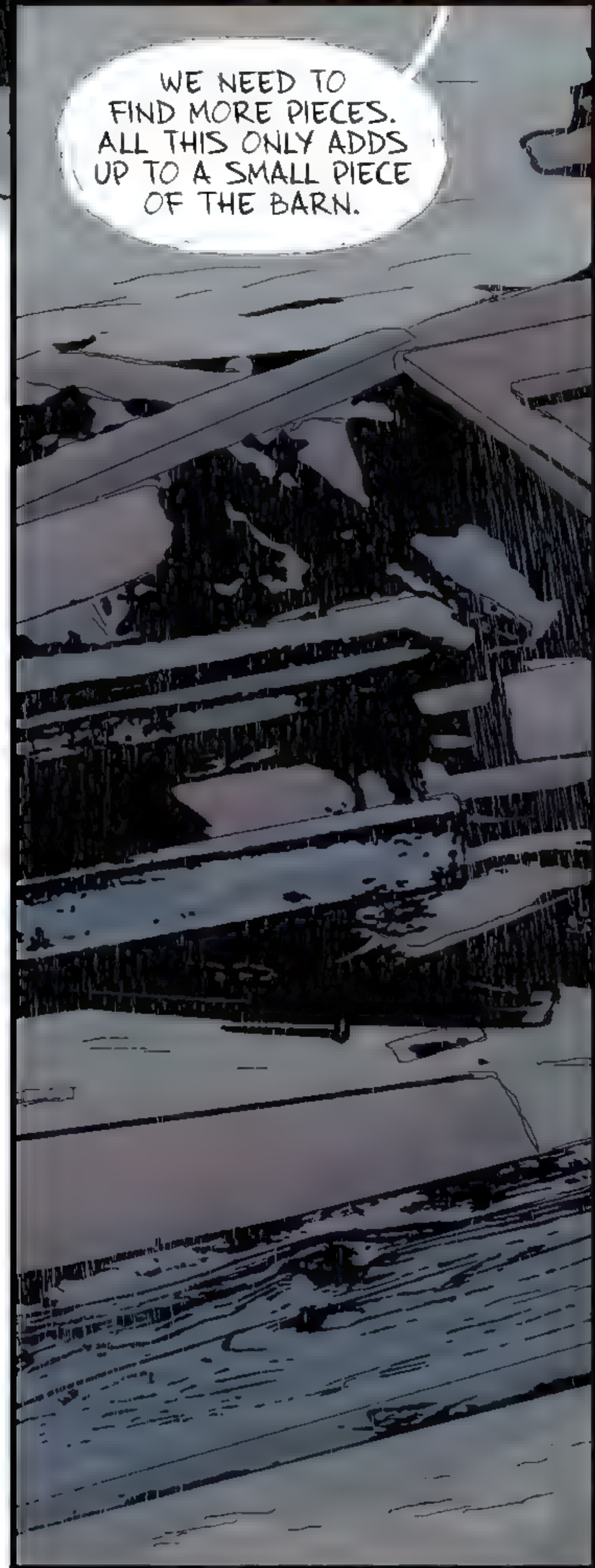








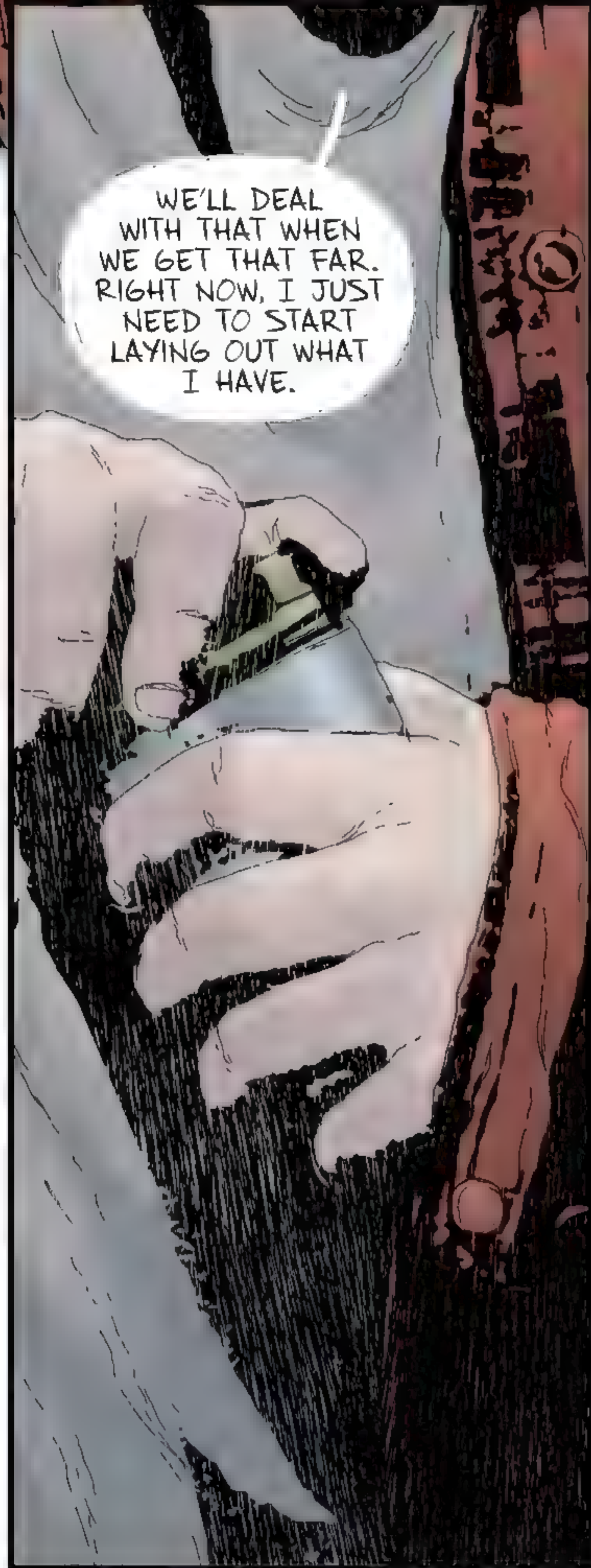
SO, NOW
WHAT?



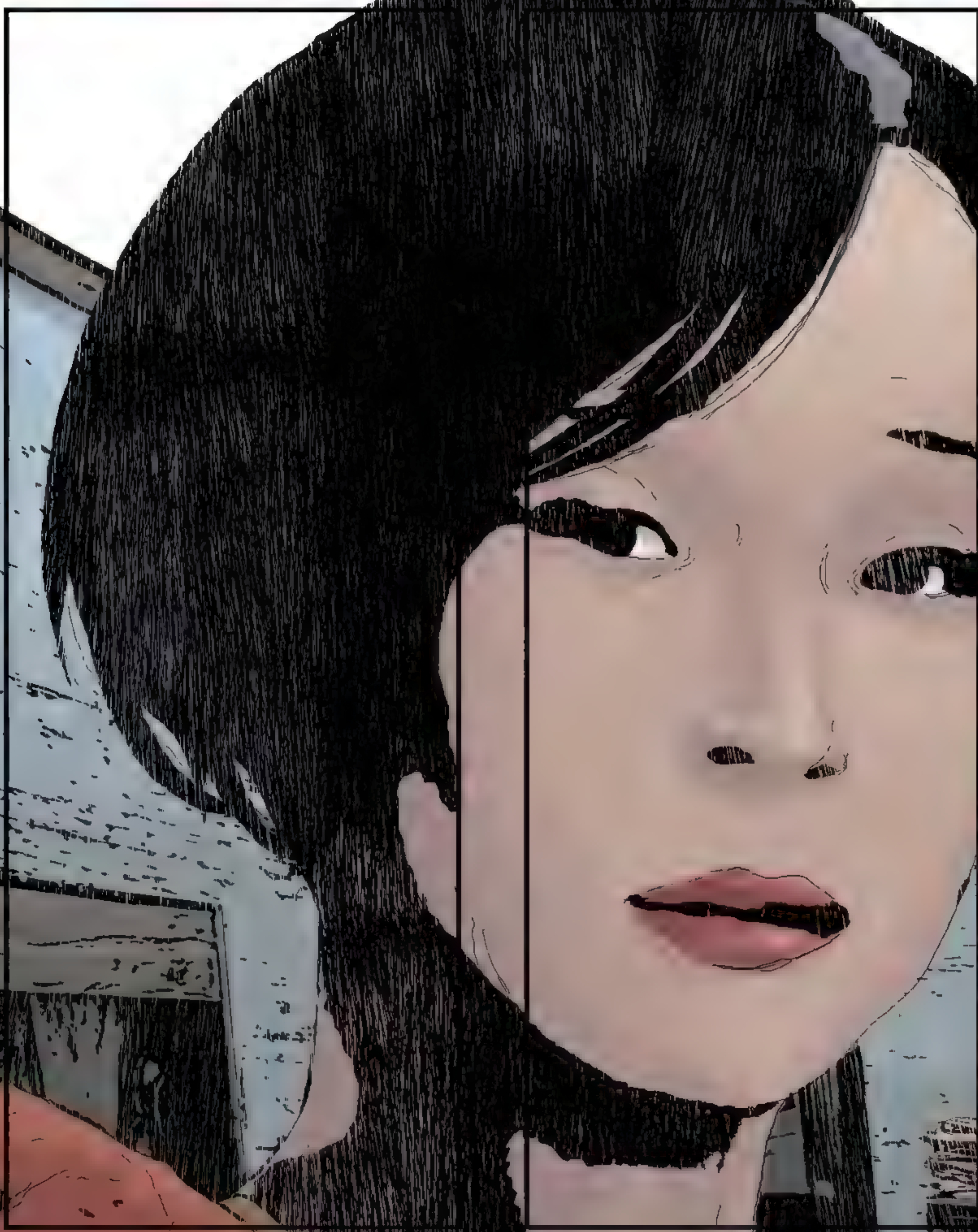
WE NEED TO
FIND MORE PIECES.
ALL THIS ONLY ADDS
UP TO A SMALL PIECE
OF THE BARN.



NORTON, EVEN
IF WE FOUND
MORE, YOU KNOW
WE CAN'T BUILD
THE ENTIRE THING
IN HERE.



WE'LL DEAL
WITH THAT WHEN
WE GET THAT FAR.
RIGHT NOW, I JUST
NEED TO START
LAYING OUT WHAT
I HAVE.



KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

WHO IS
THAT?!

IT'S
OKAY.
LET ME
SEE.

ANGIE,
NO! DON'T
OPEN IT!

NORTON!
YOU NEED
TO CALM
DOWN!

IT'S
PROBABLY
NOTHING.





HEY!

LET HIM GO!

ANGIE!

NORTON IS MY PATIENT. I SAID LET GO OF HIM.

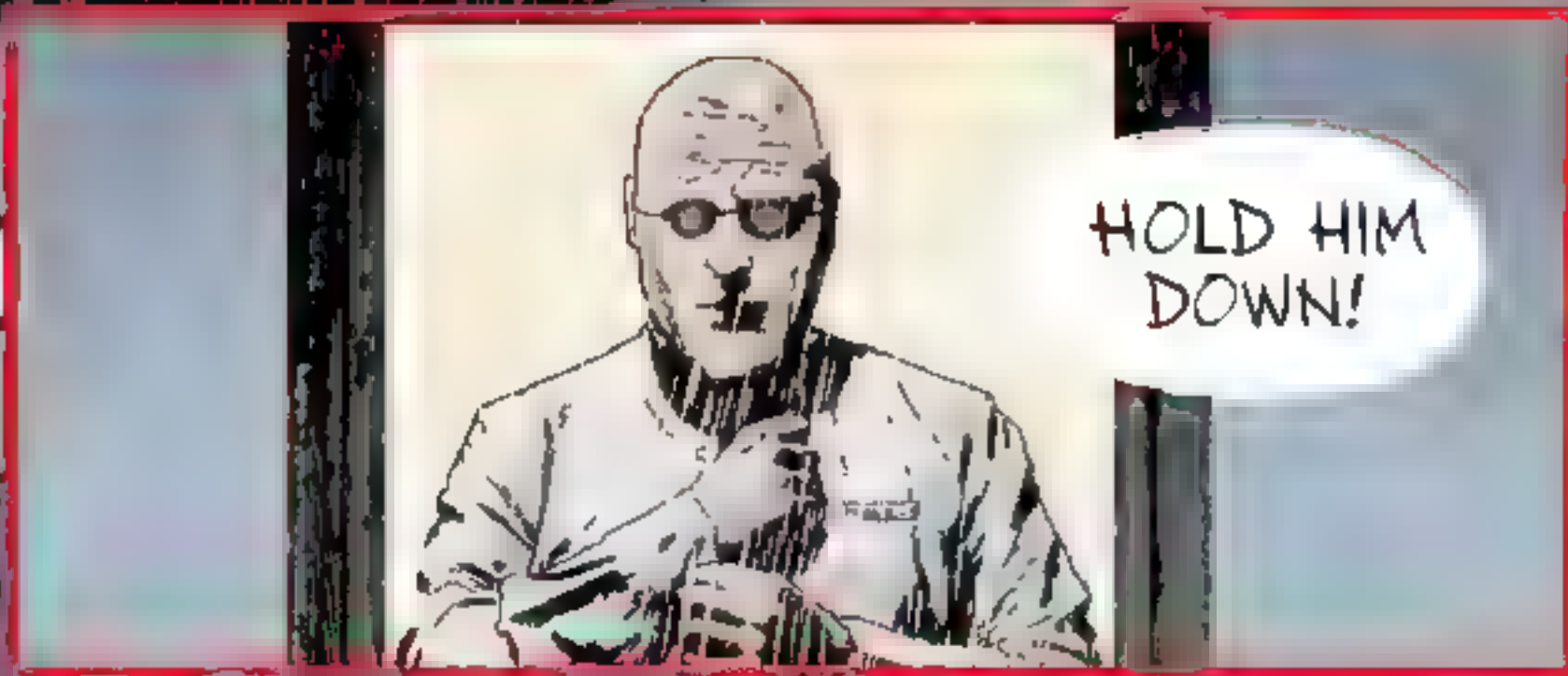
NOW, NOW, DR. XU. JUST RELAX. WE HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL.

I'M FINE, DOCTOR! THIS IS TOTALLY INAPPROPRIATE! I DO NOT NEED RESCUING AND NORTON DID NOT ACCOST ME. THAT WAS MERELY A MIS-UNDERSTANDING.

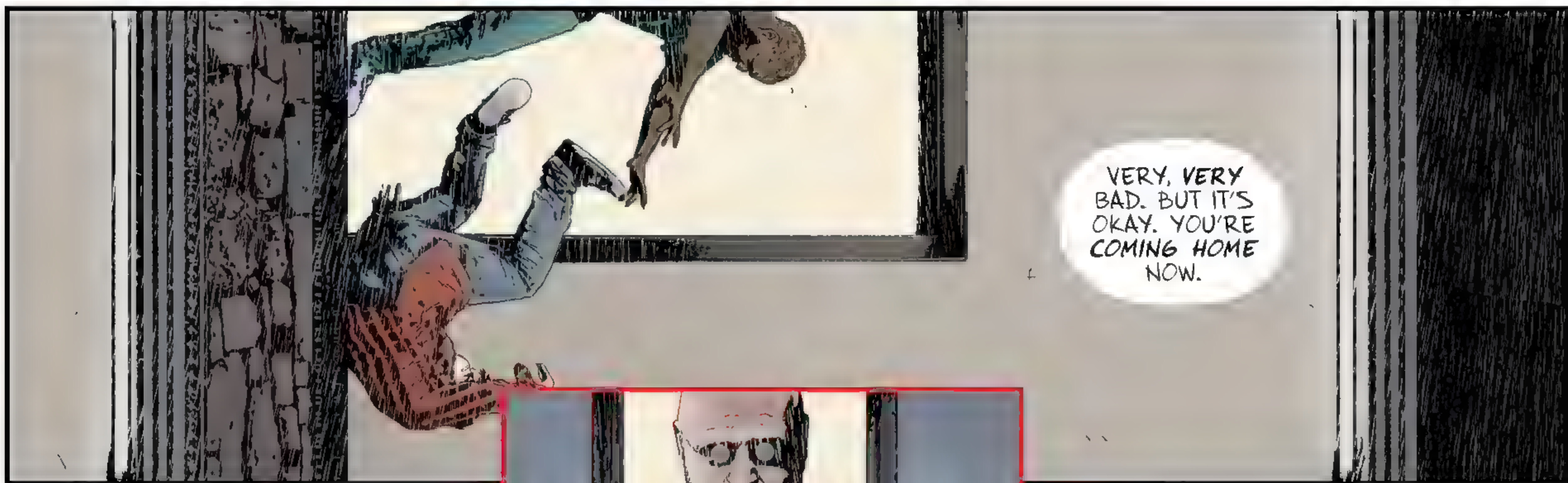
NO! NO! NO! NO!

NO! NO!

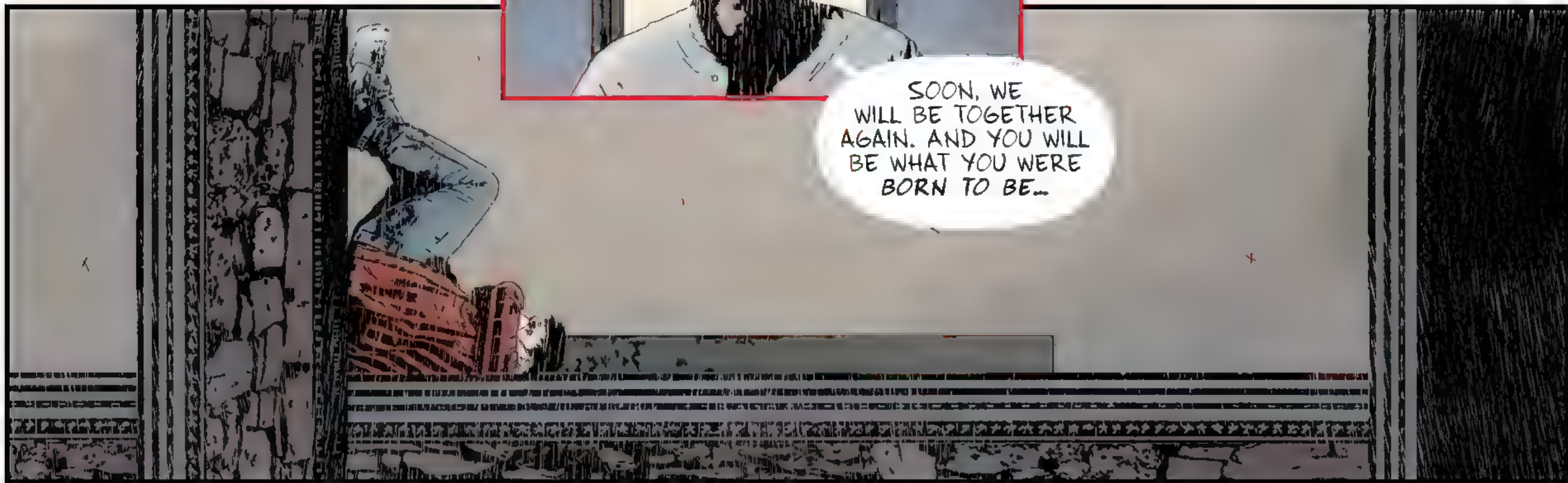
NO! NO!



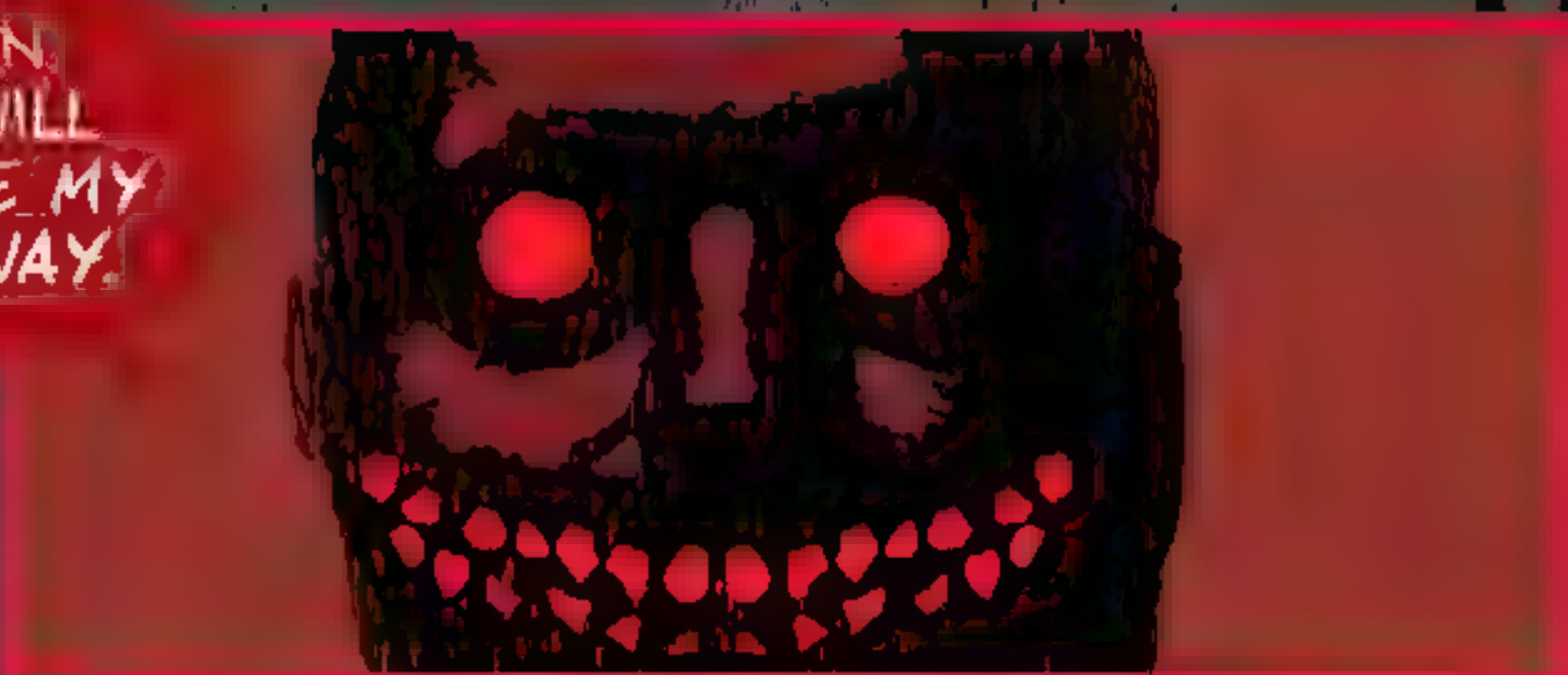
HOLD HIM
DOWN!



SOON, WE
WILL BE TOGETHER
AGAIN. AND YOU WILL
BE WHAT YOU WERE
BORN TO BE...

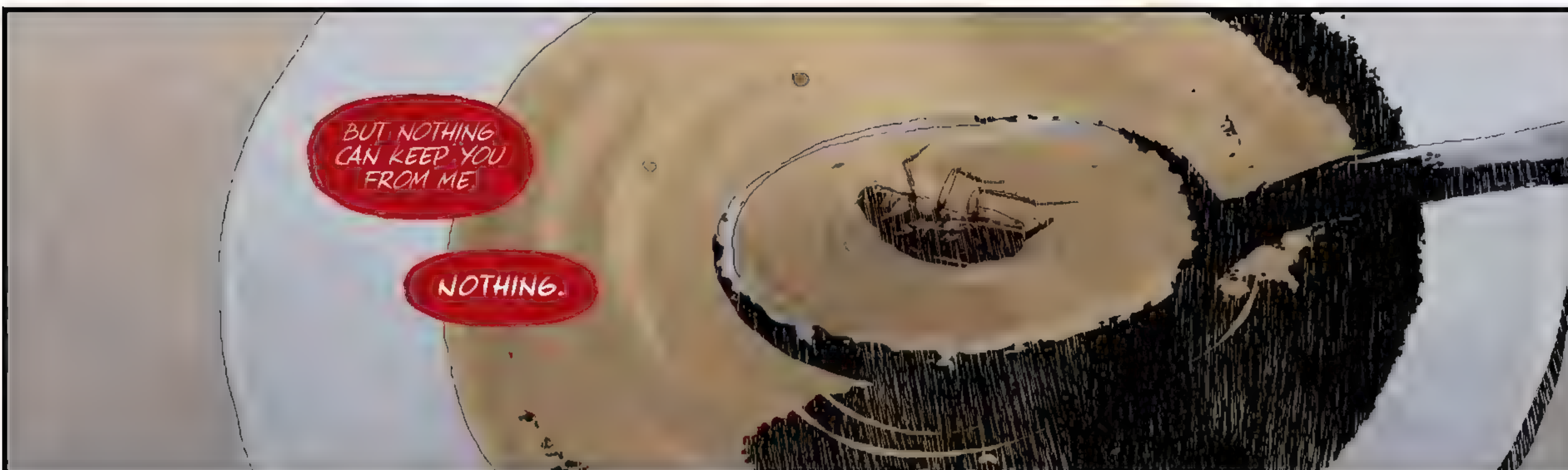
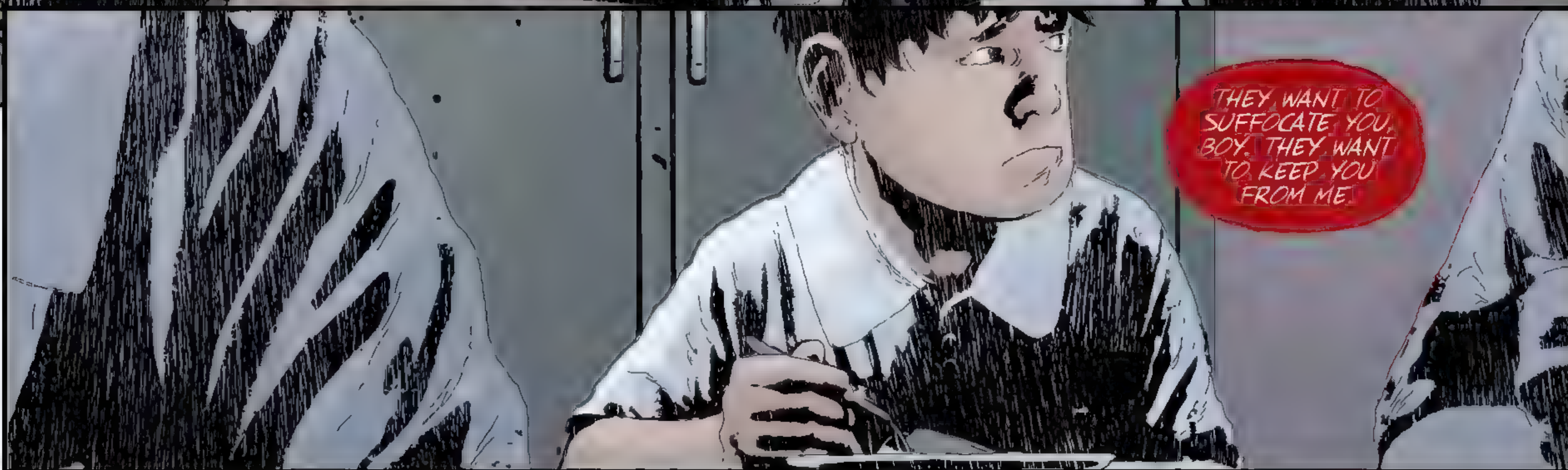


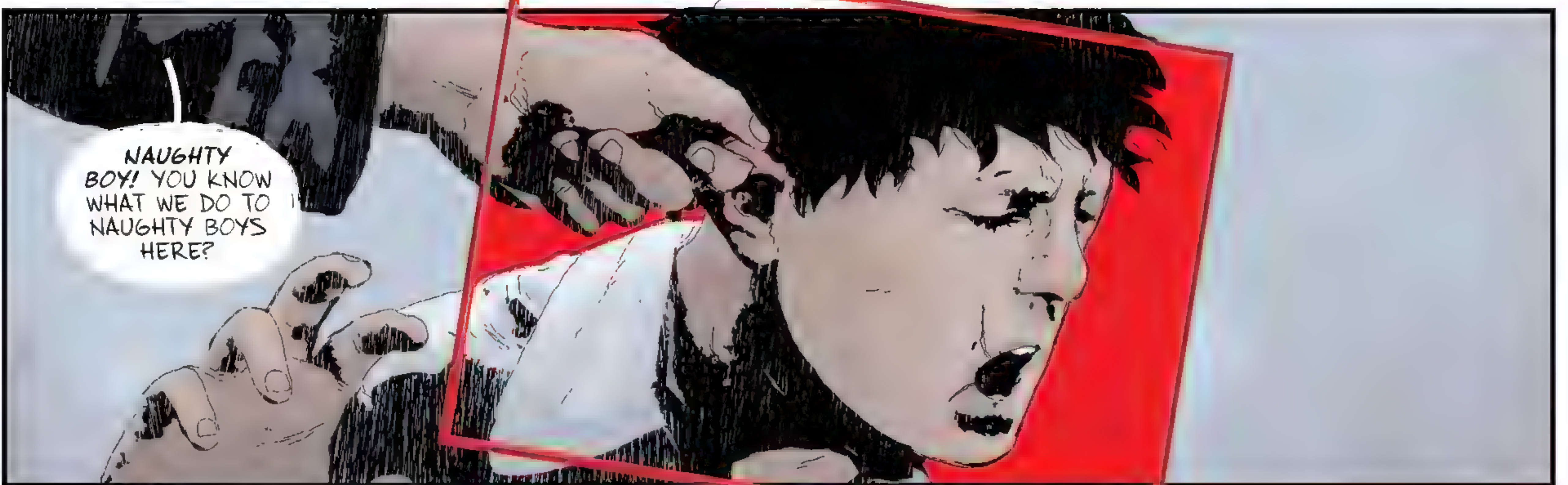
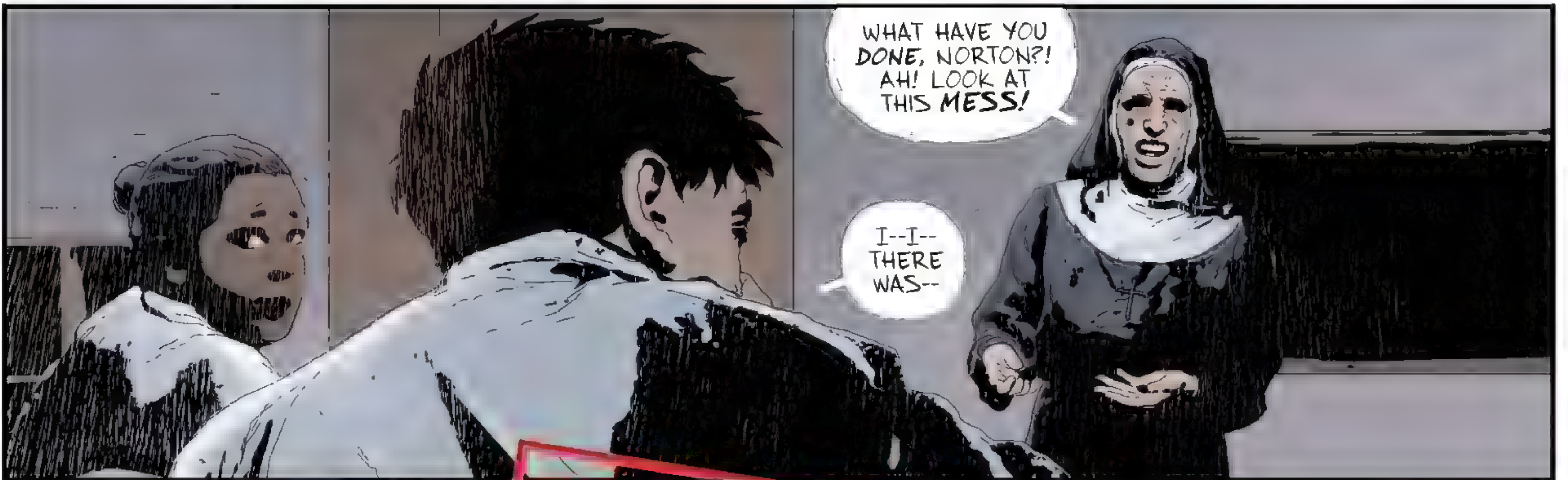
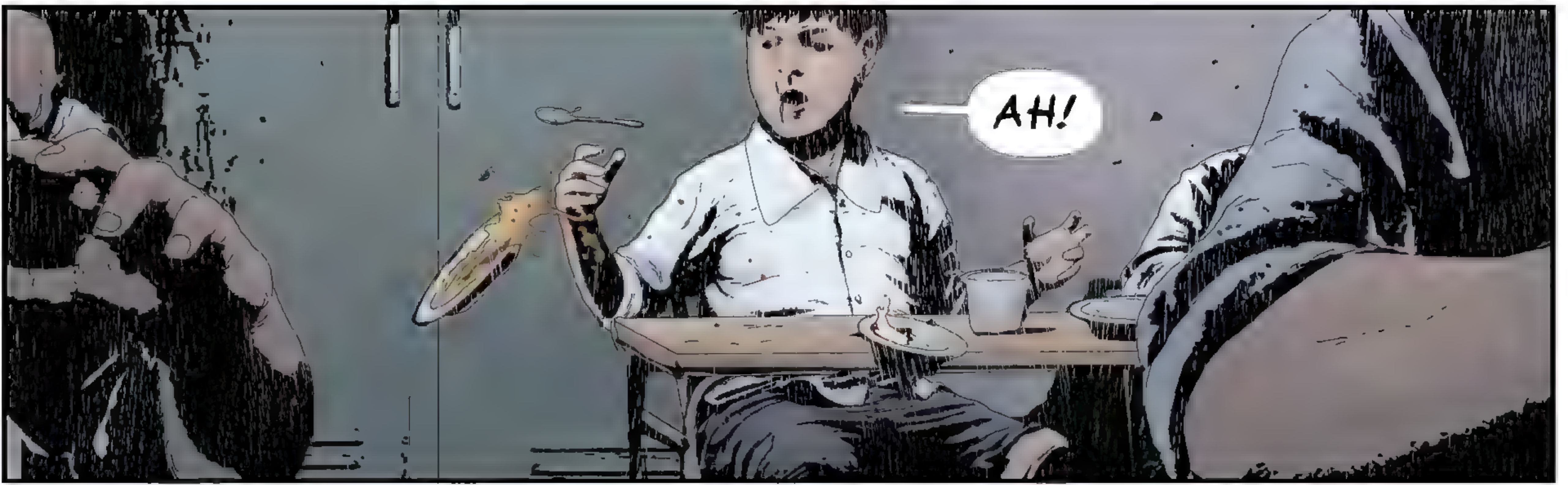
SOON,
YOU WILL
BECOME MY
DOORWAY.





SOR
REN
YIN
D.18







LET'S SEE HOW
YOU BEHAVE AFTER
YOU'VE SPENT SOME
TIME ALONE!



NO, PLEASE,
SISTER JOSEPHINE!
I'M SORRY! IT WAS
AN ACCIDENT!

COME TO ME,
BOY. DON'T BE
SCARED.



AN ACCIDENT?!
THERE ARE NO
ACCIDENTS HERE. THIS
IS GOD'S HOUSE. THERE
ARE ONLY HIS CHILDREN
OR SINNERS HERE,
NORTON!

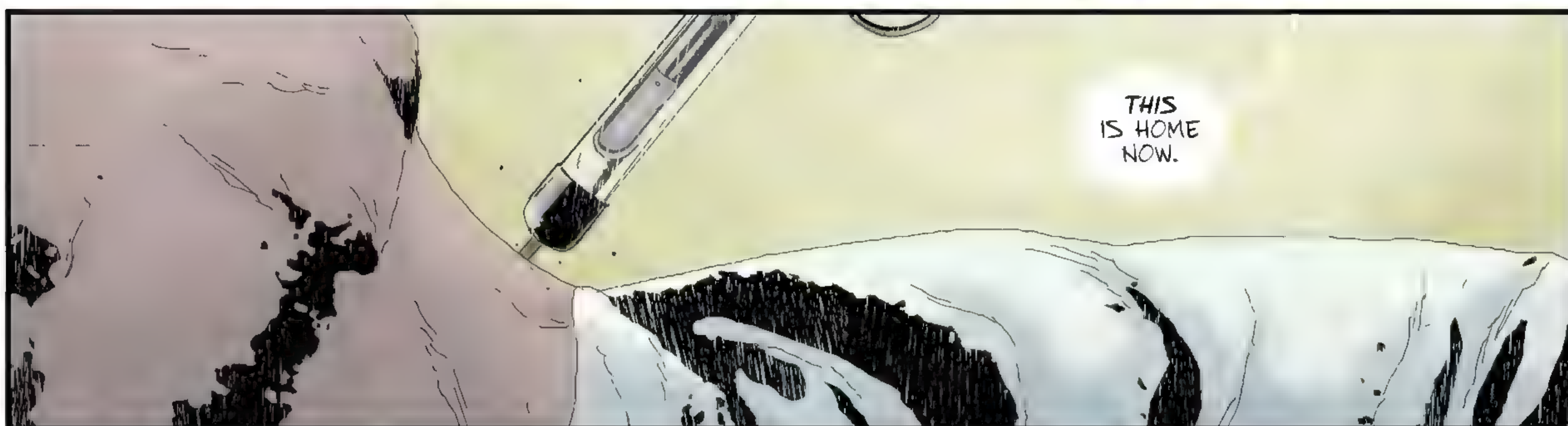


YOU
SPEND SOME
TIME DOWN HERE,
AND I THINK YOU'LL
SEE WHICH SIDE YOU
NEED TO STRIVE
FOR!

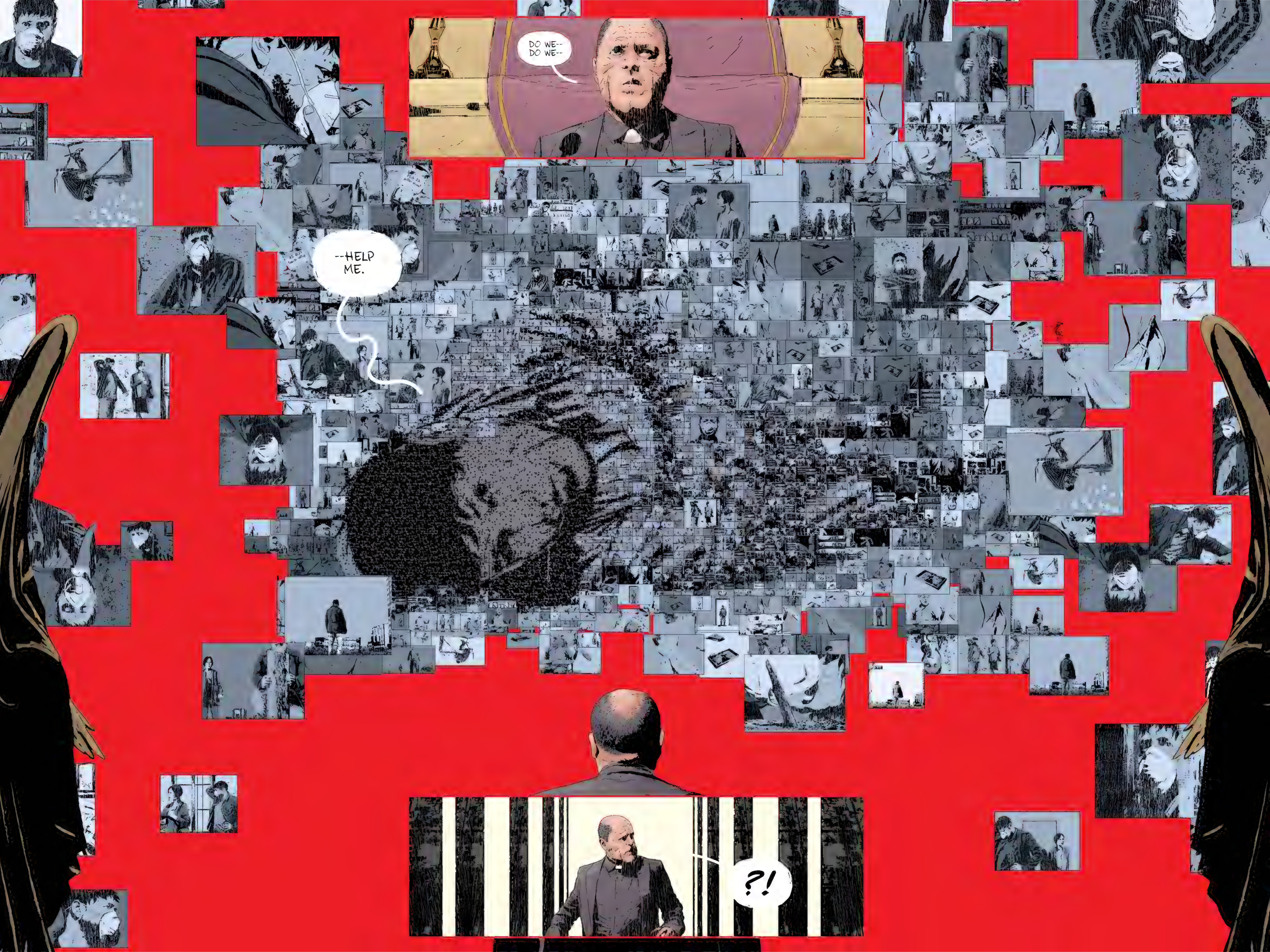


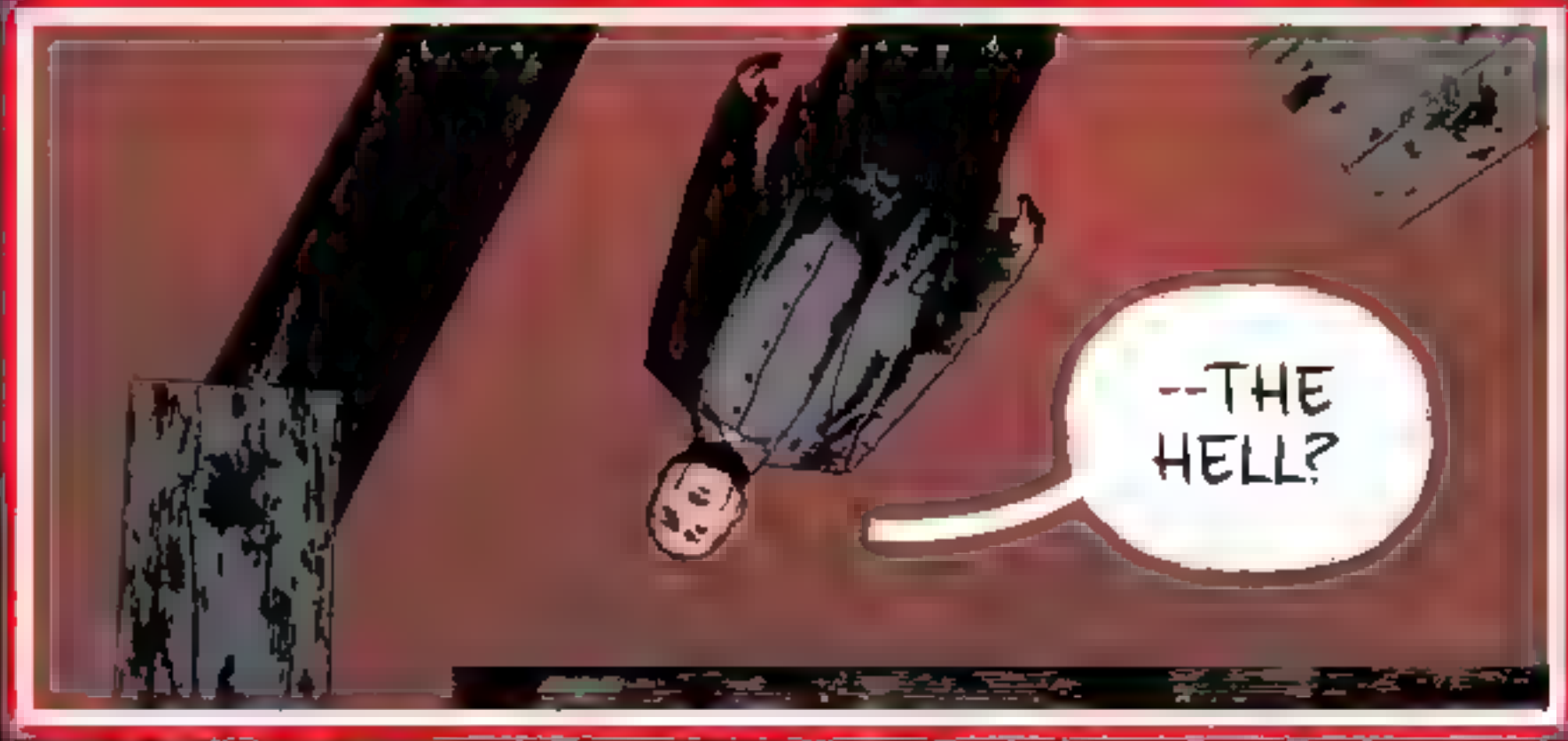
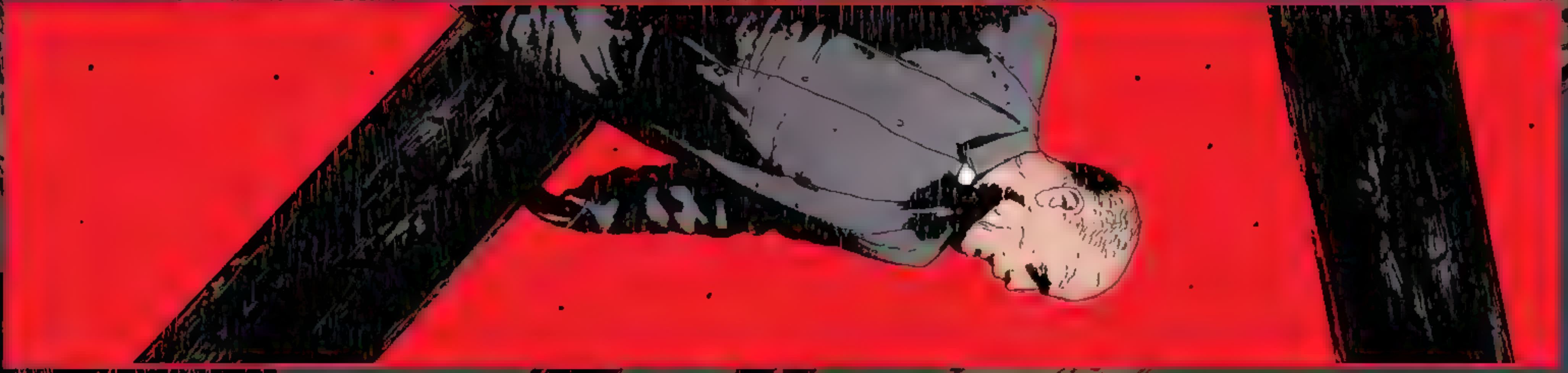












--THE
HELL?

WHAT IS
IT?! WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

ABEL LACROIX IS
MISSING, FATHER!
HIS WIFE SAID HE
WAS TAKEN RIGHT
FROM THEIR
BEDROOM!



WE NEED TO ACT NOW! NO MORE WAITING.

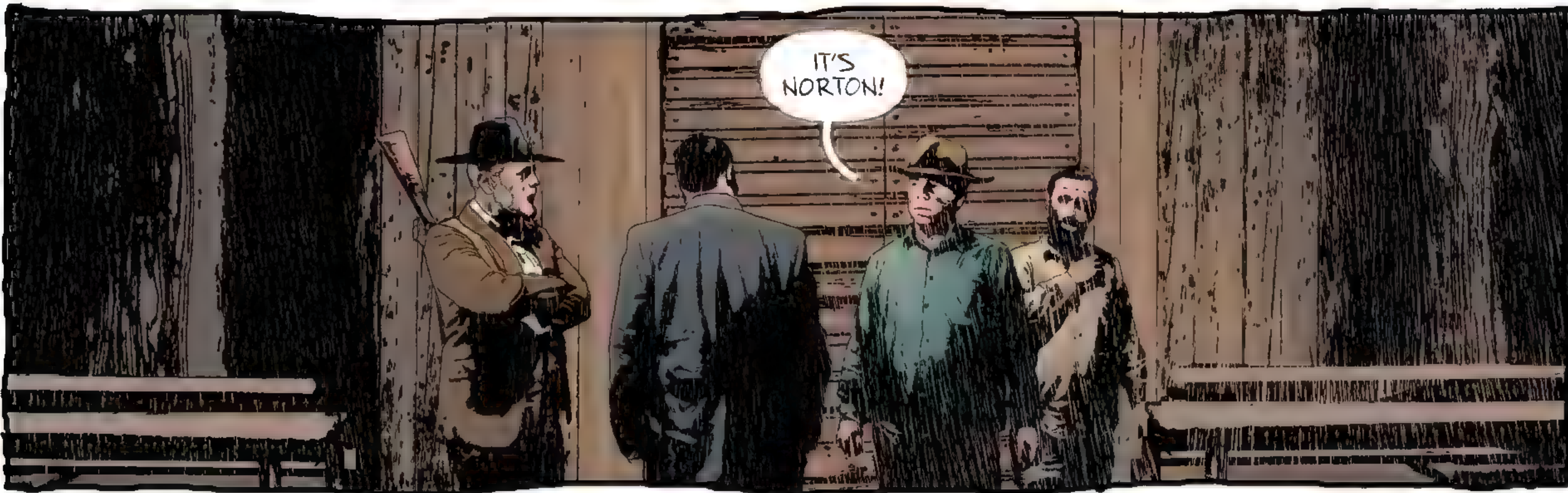
IF HE KILLS ABEL LIKE HE KILLED THE OTHERS, THAT WILL MAKE THIRTEEN MURDERED IN GIDEON FALLS IN LESS THAN A MONTH!



AND I TOLD YOU MEN, WE ARE DOING EVERYTHING WE CAN TO FIND HIM. AN ANGRY MOB IS JUST LIABLE TO GET MORE INNOCENTS HURT.



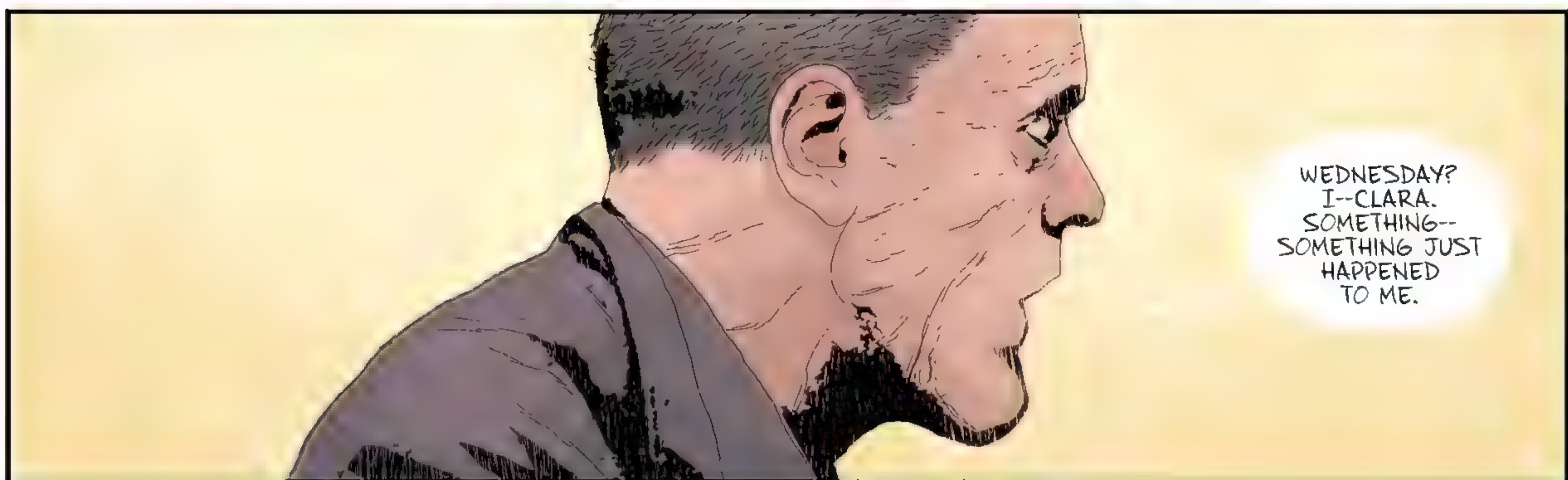
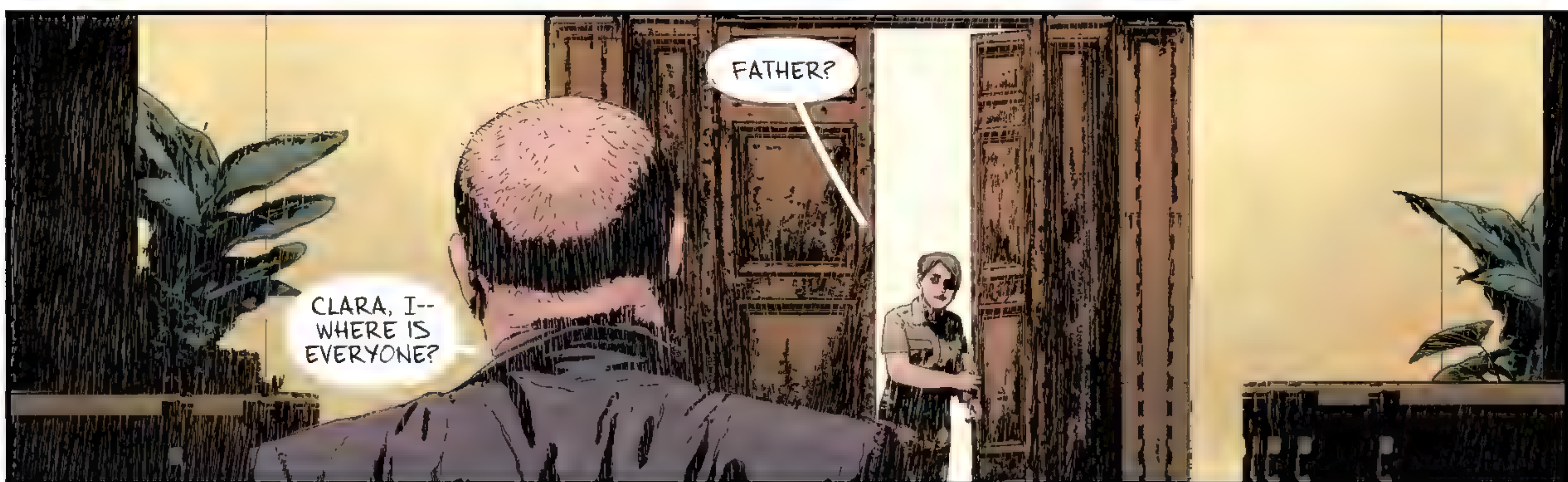
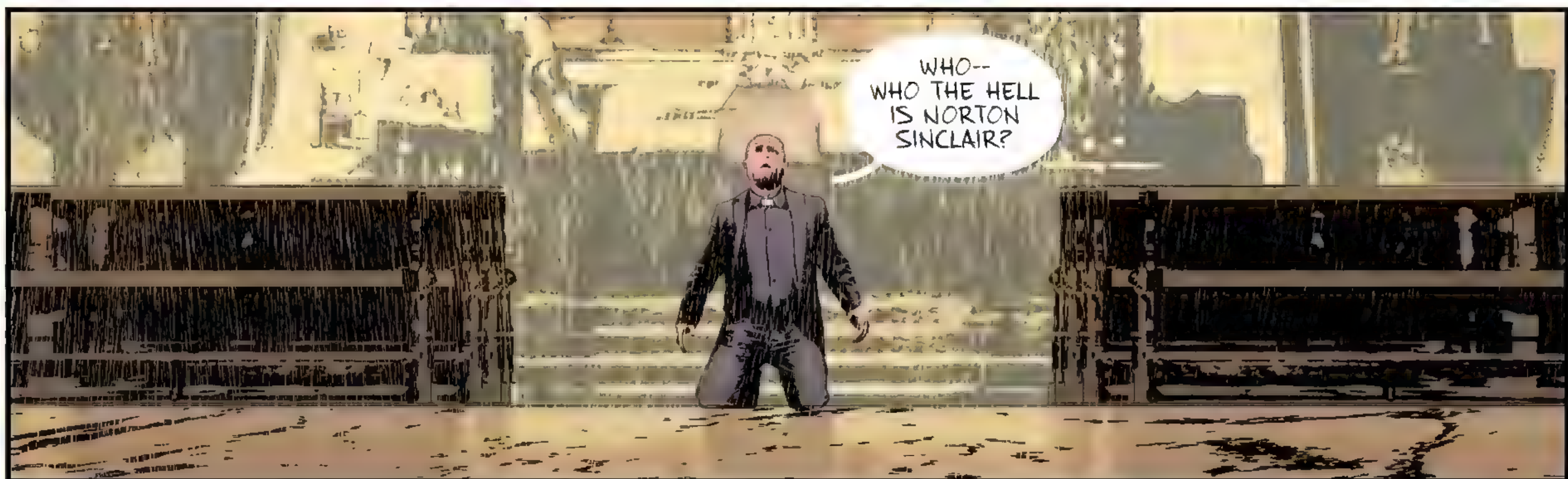
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, SHERIFF. THIS TIME THERE WAS A WITNESS. WE FINALLY KNOW WHO THE KILLER IS!



IT'S NORTON!



THE KILLER IS NORTON SINCLAIR!





FEELING
ANY
BETTER?



NO.

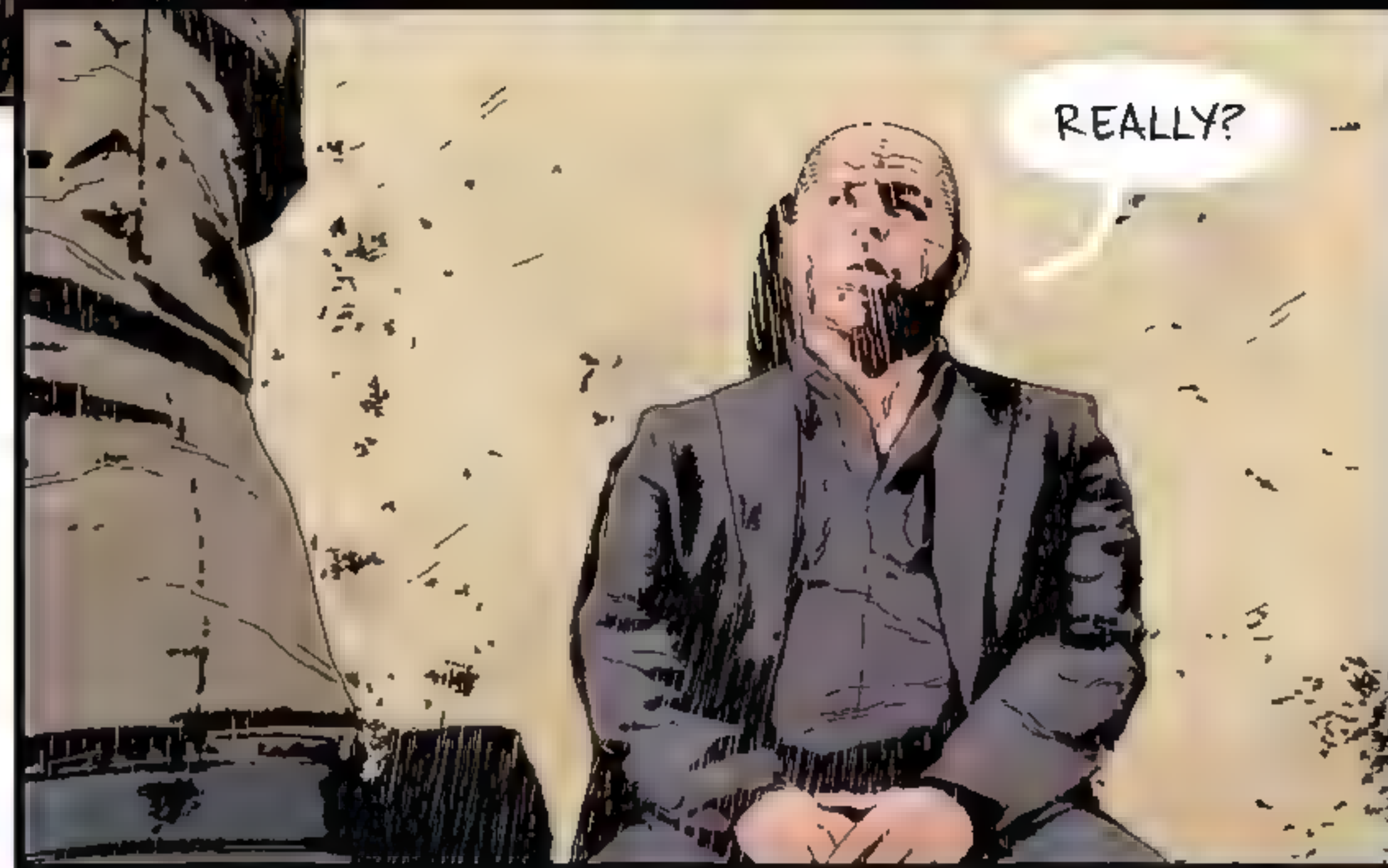
I CAN'T
BELIEVE I DID
THAT. I'LL BE
LUCKY IF ANYONE
COMES BACK TO
MASS NEXT
WEEK.

DON'T BE
SO HARD ON
YOURSELF. YOU'VE
BEEN THROUGH A
LOT. YOU SAID AS
MUCH YOURSELF IN
YOUR SERMON,
BEFORE--



I THOUGHT
YOU DIDN'T GO
TO CHURCH,
SHERIFF?

I DON'T.
I WAS HERE
ON POLICE
BUSINESS.

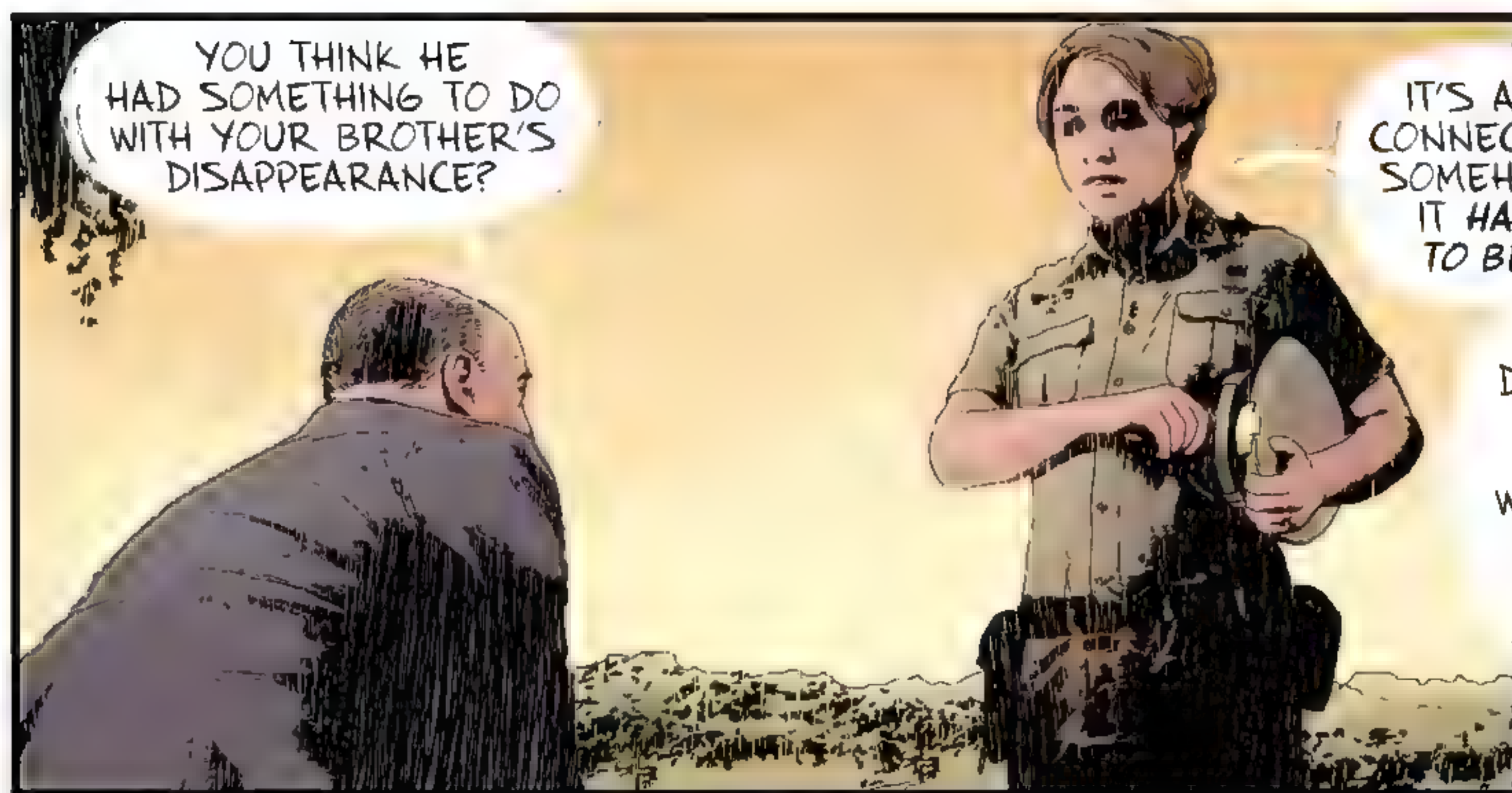


REALLY?



AFTER YOU VISITED LAST
NIGHT, I REMEMBERED
SOMETHING, FATHER.
SOMETHING I CAN'T
BELIEVE I EVER
FORGOT.

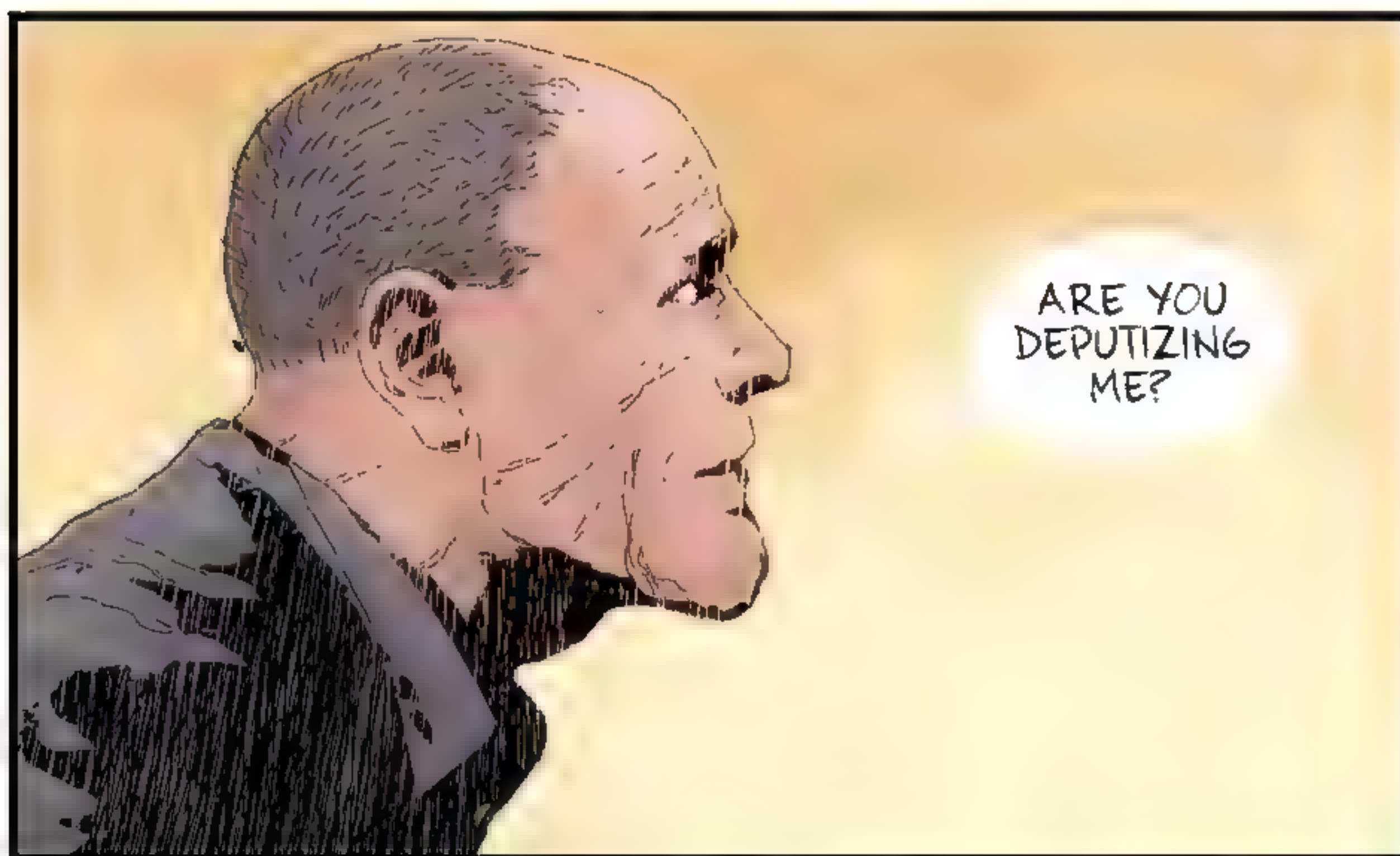
JOE REDDY.
WHEN DANIEL
AND I WERE
KIDS--RIGHT
BEFORE DANIEL
DISAPPEARED--
JOE REDDY WAS
OUR BUS DRIVER.
HE BROUGHT US
TO SCHOOL
EVERY DAY.



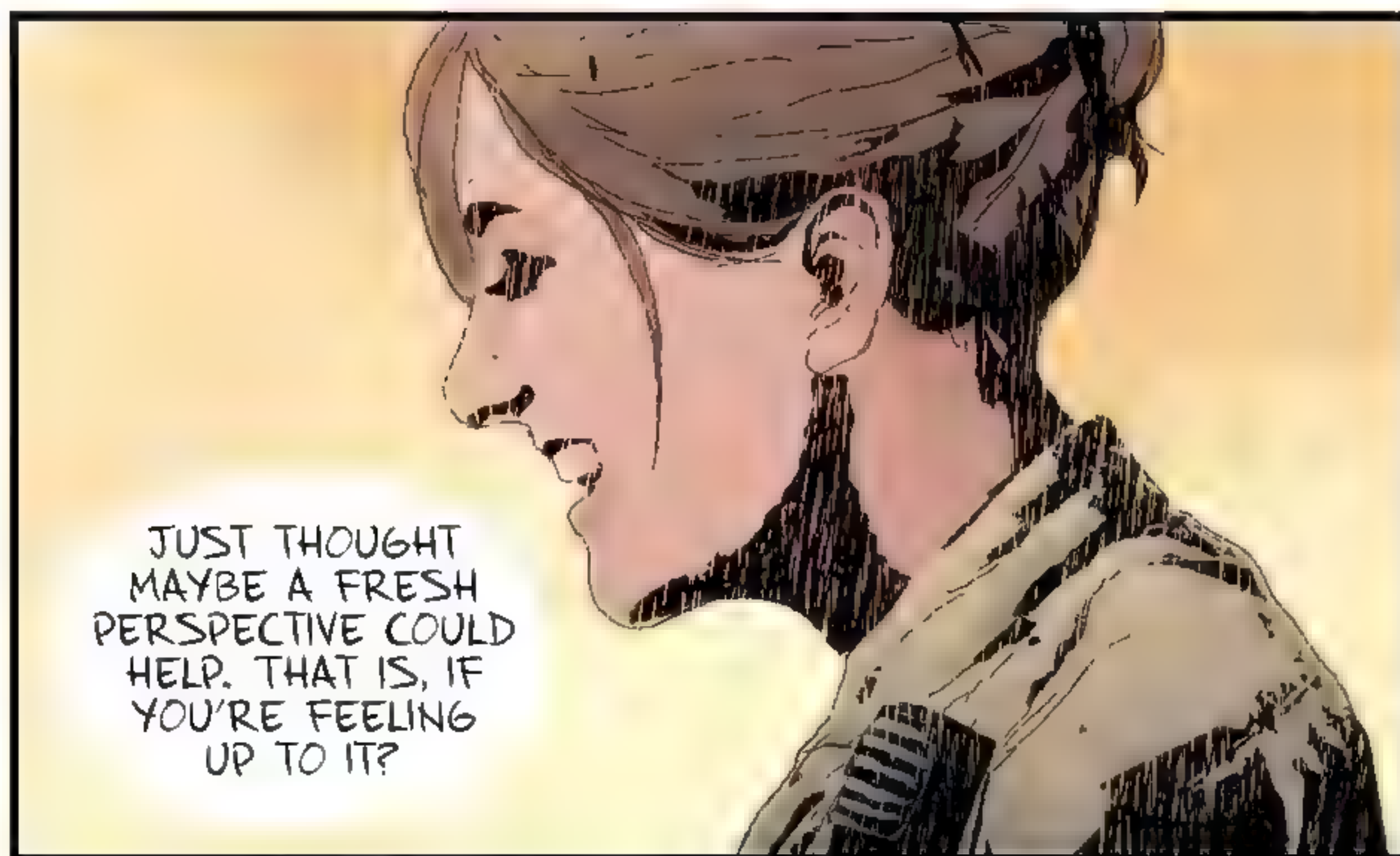
YOU THINK HE
HAD SOMETHING TO DO
WITH YOUR BROTHER'S
DISAPPEARANCE?

IT'S ALL
CONNECTED
SOMEHOW.
IT HAS
TO BE.

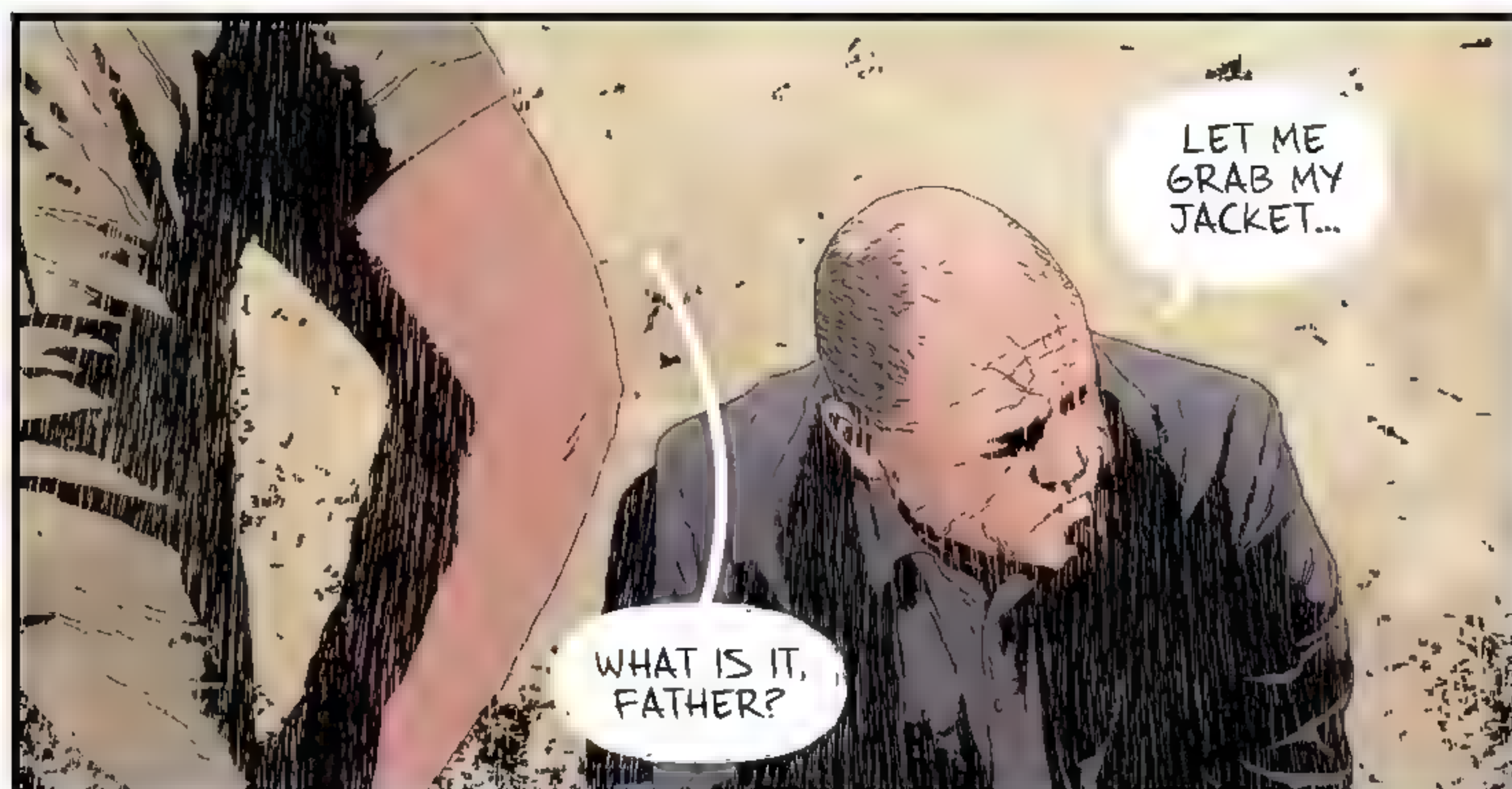
AFTER REDDY
WAS KILLED, MY
DEPUTIES AND I COMBED
HIS FARM. I DIDN'T
FIND ANYTHING, BUT I
WAS THINKING OF TAKING
A LITTLE DRIVE OUT
THERE AGAIN. THOUGHT
MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO
TAG ALONG?



ARE YOU
DEPUTIZING
ME?



JUST THOUGHT
MAYBE A FRESH
PERSPECTIVE COULD
HELP. THAT IS, IF
YOU'RE FEELING
UP TO IT?



LET ME
GRAB MY
JACKET...

WHAT IS IT,
FATHER?



NORTON
SINCLAIR.
DOES THAT
NAME MEAN
ANYTHING
TO YOU?



NEVER
HEARD IT
BEFORE IN MY
LIFE. MAYBE THE
QUESTION IS,
WHAT DOES THAT
NAME MEAN
TO YOU?



NORTON
SINCLAIR!



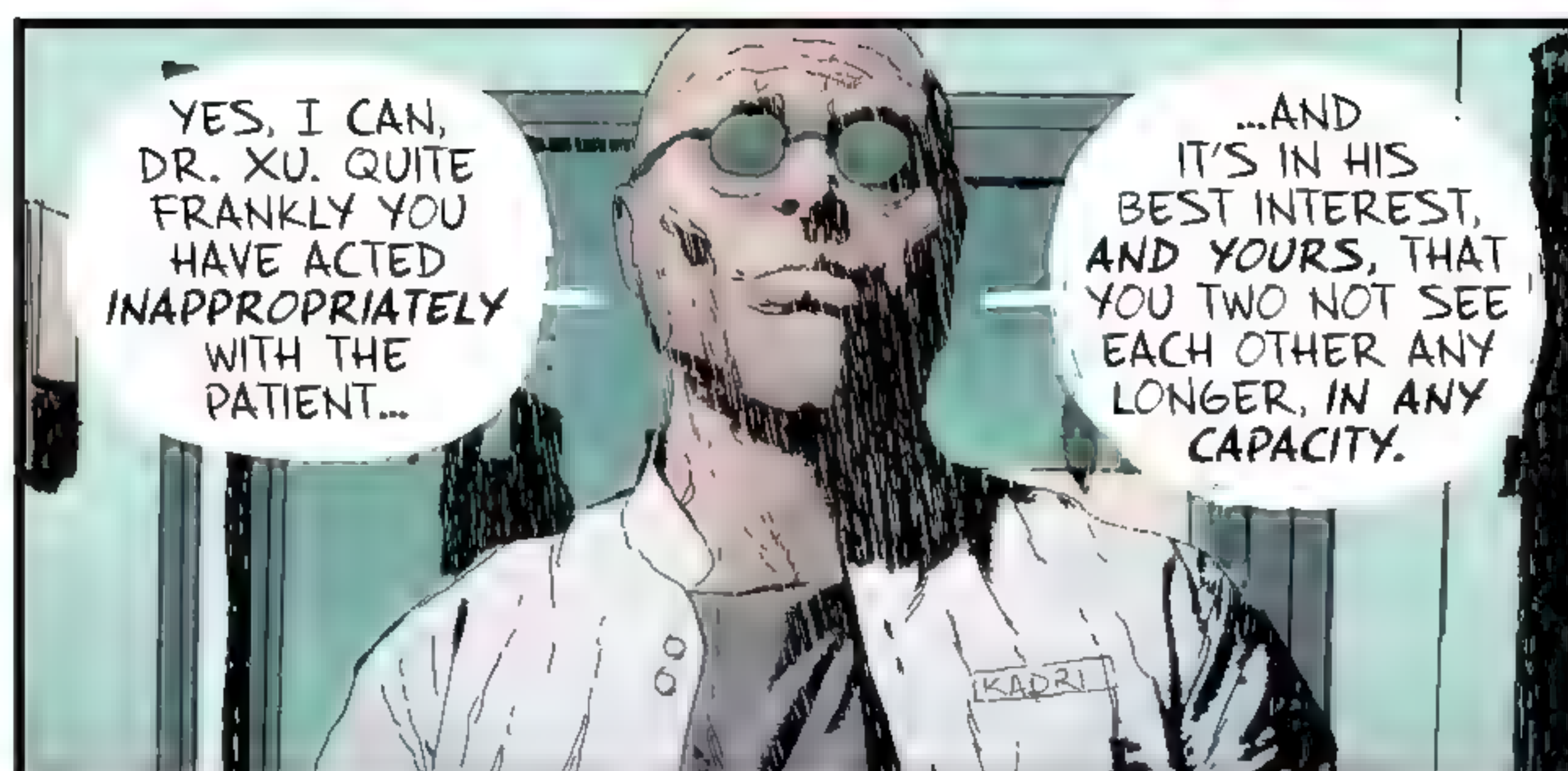
I'M SORRY,
BUT MR. SINCLAIR
IS NOT ALLOWED
ANY VISITORS AT
THIS TIME.

AND I TOLD
YOU, I AM NOT A
VISITOR. I AM
HIS DOCTOR!



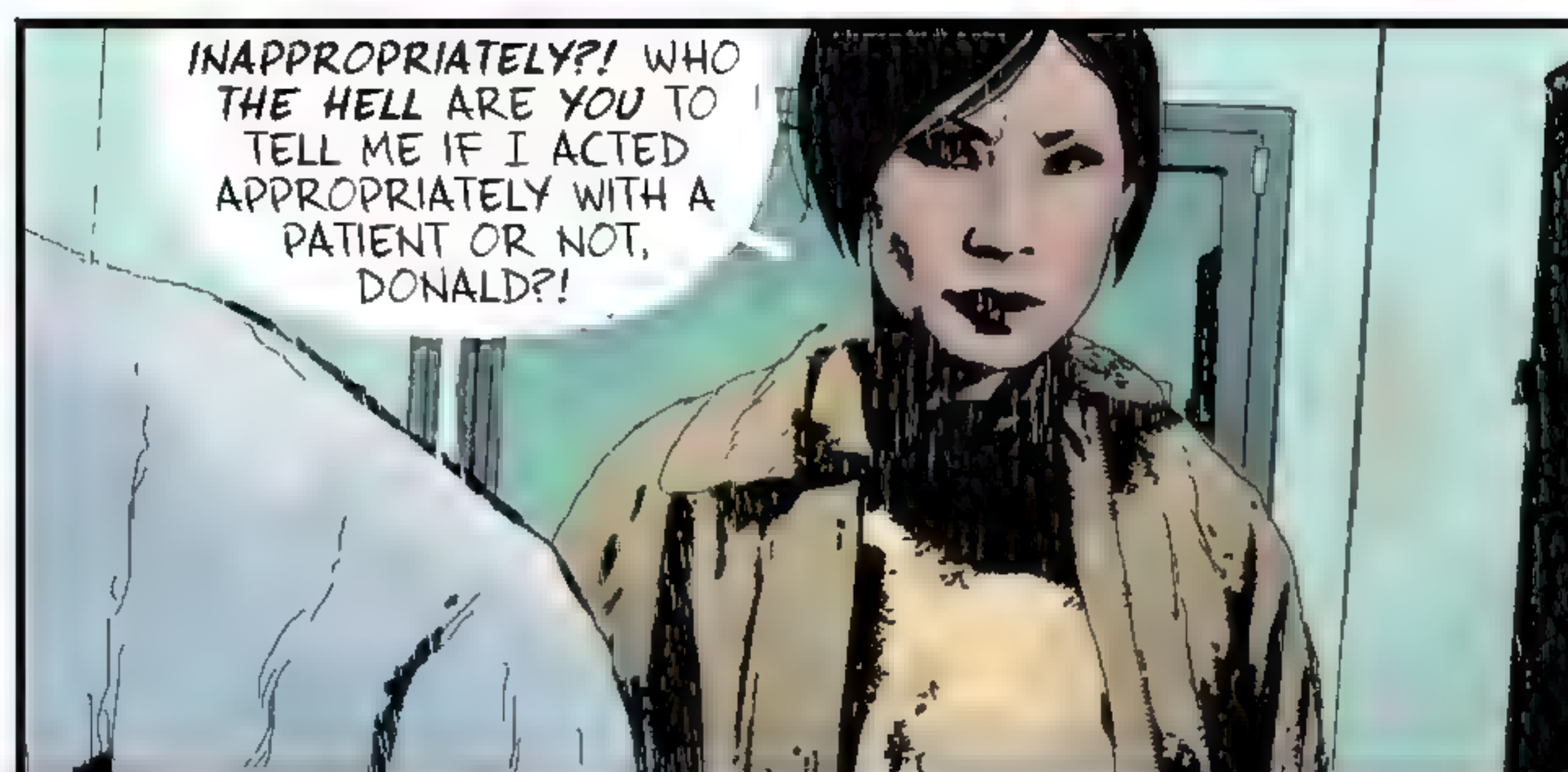
I'M SORRY,
ANGELA, BUT
NOT ANYMORE.
I'M SEEING TO
NORTON
NOW.

KADRI,
THIS IS NOT
RIGHT! YOU
CAN'T DO
THIS!



YES, I CAN,
DR. XU. QUITE
FRANKLY YOU
HAVE ACTED
INAPPROPRIATELY
WITH THE
PATIENT...

...AND
IT'S IN HIS
BEST INTEREST,
AND YOURS, THAT
YOU TWO NOT SEE
EACH OTHER ANY
LONGER, IN ANY
CAPACITY.



INAPPROPRIATELY?! WHO
THE HELL ARE YOU TO
TELL ME IF I ACTED
APPROPRIATELY WITH A
PATIENT OR NOT,
DONALD?!



ARE YOU
TELLING ME YOU
WERE NOT ENGAGED
IN A PHYSICAL
RELATIONSHIP WITH
NORTON?

WE WALKED
IN ON THE TWO
OF YOU, ANGELA.
I SAW YOU.

THAT WAS--
THAT WAS NOT
WHAT IT LOOKED
LIKE.

REALLY? WHAT
WAS IT THEN,
ANGELA?

YOU'VE ACTED
JUST AS INAPPROPRIATELY!
BURSTING INTO NORTON'S
APARTMENT! DRAGGING
HIM AWAY!

YOU DON'T HAVE
THAT AUTHORITY, DONALD.
YOU'VE BROKEN ALL SORTS
OF LAWS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOUR GAME IS HERE OR WHAT
YOU'RE REALLY AFTER, BUT
I WILL GET NORTON OUT
OF HERE.



NO YOU
WON'T, YOU'LL
BE LUCKY TO KEEP
YOUR LICENSE TO
PRACTICE.



THIS IS WHERE
NORTON BELONGS,
ANGELA.



"HE'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE."

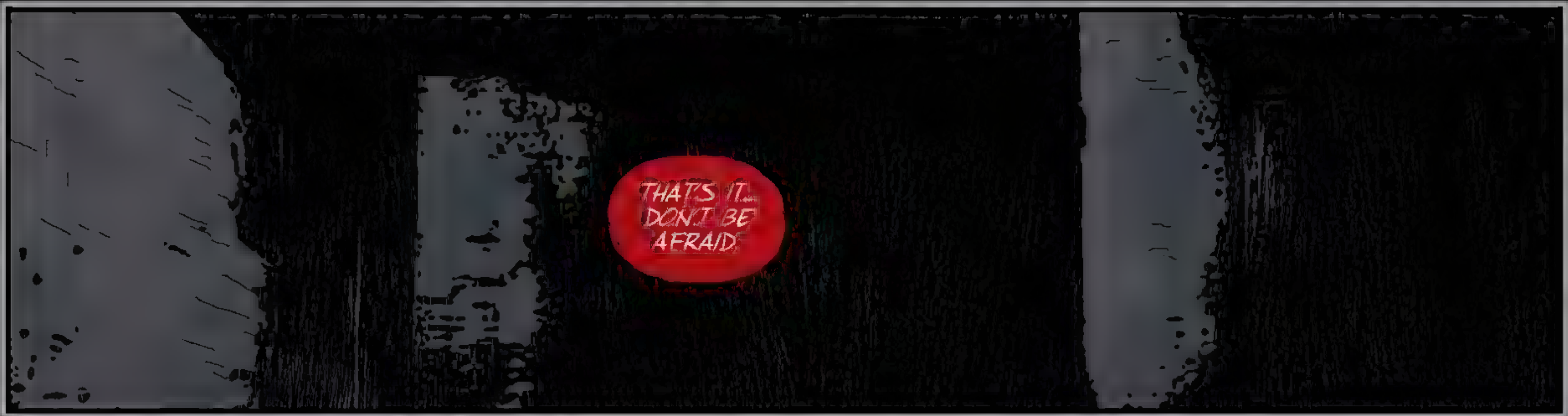


IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY IN THE PLACES NO ONE ELSE THINKS TO LOOK, YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWERS YOU NEED.



THE ANSWERS YOU NEED TO BECOME WHOLE AGAIN. THE ANSWERS THAT CAN FIX YOU...







DO YOU
HAVE A
KEY?



DON'T
NEED
ONE.



...OKAY, IF
YOU SAY SO,
SHERIFF.

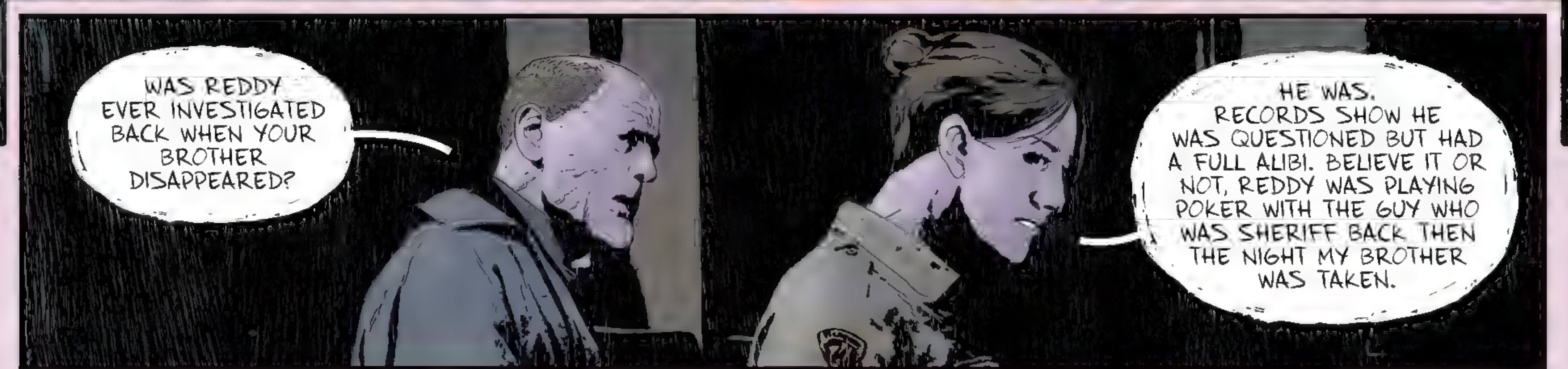


AGE
BEFORE
BEAUTY,
FATHER.



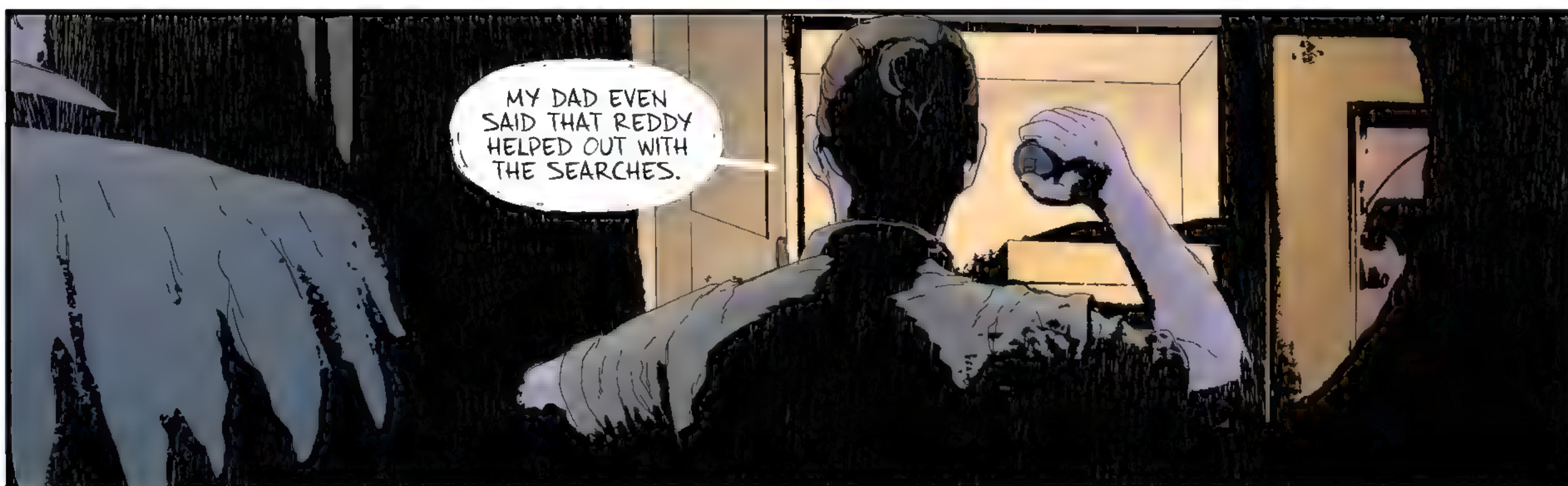
BRINGS
BACK SOME
BAD
MEMORIES,
HUH?

YEAH.
AND THAT'S WHY
WE'RE HERE.
MEMORIES.

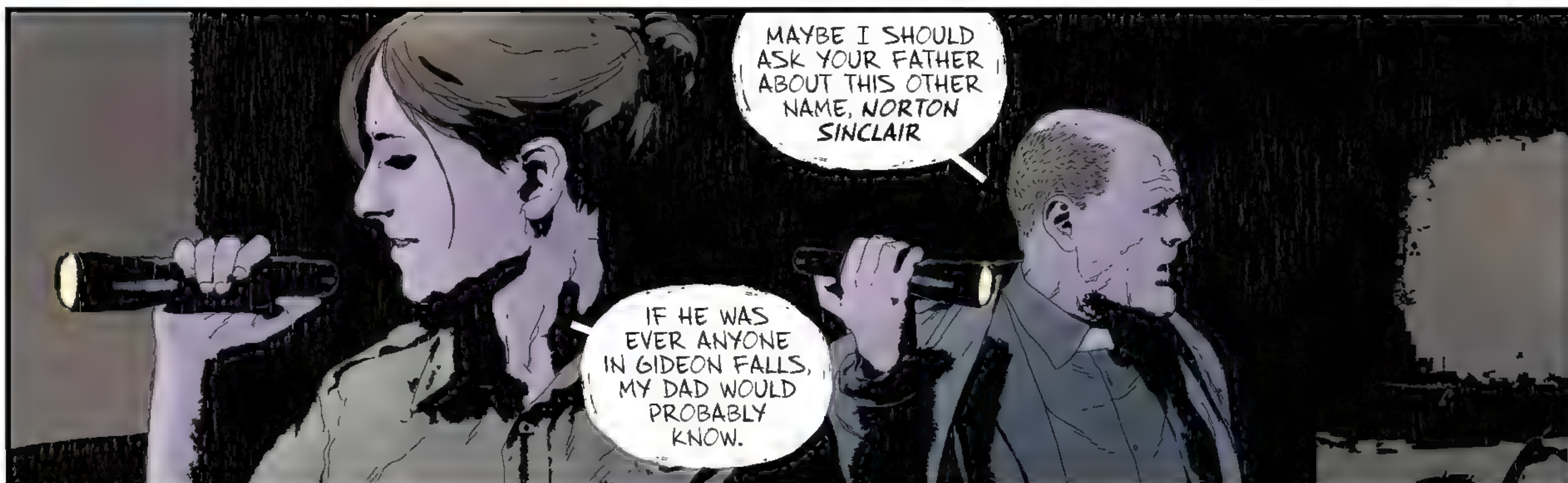


WAS REDDY
EVER INVESTIGATED
BACK WHEN YOUR
BROTHER
DISAPPEARED?

HE WAS.
RECORDS SHOW HE
WAS QUESTIONED BUT HAD
A FULL ALIBI. BELIEVE IT OR
NOT, REDDY WAS PLAYING
POKER WITH THE GUY WHO
WAS SHERIFF BACK THEN
THE NIGHT MY BROTHER
WAS TAKEN.



MY DAD EVEN
SAID THAT REDDY
HELPED OUT WITH
THE SEARCHES.



MAYBE I SHOULD
ASK YOUR FATHER
ABOUT THIS OTHER
NAME, NORTON
SINCLAIR

IF HE WAS
EVER ANYONE
IN GIDEON FALLS,
MY DAD WOULD
PROBABLY
KNOW.



SO, THIS--
THIS SPELL YOU
HAD IN THE CHURCH--
WHAT WAS IT, LIKE
A VISION
OR...?

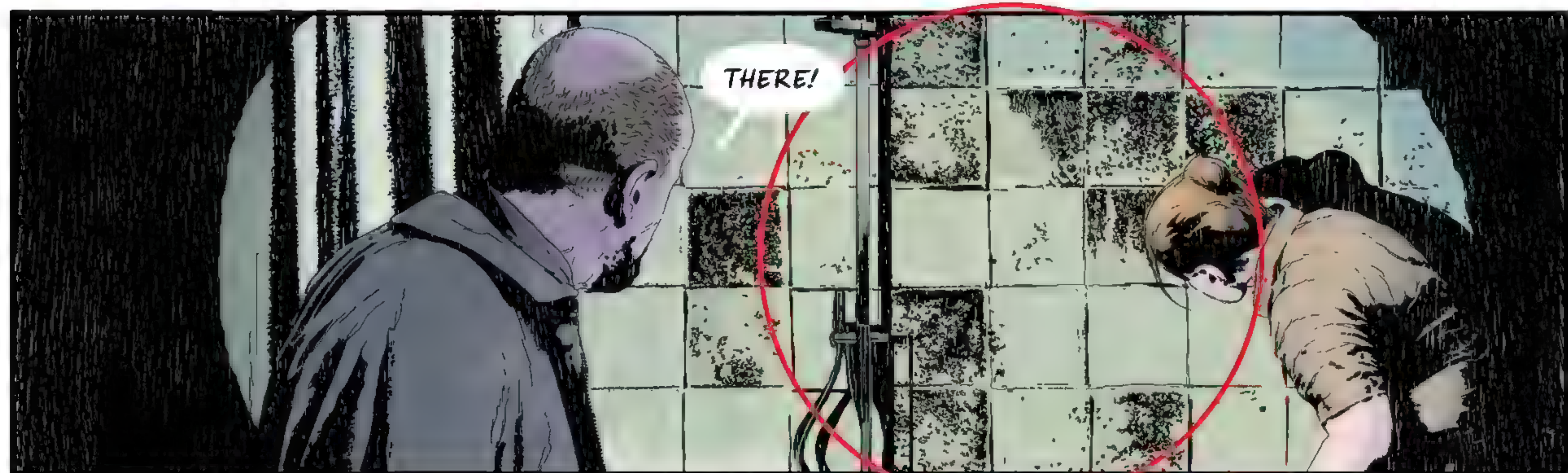
FATHER?



IT WAS--IT
WAS MORE LIKE
A MEMORY.



LIKE I WAS
SEEING, FOLLOWING
SOMEONE ELSE'S
MEMORY.





SOMETHING'S--

WHAT IS IT?

AN OLD SHOEBOX, I THINK. WRAPPED IN PLASTIC.

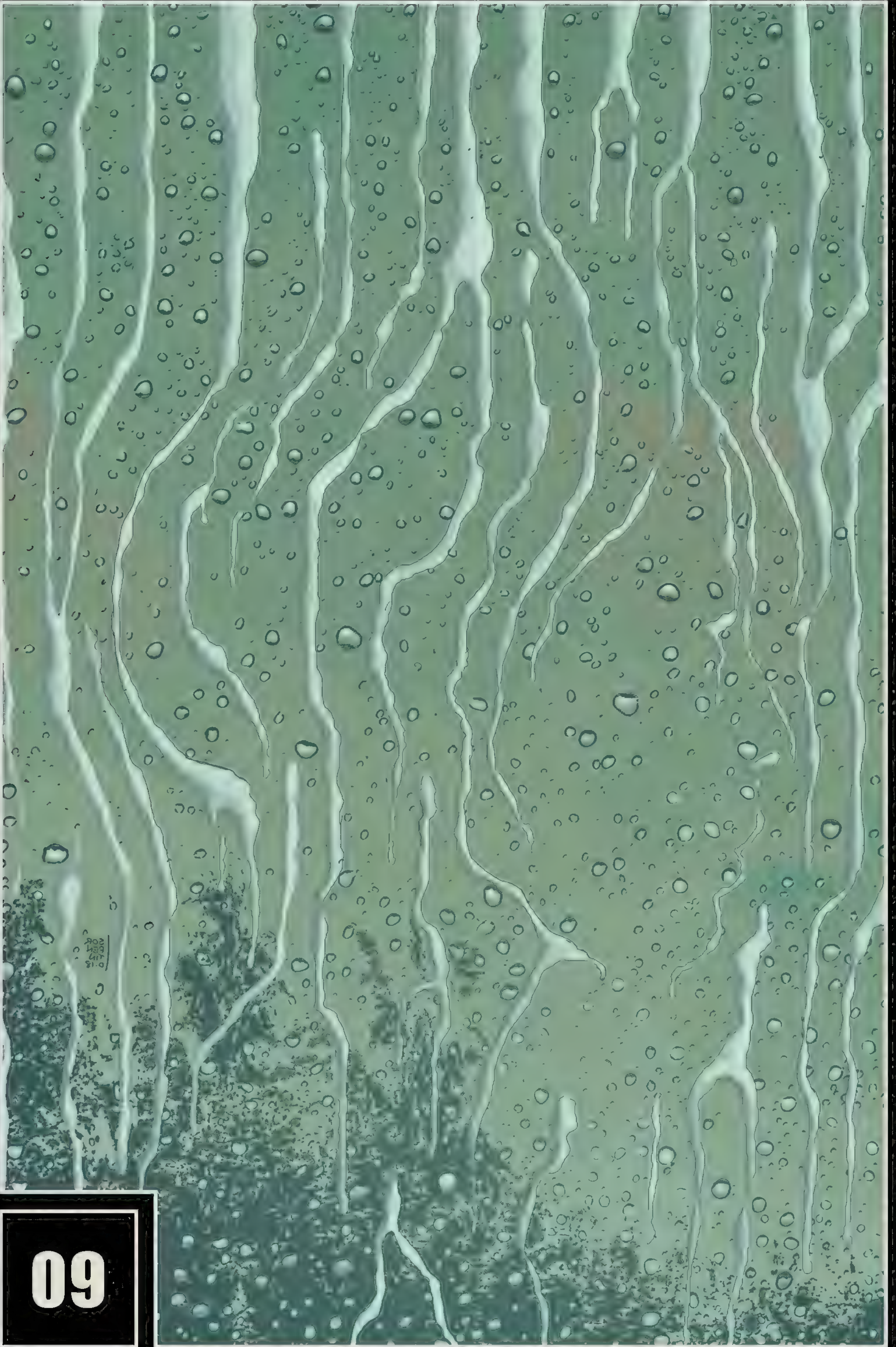


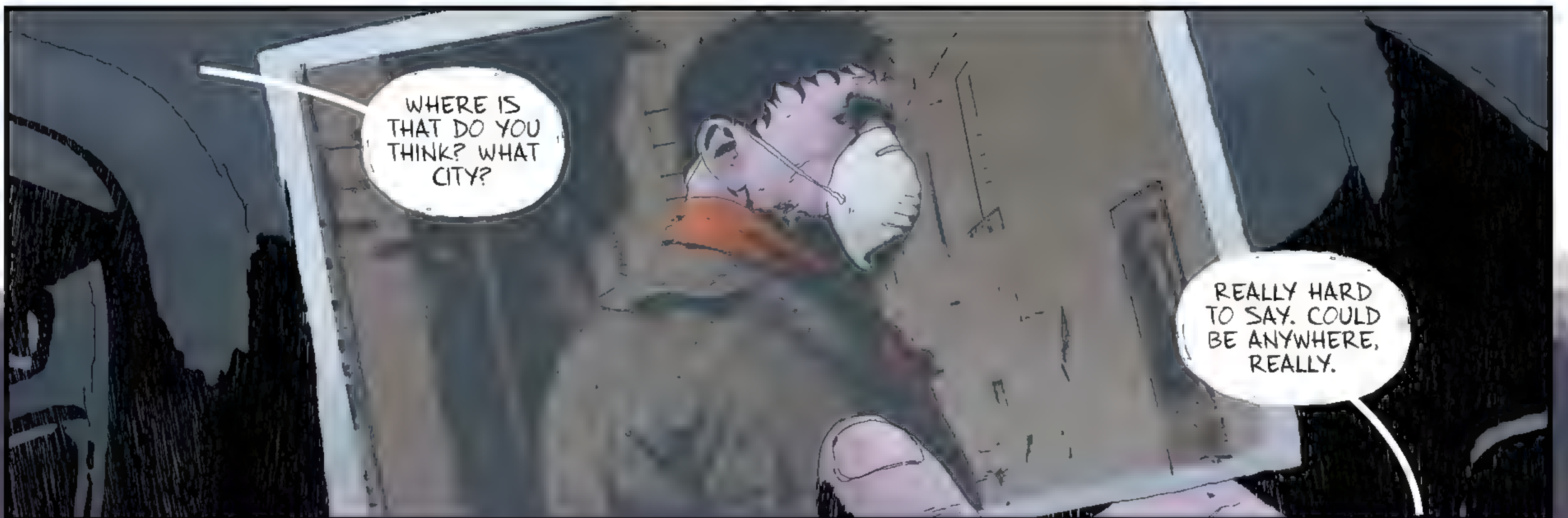
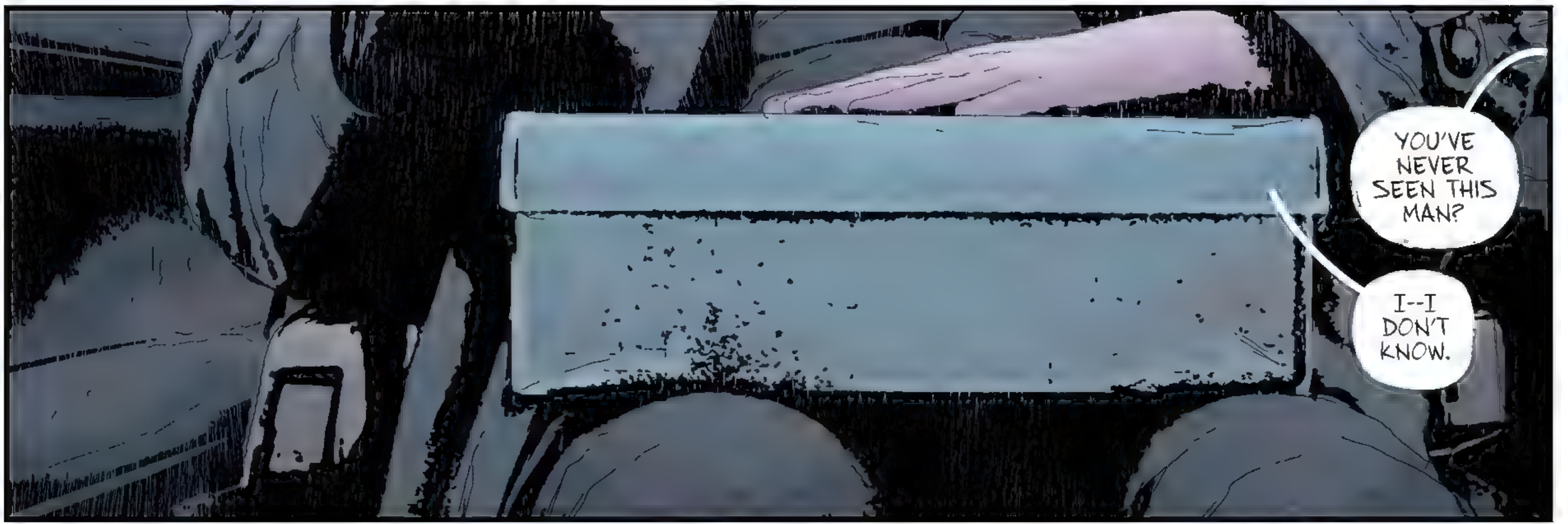
PHOTOS.

WHO IS THAT?



I--I HAVE NO IDEA.







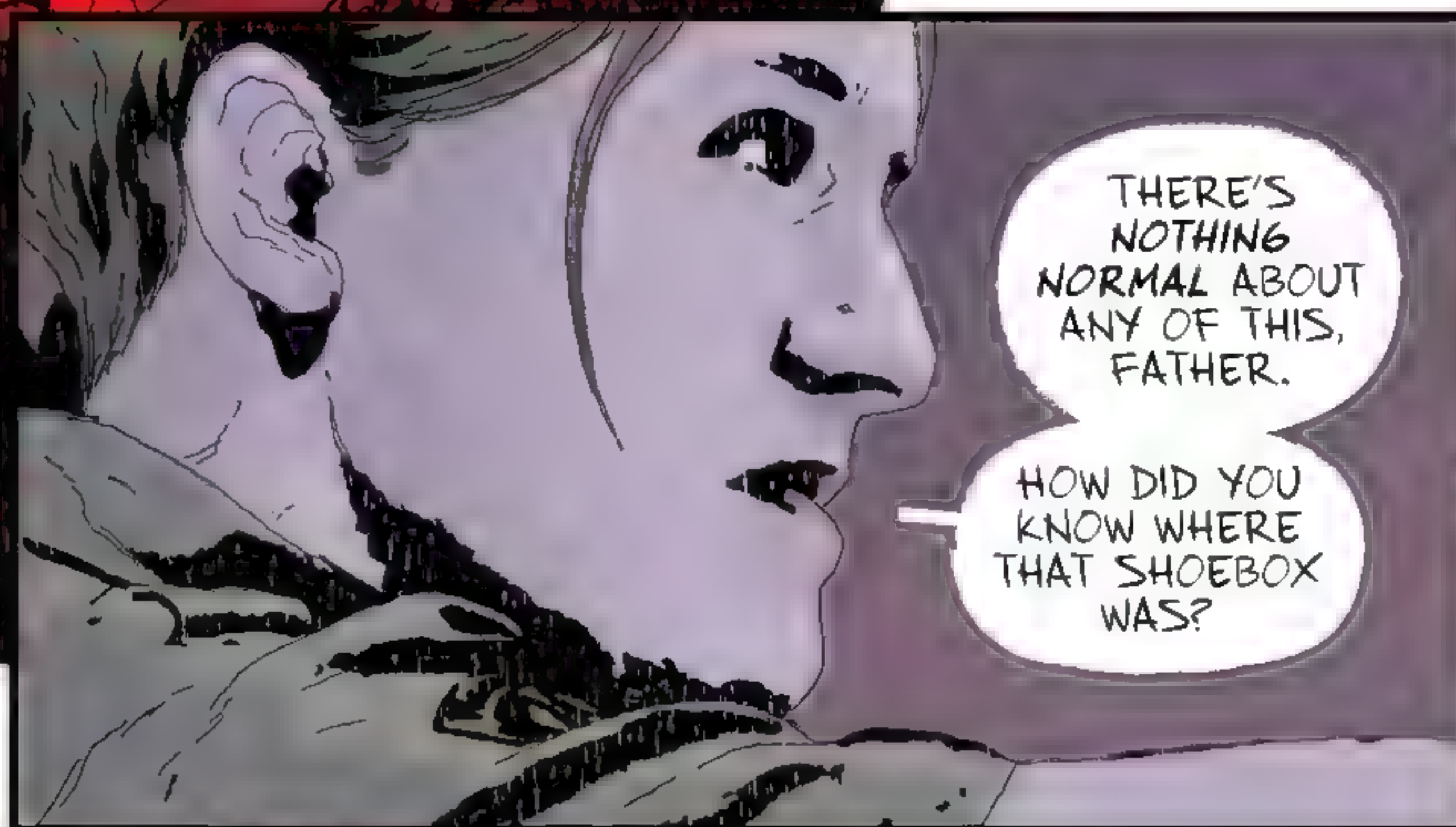
WHY DID YOU ASK ME TO COME WITH YOU TO REDDY'S, CLARA? SURELY YOUR DEPUTIES COULD HAVE HELPED YOU?

YES. BUT MY DEPUTIES HAVEN'T BEEN THROUGH WHAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, HAVE THEY, FATHER?



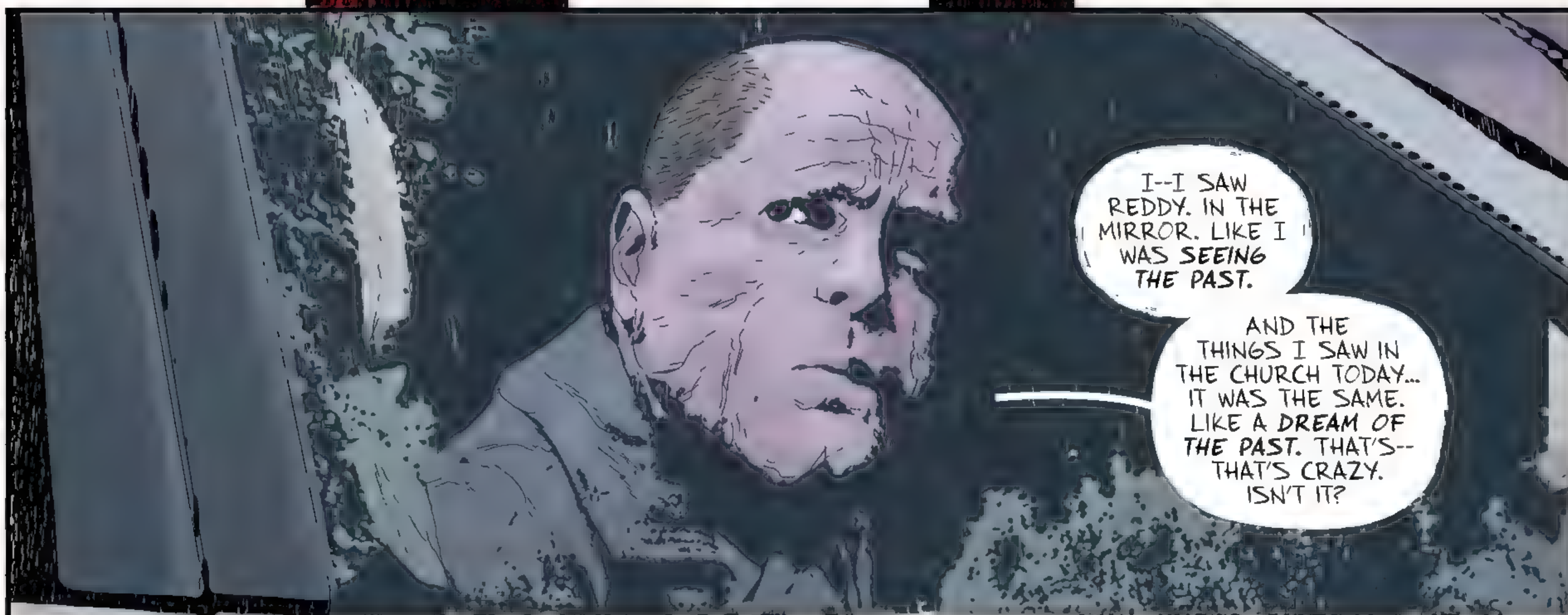
NO. NO, THEY HAVEN'T.

I GUESS THIS ISN'T NORMAL POLICE BUSINESS ANYMORE, EH?



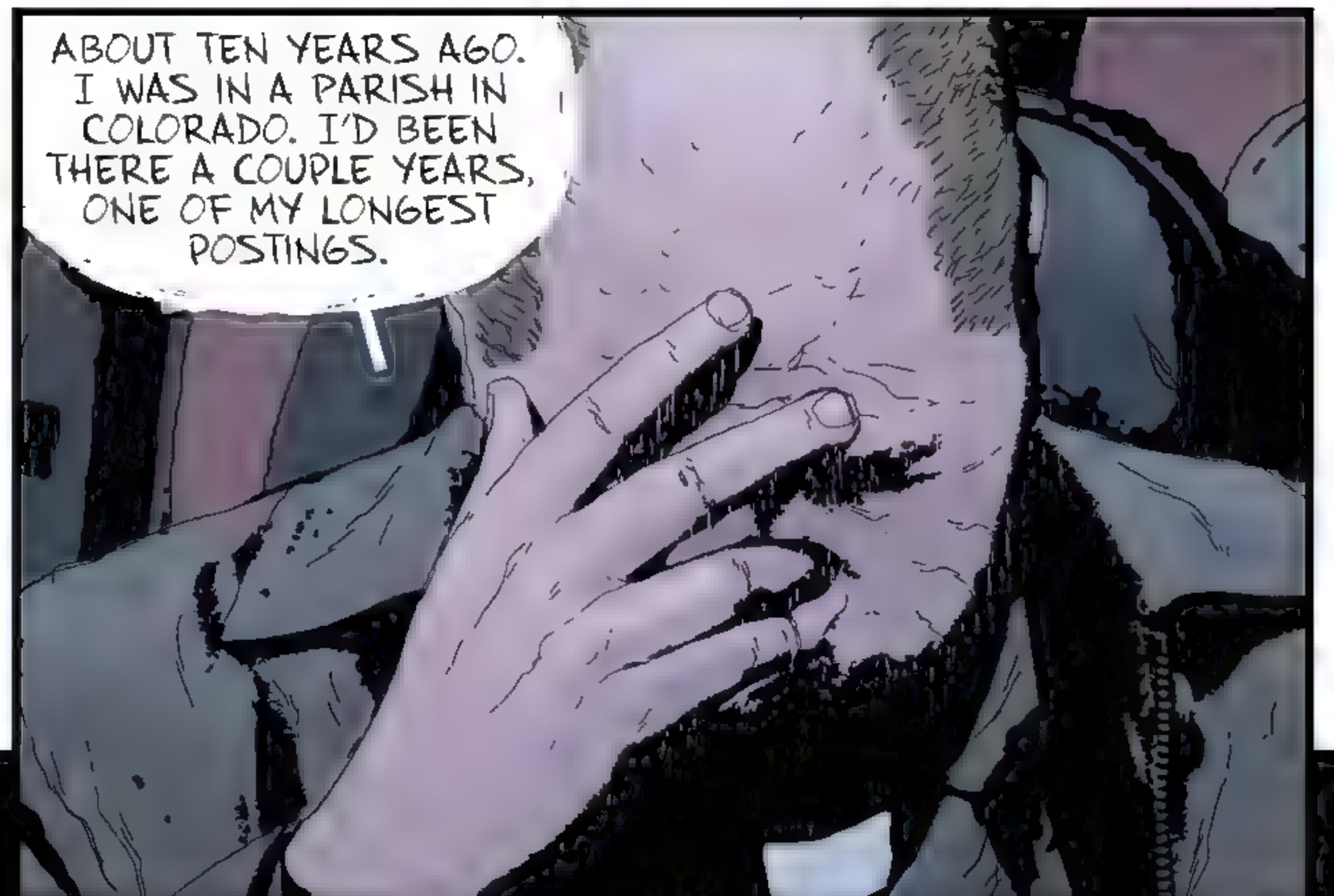
THERE'S NOTHING NORMAL ABOUT ANY OF THIS, FATHER.

HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE THAT SHOEBOX WAS?



I--I SAW REDDY. IN THE MIRROR. LIKE I WAS SEEING THE PAST.

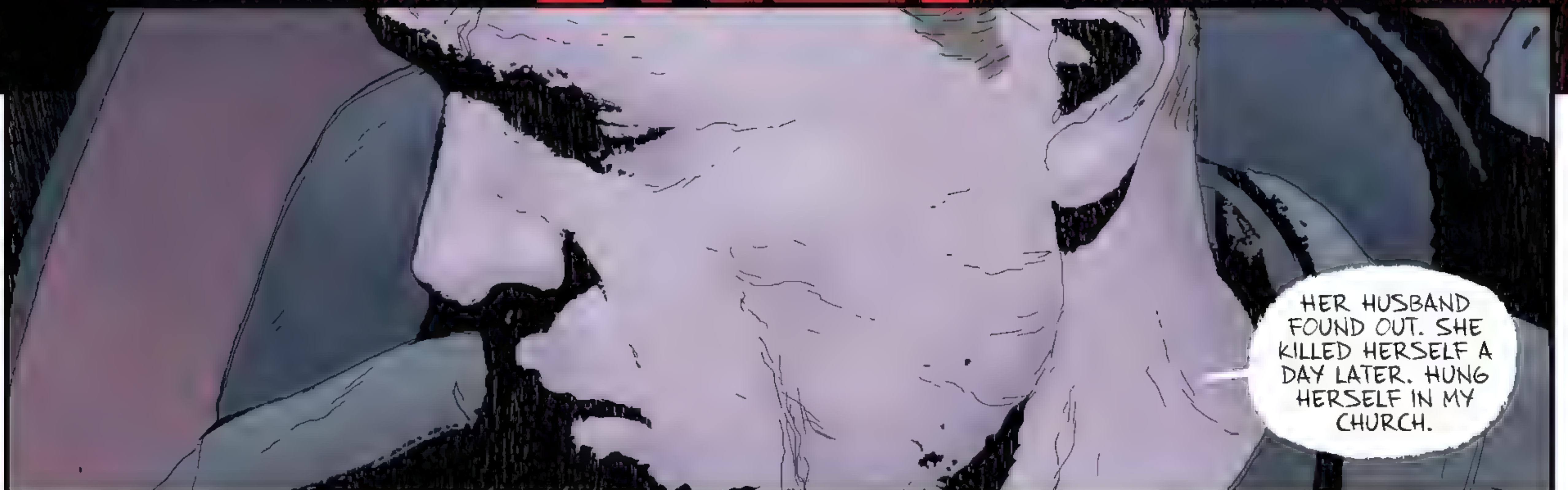
AND THE THINGS I SAW IN THE CHURCH TODAY... IT WAS THE SAME. LIKE A DREAM OF THE PAST. THAT'S-- THAT'S CRAZY. ISN'T IT?



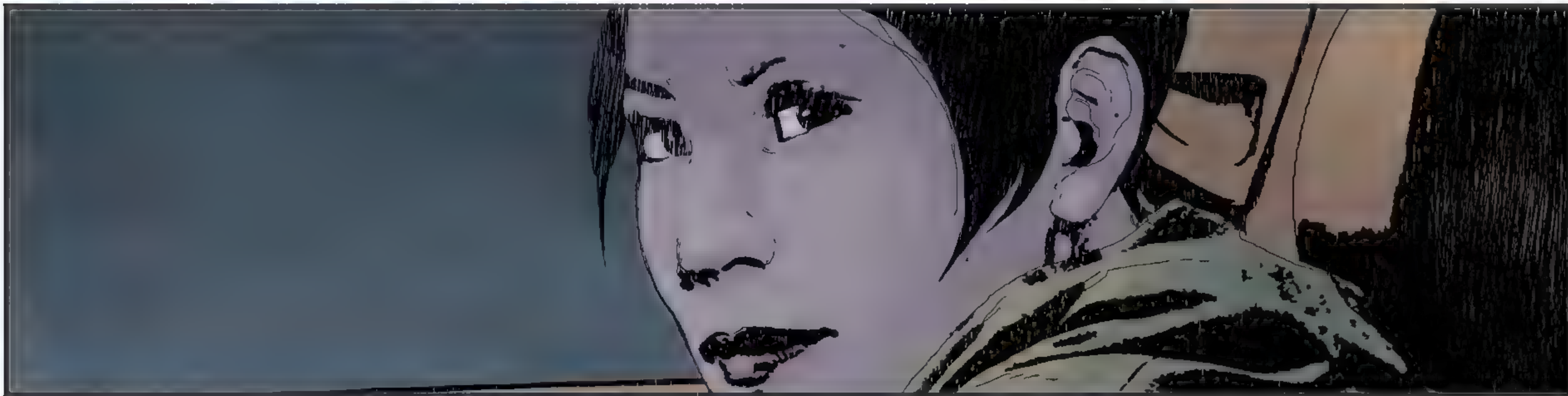
"I--I DEVELOPED FEELINGS FOR ONE OF MY PARISHIONERS. A WOMAN. A--A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. REBECCA."

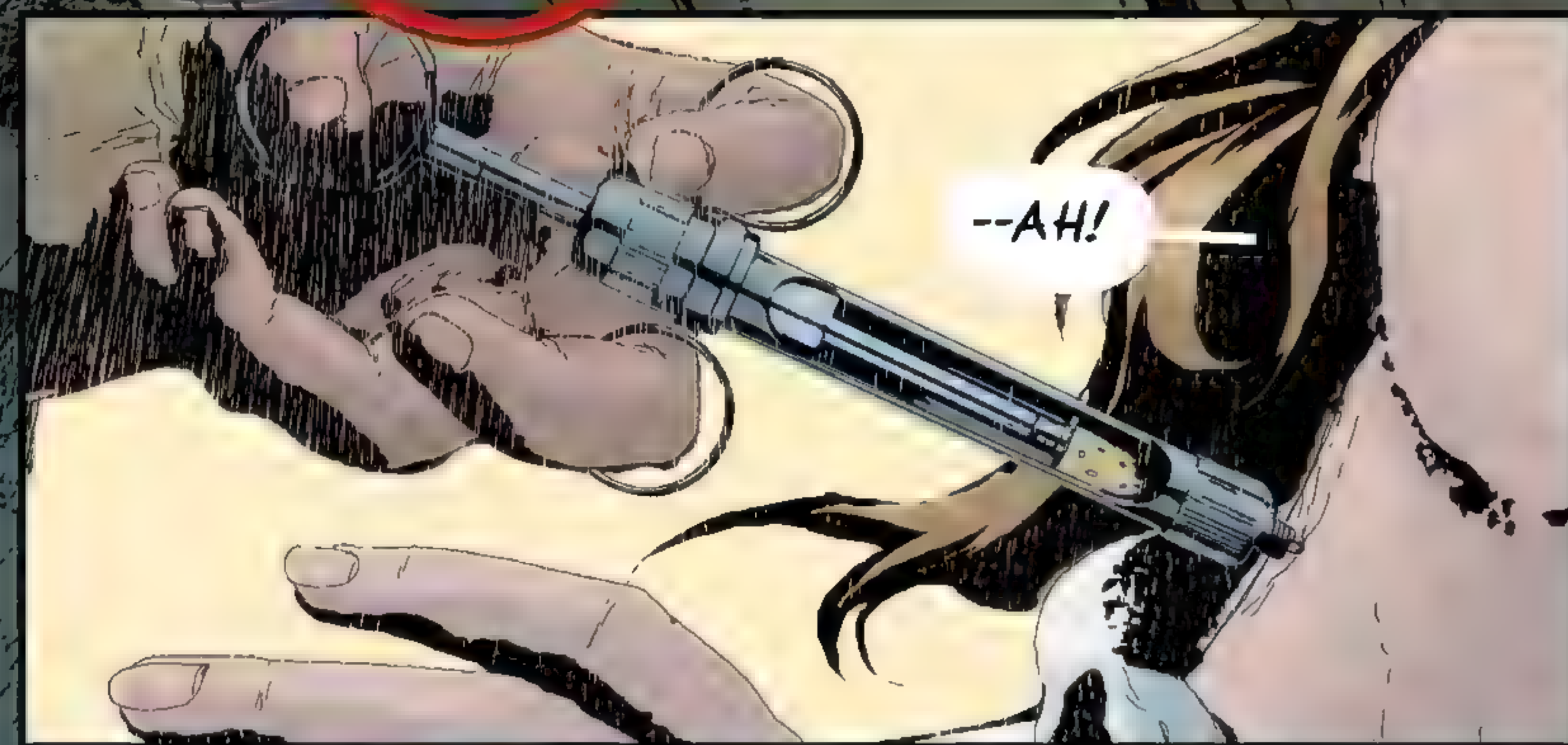
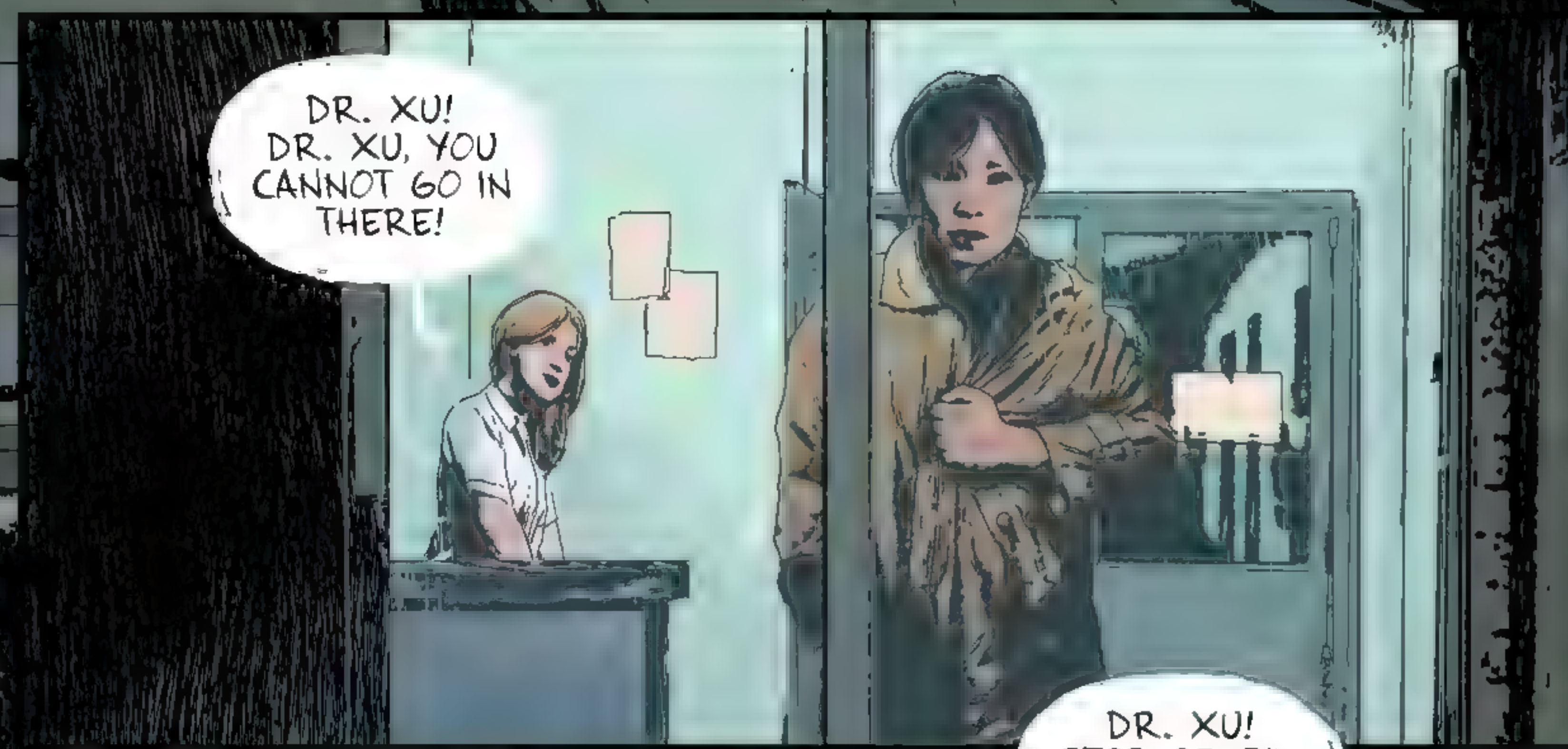


"I LOST MYSELF...I ACTED INAPPROPRIATELY. I STARTED A RELATIONSHIP WITH HER."



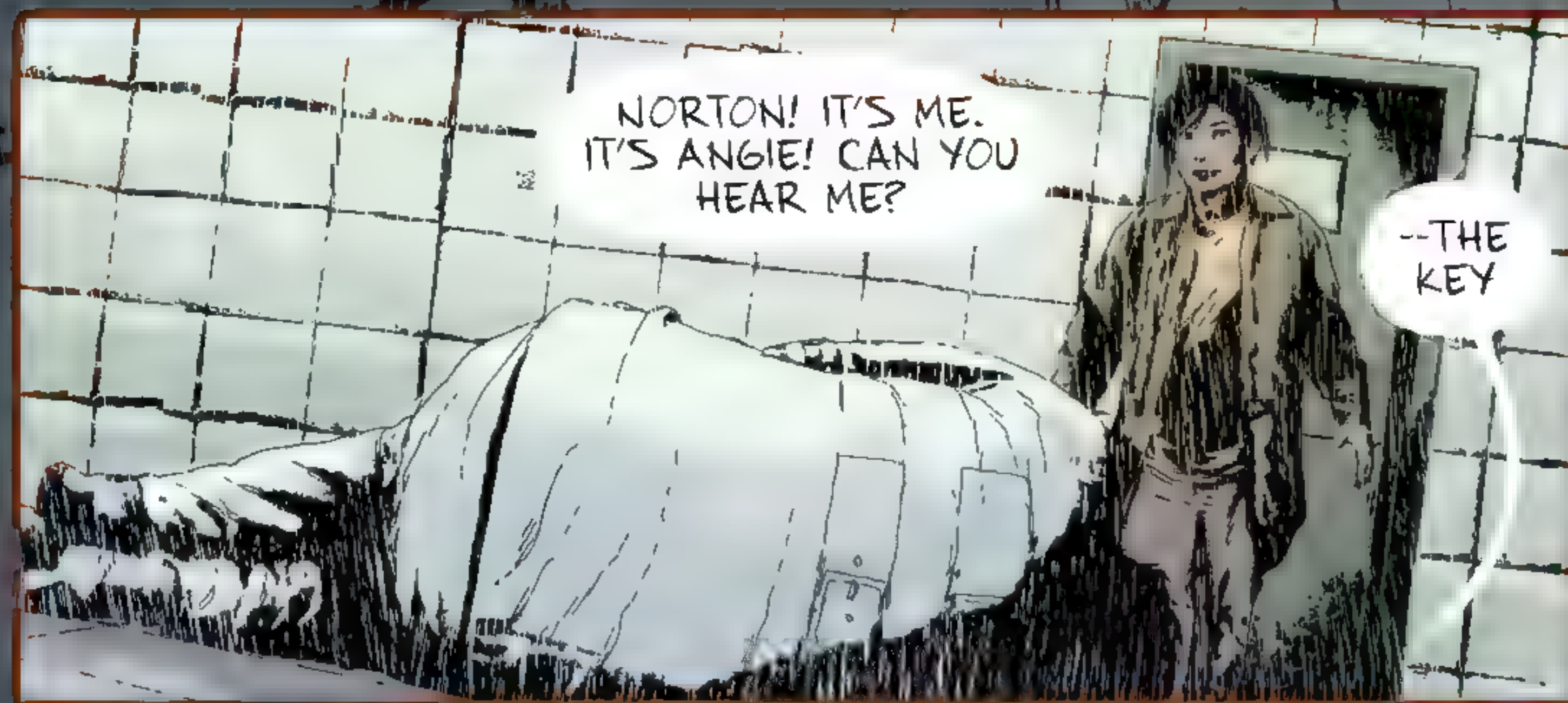








NORTON!



NORTON! IT'S ME.
IT'S ANGIE! CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

--THE
KEY

WHAT?
WHAT DID
YOU SAY,
NORTON?



THE KEY--
I FOUND
THE KEY.



IT'S OKAY,
NORTON. I'M
HERE. I'M GOING
TO GET YOU
OUT OF THIS
PLACE.

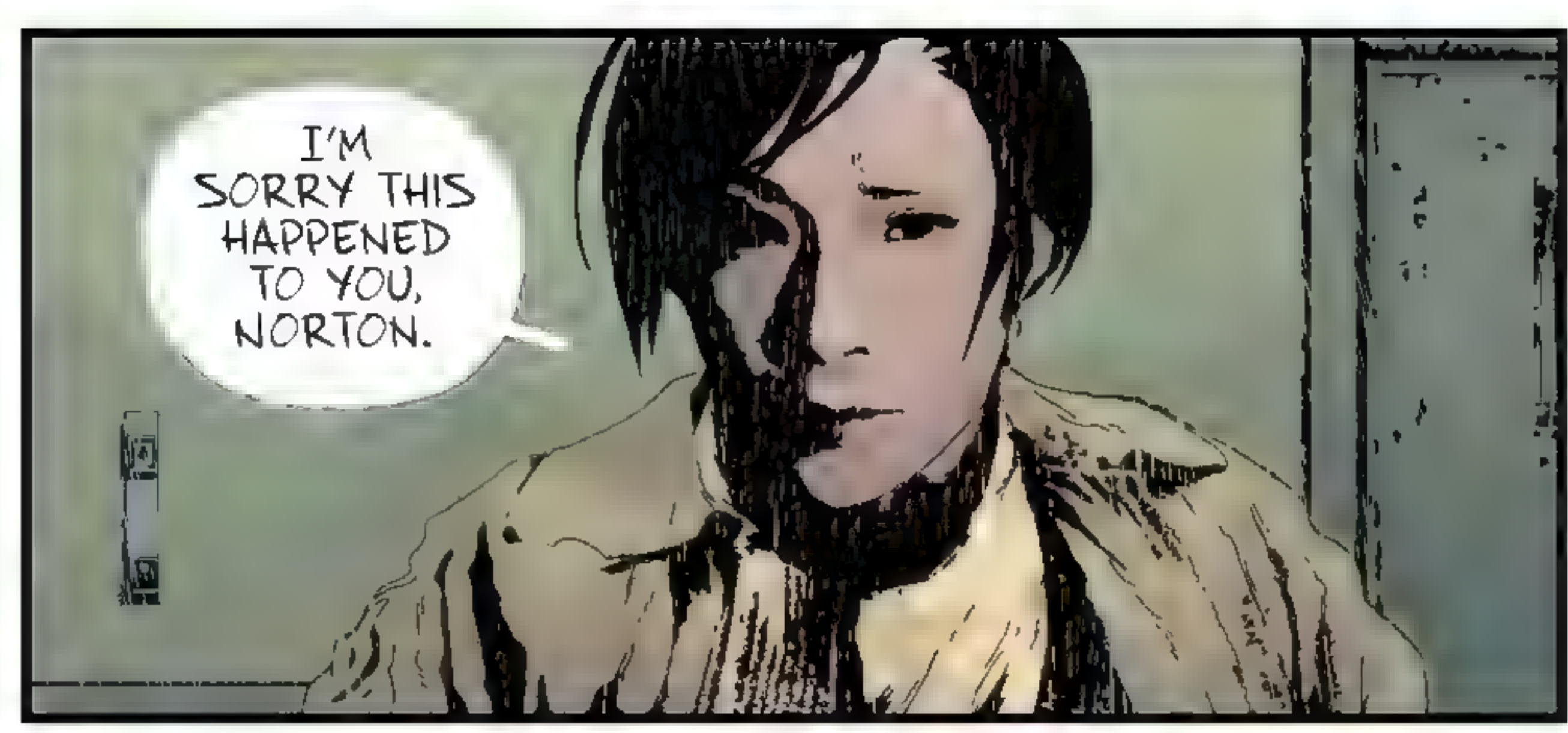
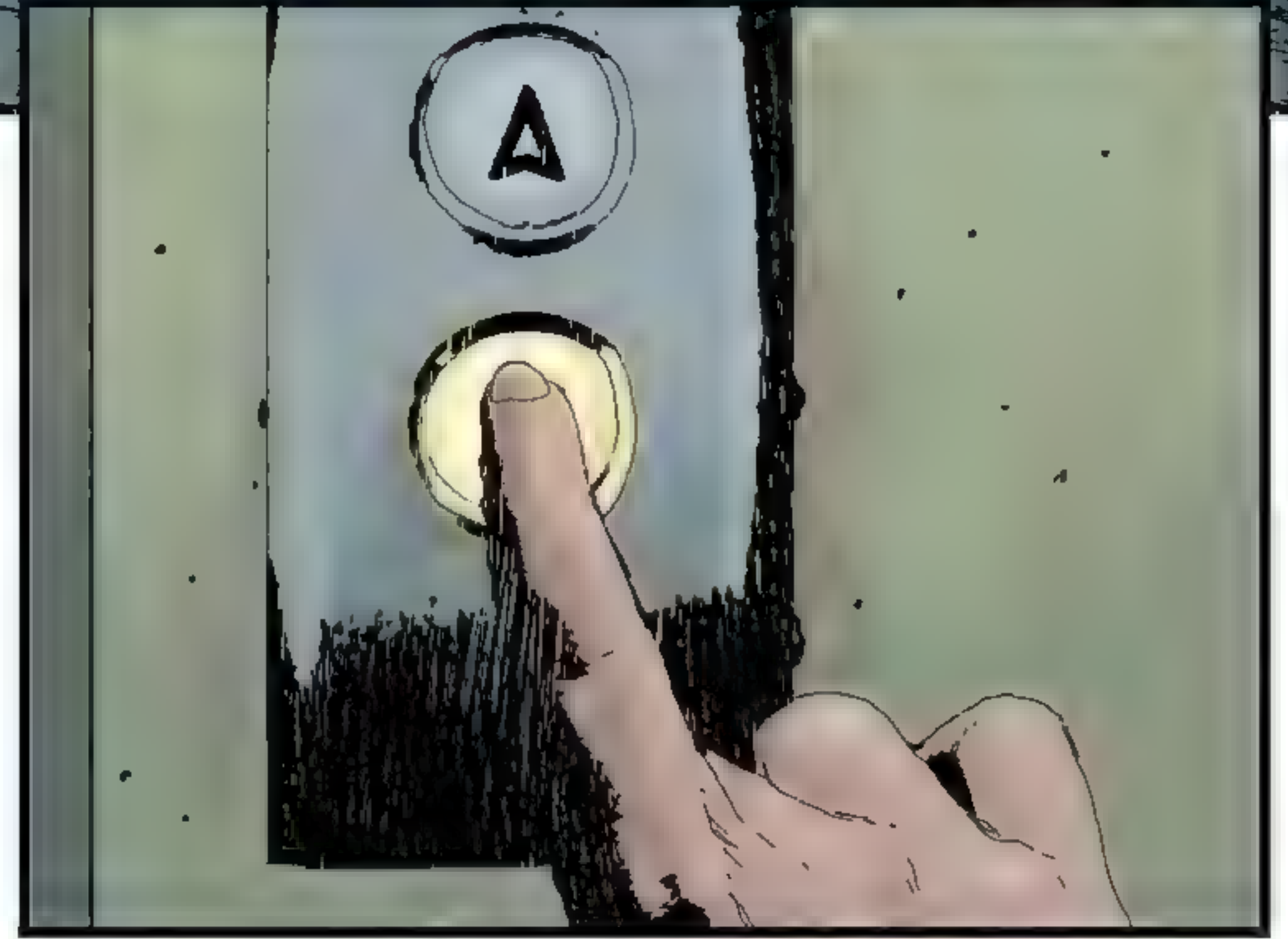


THE KEY,
ANGIE. I KNOW
WHERE THE
KEY IS.

OKAY,
NORTON...



BUT UNLESS
I CAN GET US
OUT OF HERE, IT
WON'T MATTER
MUCH.

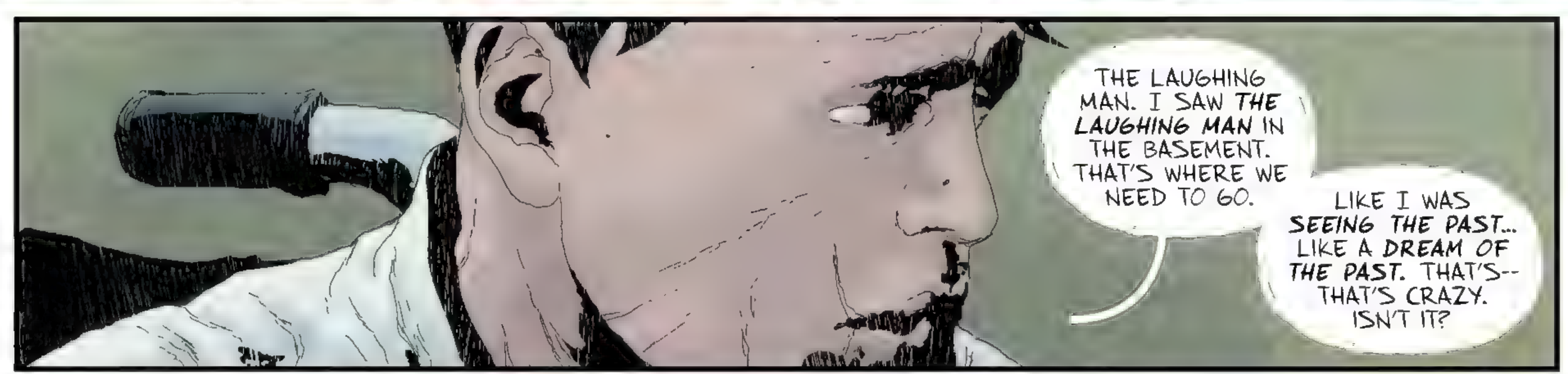


I'M
SORRY THIS
HAPPENED
TO YOU,
NORTON.



HAD
TO HAPPEN.
HAD TO SEE
IT AGAIN.

SEE
WHAT?

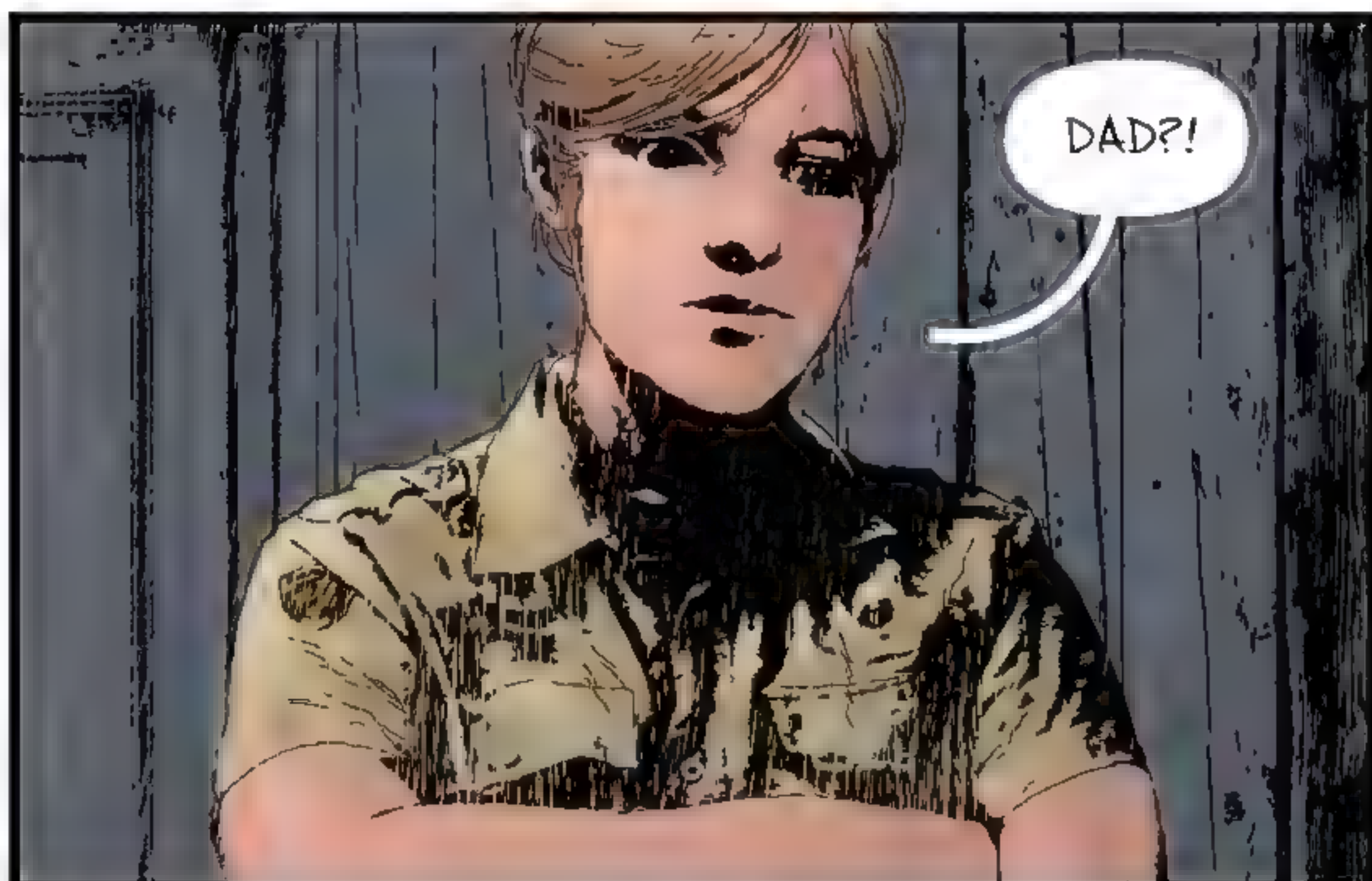


THE LAUGHING
MAN. I SAW THE
LAUGHING MAN IN
THE BASEMENT.
THAT'S WHERE WE
NEED TO GO.

LIKE I WAS
SEEING THE PAST...
LIKE A DREAM OF
THE PAST. THAT'S--
THAT'S CRAZY.
ISN'T IT?

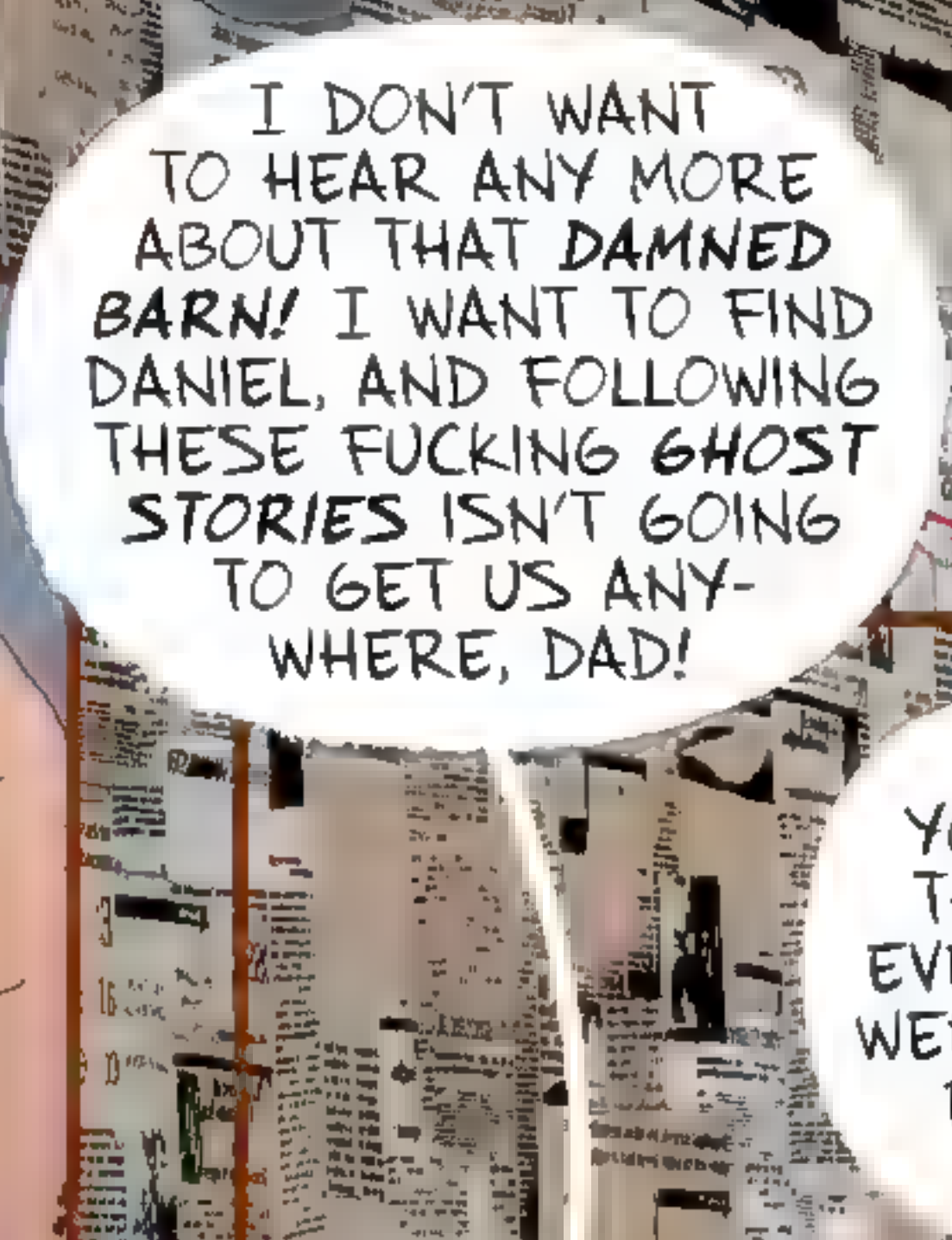


I DON'T
EVEN KNOW
WHAT CRAZY IS
ANYMORE,
NORTON.





THIS IS ABOUT THE BARN. ALL OF THIS. UNTIL WE FIGURE OUT HOW REDDY WAS CONNECTED TO THE BLACK BARN, WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING.



I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT THAT DAMNED BARN! I WANT TO FIND DANIEL, AND FOLLOWING THESE FUCKING GHOST STORIES ISN'T GOING TO GET US ANYWHERE, DAD!

HOW CAN YOU STILL SAY THAT?! AFTER EVERYTHING YOU WENT THROUGH! EVERYTHING YOU SAW!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WENT THROUGH... WHAT I SAW.



YES, YOU DO! YOU JUST CAN'T DEAL WITH IT!

TELL HER, FATHER! TELL HER I'M RIGHT. YOU BOTH KNOW I AM!



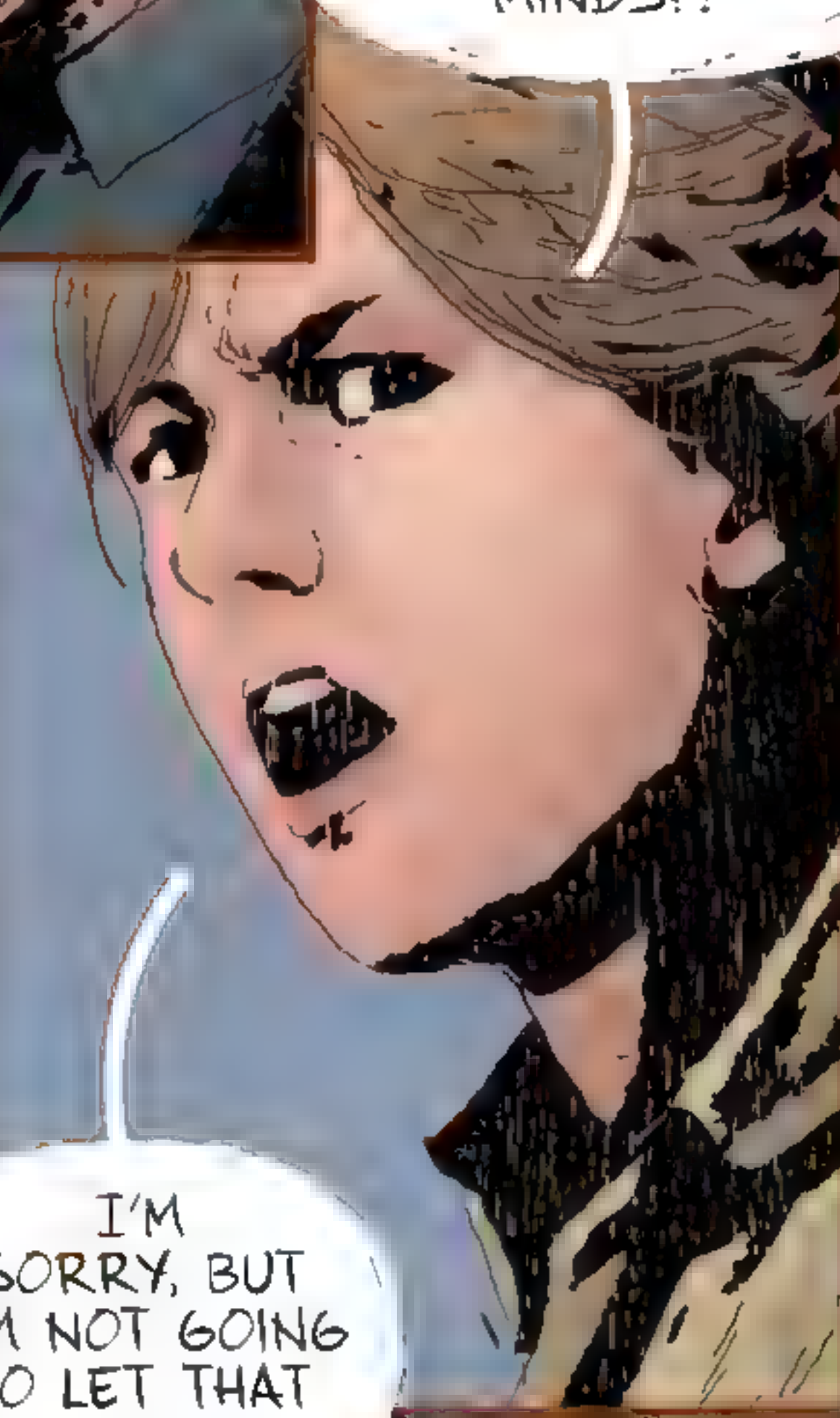
I THINK YOUR FATHER IS RIGHT, CLARA. I CAN'T MAKE SENSE OF ANY OF THIS EITHER, BUT WE ARE WELL PAST THE POINT OF SKEPTICISM HERE.



I KNOW...IT'S JUST--ALL OF THIS STUFF...I FEEL HELPLESS, LIKE I HAVE NO CONTROL OF ANYTHING, AND THE GROUND IS JUST GETTING MORE AND MORE SLIPPERY.



MAYBE THAT'S OKAY. MAYBE WE NEED TO LET GO OF CONTROL AND JUST SEE WHERE ALL THIS LEADS.



WHAT, SO WE JUST SIT AROUND AND WAIT?! FOR WHAT? FOR ANOTHER MURDER SPREE TO START? FOR MORE PEOPLE TO LOSE THEIR FUCKING MINDS?!

I'M SORRY, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN!



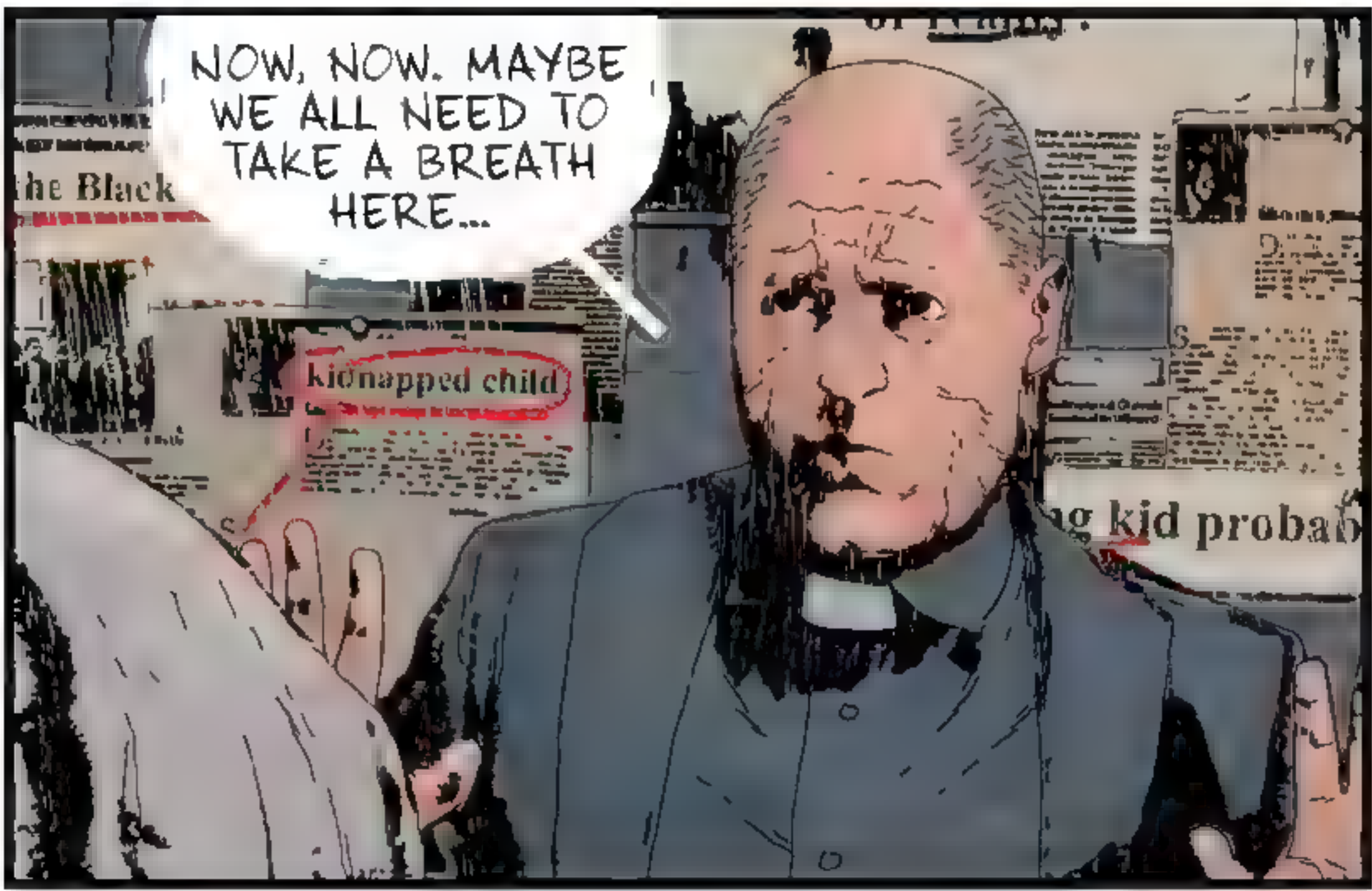
SEE, THAT WAS ALWAYS YOUR PROBLEM, CLARA! YOU NEED TO CONTROL EVERYTHING! JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER!

ALL OF THIS IS BEYOND YOU, BEYOND ALL OF US. YOU CAN'T CONTROL IT!

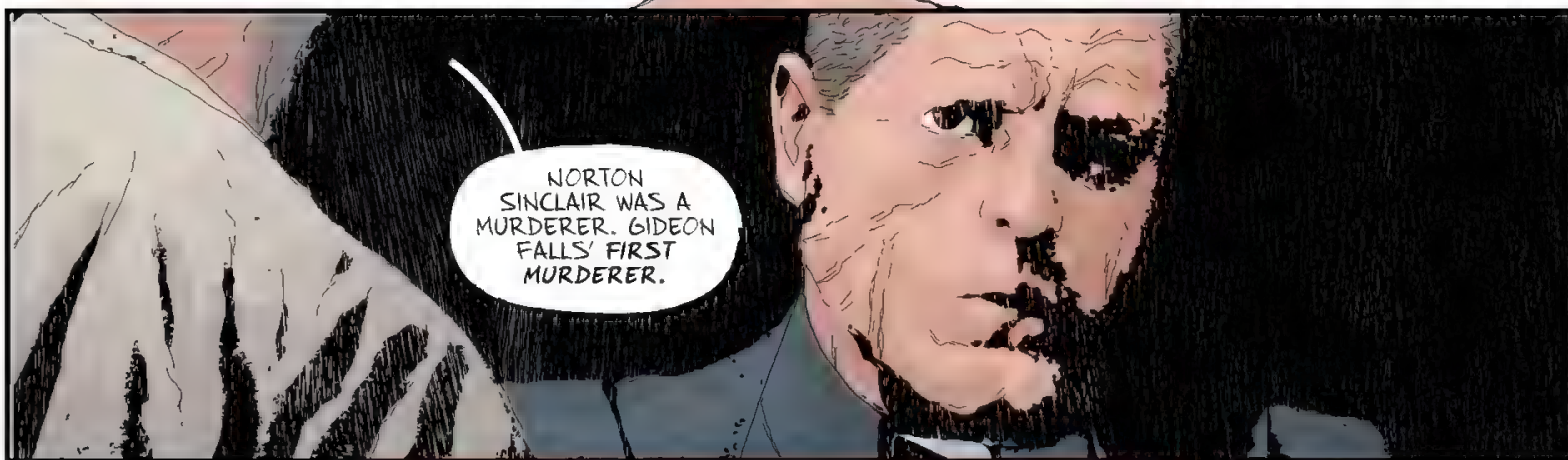


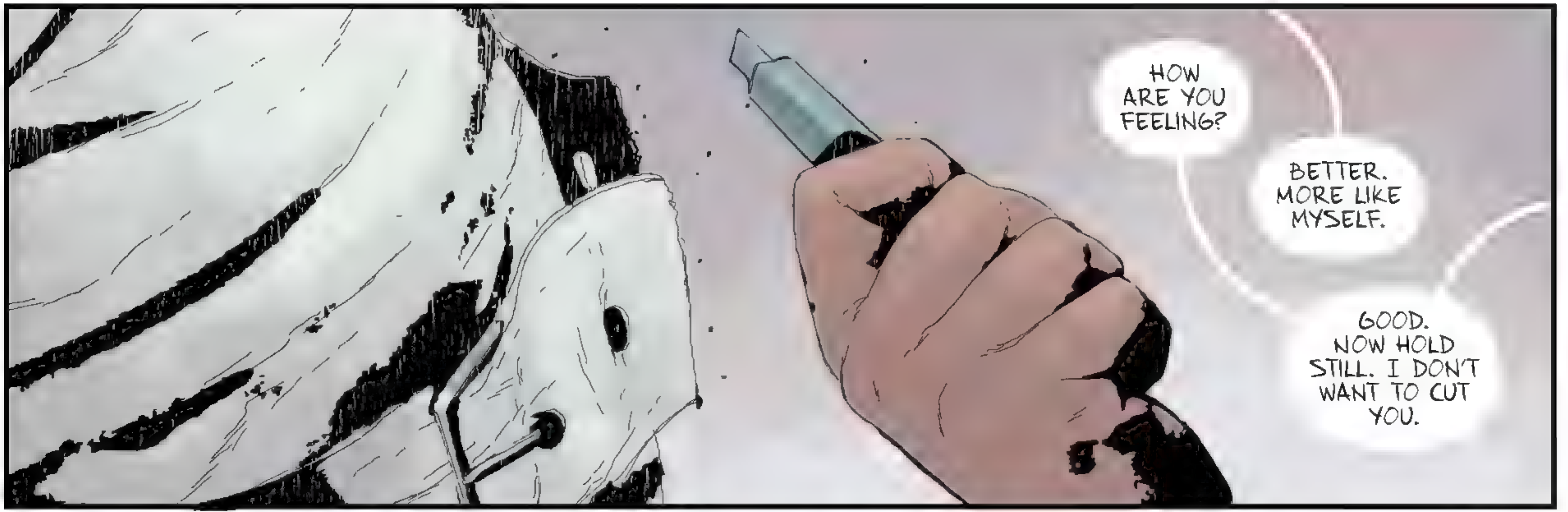
OH, HERE WE GO! I WONDERED HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE YOU TO ATTACK MOM. YOUR GO-TO MOVE!

I KNEW IT WAS A MISTAKE TO TRY AND INVOLVE YOU IN THIS!









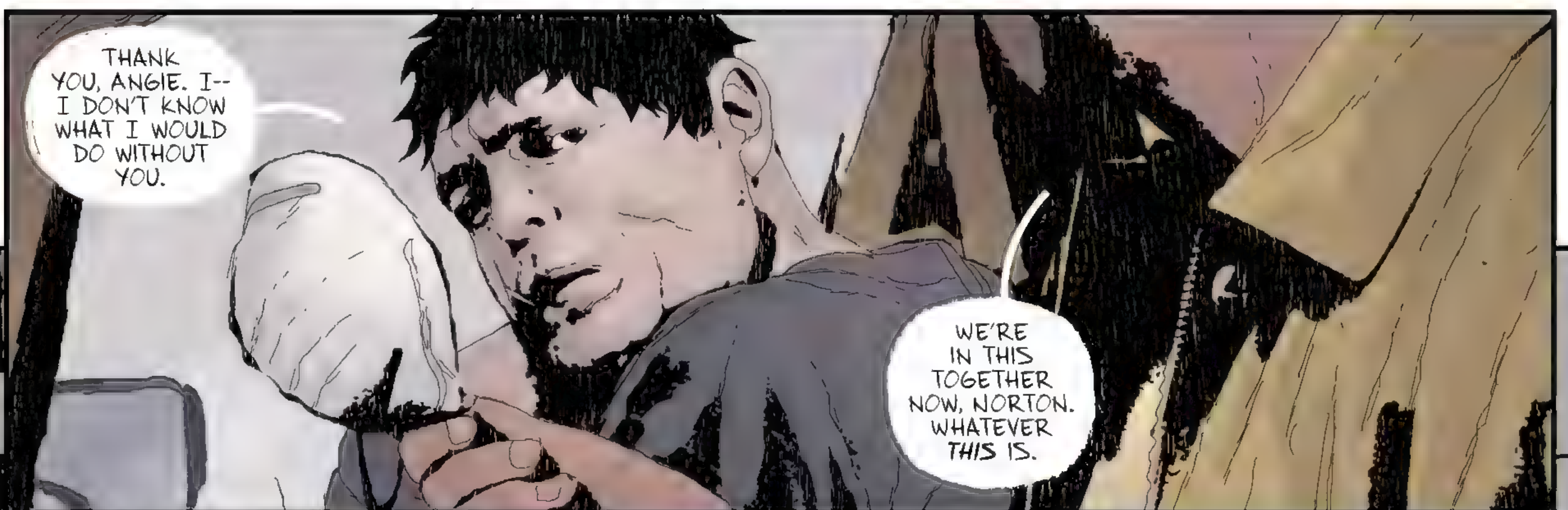
HOW
ARE YOU
FEELING?

BETTER.
MORE LIKE
MYSELF.

GOOD.
NOW HOLD
STILL. I DON'T
WANT TO CUT
YOU.

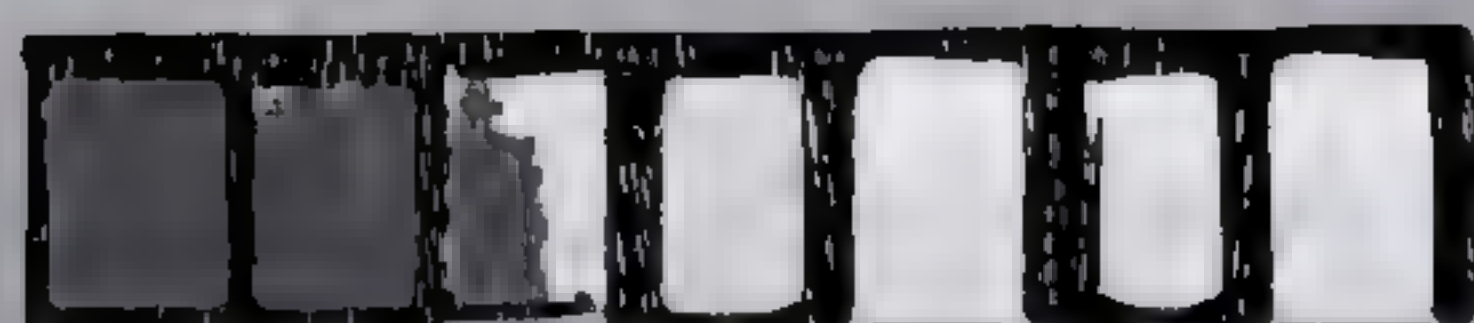


THERE.



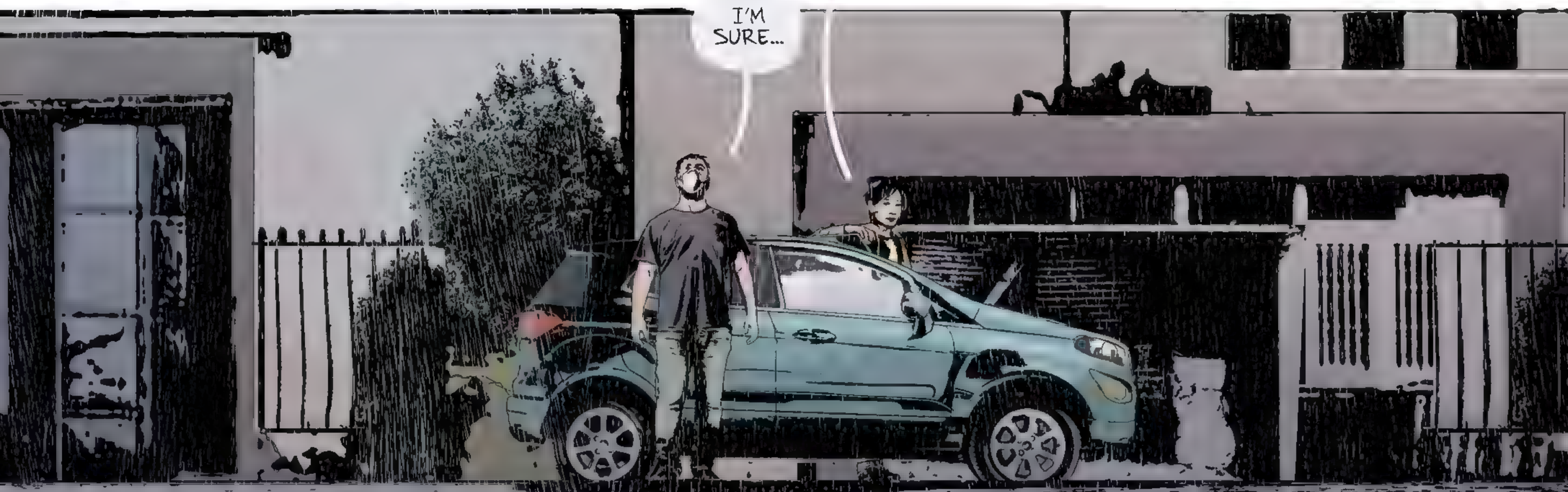
THANK
YOU, ANGIE. I--
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I WOULD
DO WITHOUT
YOU.

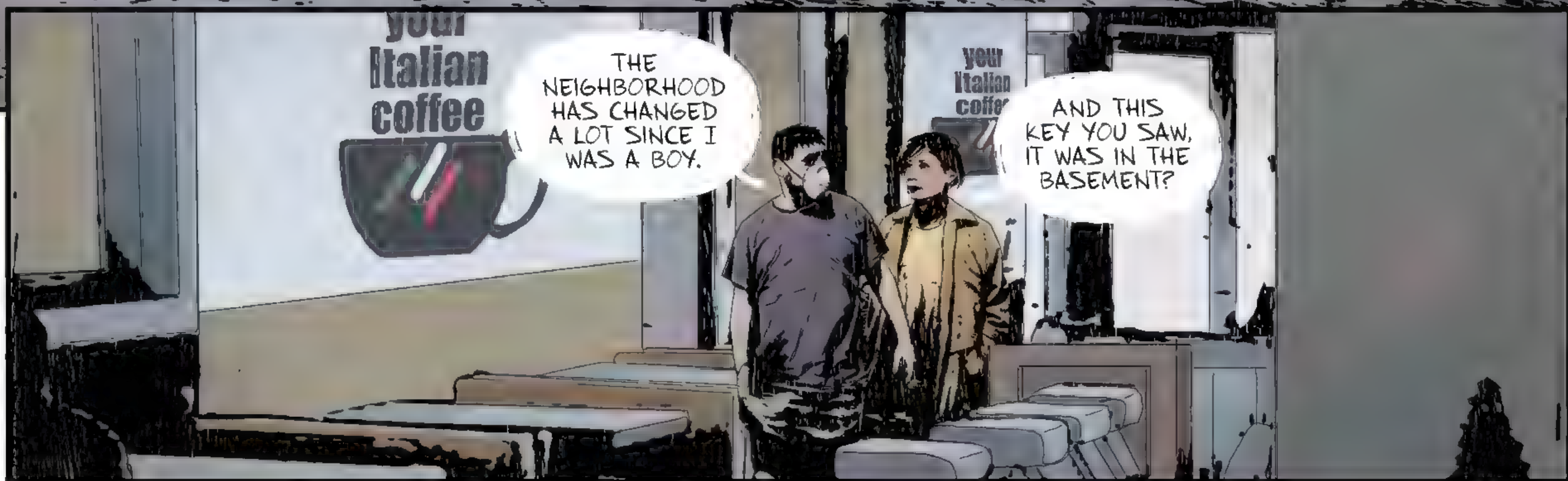
WE'RE
IN THIS
TOGETHER
NOW, NORTON.
WHATEVER
THIS IS.



YOU SURE
THIS IS THE
ADDRESS? WHERE
THE ORPHANAGE
WAS?

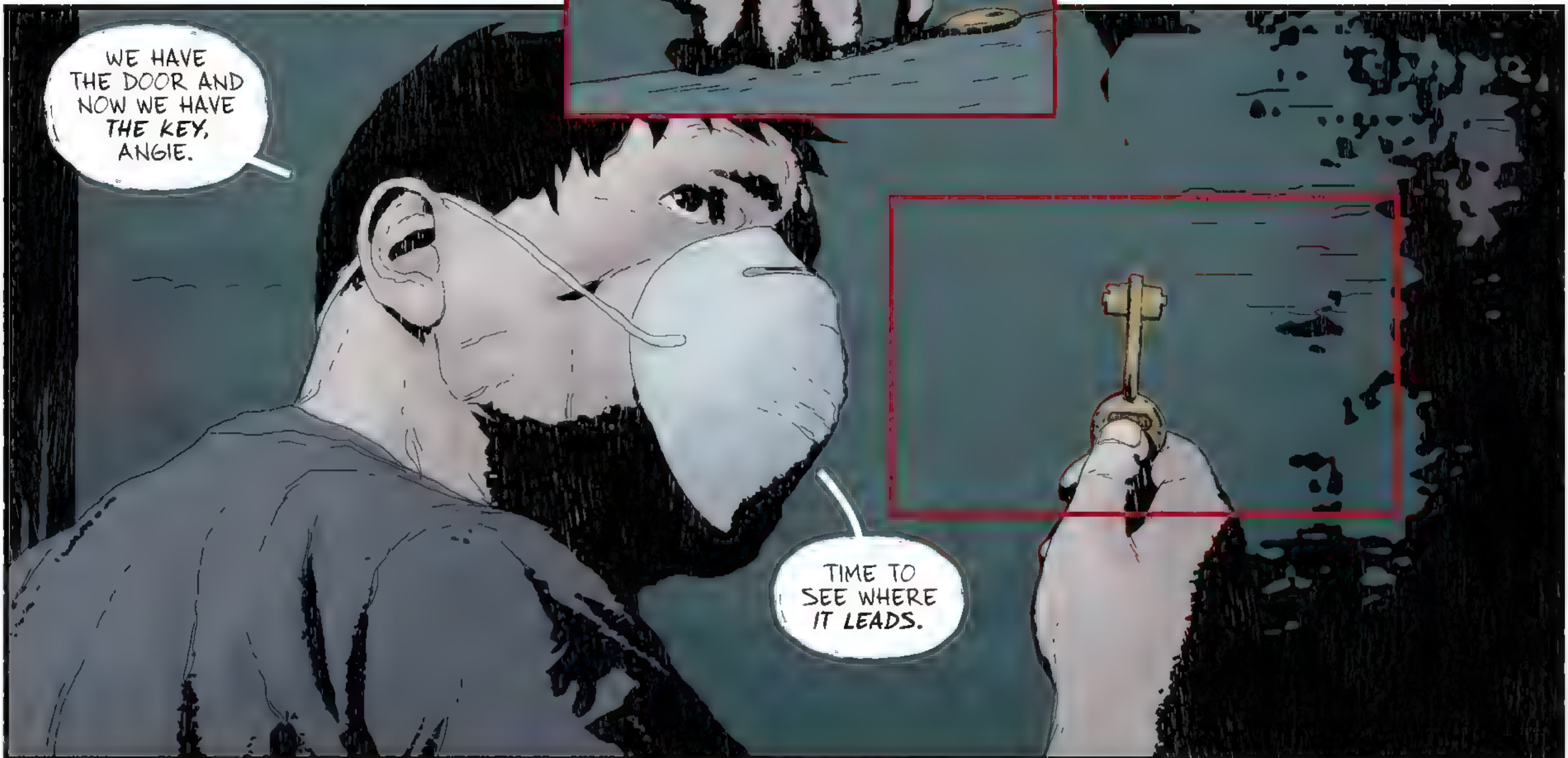
I'M
SURE...





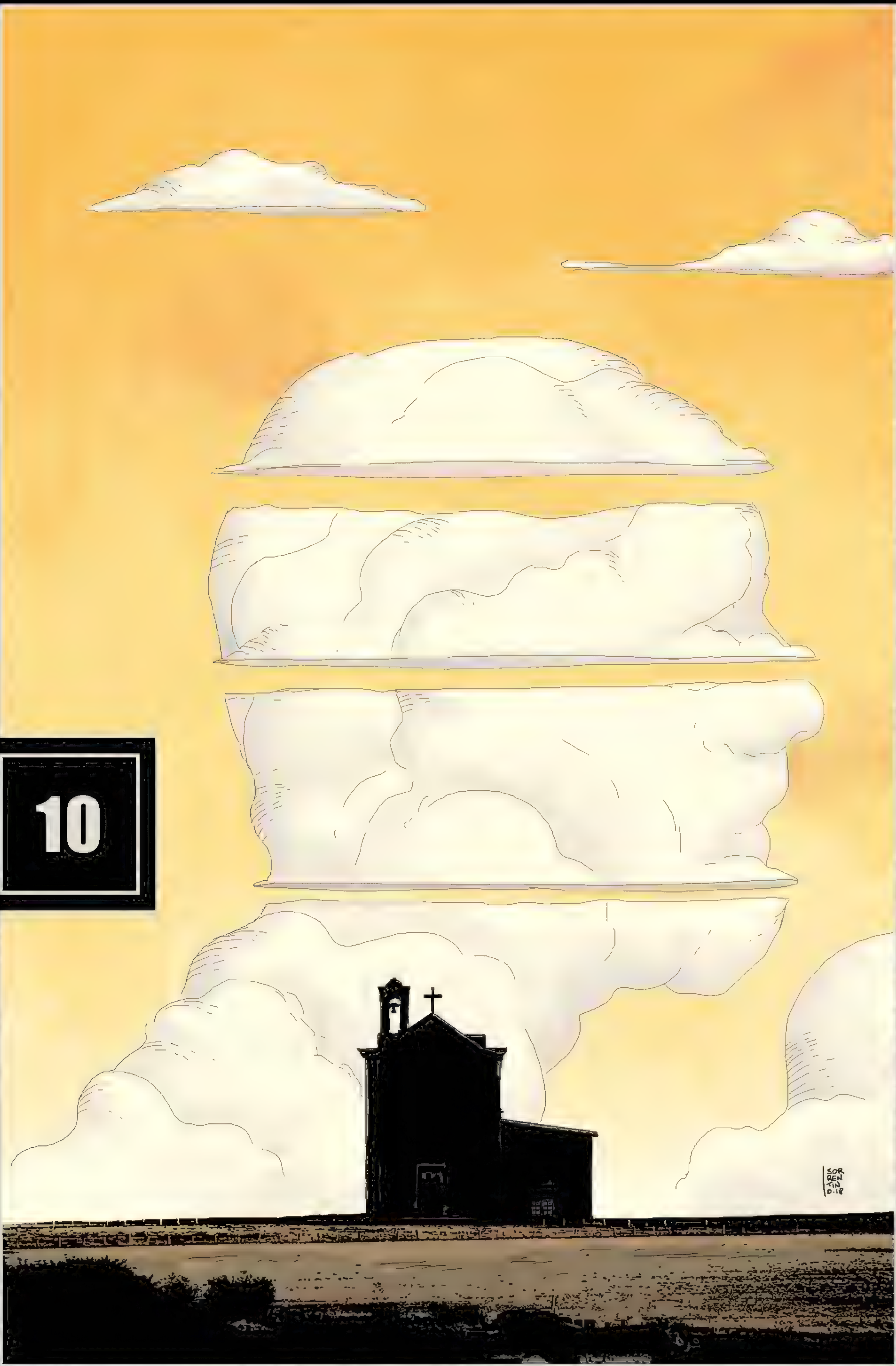







10

SOR
REN
YIN
D-18






"THE FALL OF
EIGHTEEN EIGHTY-SIX
WAS ONE OF THE
DARKEST IN GIDEON
FALLS' HISTORY.

"OR MAYBE IT WAS JUST
THE START OF THE
DARKNESS. A DARKNESS
THAT'S NEVER LEFT US.


"THE KILLINGS
STARTED THAT
FALL.



"ONE AFTER ANOTHER.
THEY CAME QUICKLY.



"BY CHRISTMAS,
TWELVE MEN AND
WOMAN HAD BEEN
BUTCHERED, THEIR
BODIES LEFT LIKE
TROPHIES.



"THERE WAS A WITNESS TO
THE ELEVENTH MURDER, BUT
THE ONLY DESCRIPTION THAT
MAN GAVE OF THE KILLER
WAS OF A 'SMILING MAN.'

"TWO DAYS LATER, THIS WITNESS HUNG HIMSELF. BUT IT DIDN'T END THERE."



"ONE WEEK LATER, ANOTHER MAN WAS TAKEN. THIS TIME THE WITNESS WAS FAR MORE SPECIFIC...THIS TIME SHE SAW WHO IT WAS."

ABEL LACROIX IS MISSING, FATHER! HIS WIFE SAID HE WAS TAKEN RIGHT FROM THEIR BEDROOM!

AND I TOLD YOU MEN, WE ARE DOING EVERYTHING WE CAN TO FIND HIM. AN ANGRY MOB IS JUST LIABLE TO GET MORE INNOCENTS HURT.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, SHERIFF. THIS TIME THERE WAS A WITNESS. WE FINALLY KNOW WHO THE KILLER IS!

IT'S NORTON! THE KILLER IS NORTON SINCLAIR!

"THERE IS NOT A LOT KNOWN ABOUT NORTON SINCLAIR. HE WAS FROM OUT OF TOWN. HE CAME TO GIDEON FALLS ONLY TWO YEARS EARLIER WHEN HE INHERITED A HUGE PARCEL OF LAND FROM A DISTANT UNCLE."

"BY ALL REPORTS, HE WAS RECLUSIVE AND ECCENTRIC."

"HE DID SOME SORT OF WORK OUT IN HIS OLD BARN. NO ONE REALLY KNEW WHAT. BUT HE DID LET THE FARM GO TO WASTE. HE DIDN'T WORK THE LAND OR TEND TO IT AT ALL.



"SO NO ONE WAS SURPRISED WHEN SINCLAIR WAS IDENTIFIED AS THE KILLER."

COME OUT, SINCLAIR!

WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! IT'S OVER!





"NO ONE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. NONE OF THE MEN WHO ENTERED THE BARN—NOT NORTON SINCLAIR, ABEL LACROIX OR ANY OF THE OTHER SIX—WERE EVER SEEN AGAIN."

"AND NEITHER WAS NORTON SINCLAIR'S OLD BLACK BARN."

"FATHER JACOB BURKE STARTED THE FIRST ITERATION OF THE PLOUGHMEN SOON AFTER."

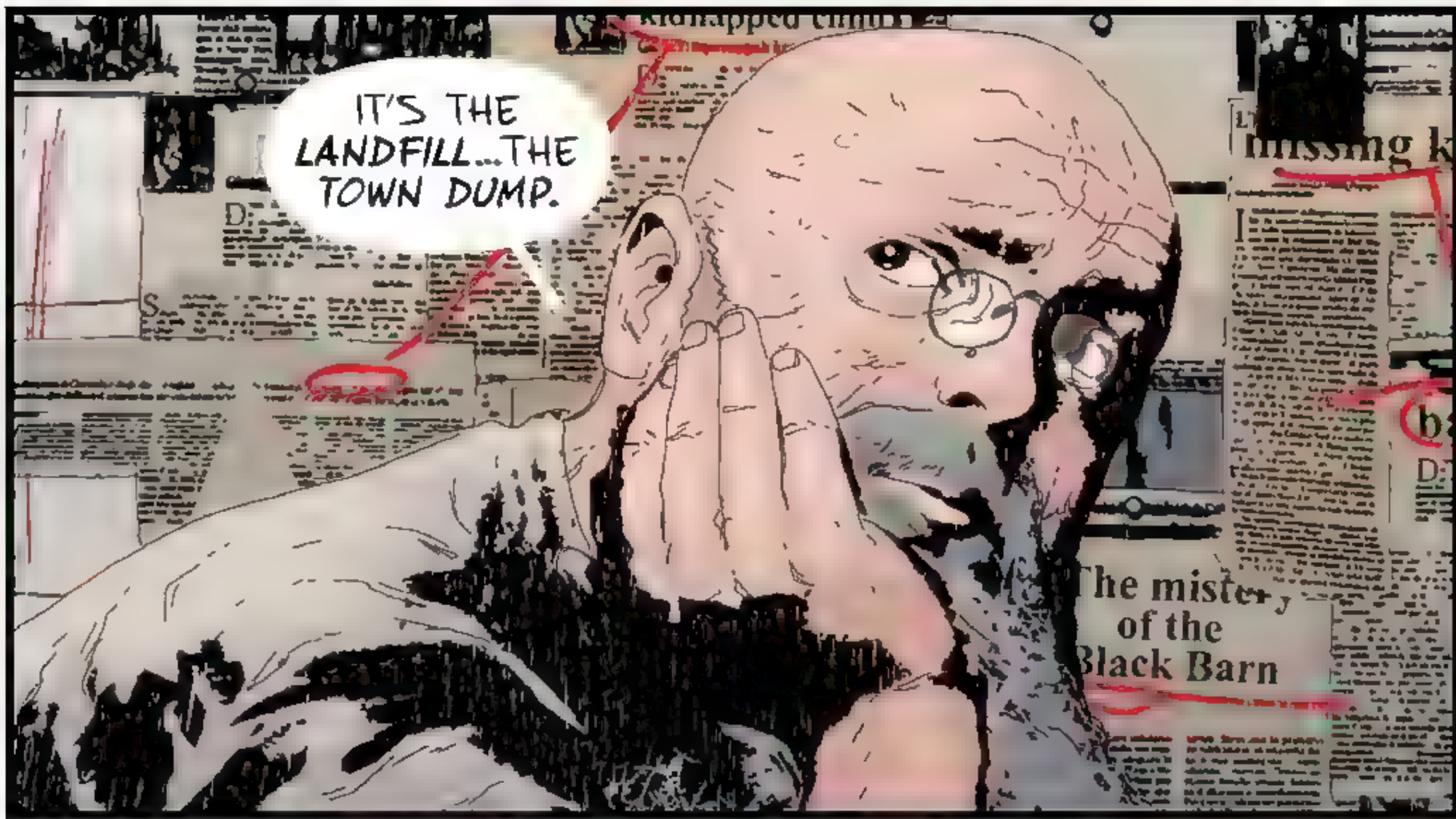
AND
HERE WE ARE
TODAY. AND IT'S
ALL HAPPENING
AGAIN, ISN'T
IT?

THERE'S
OBVIOUSLY MORE
TO THE STORY. BLANKS
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO
FILL IN FOR YEARS. I'VE
COLLECTED EVERYTHING I
CAN FIND ABOUT GIDEON
FALLS FROM THAT
YEAR, BUT--

SINCLAIR'S
FARM...IS
IT STILL
AROUND?

THAT, FATHER
FRED, IS AN EXCELLENT
QUESTION. AND ONE OF THE
FIRST THINGS I ASKED
MYSELF WHEN I LEARNED
ALL OF THIS.

ONE MINUTE.
I HAVE A COPY
OF THE OLD LAND
SURVEYS HERE
SOMEWHERE...





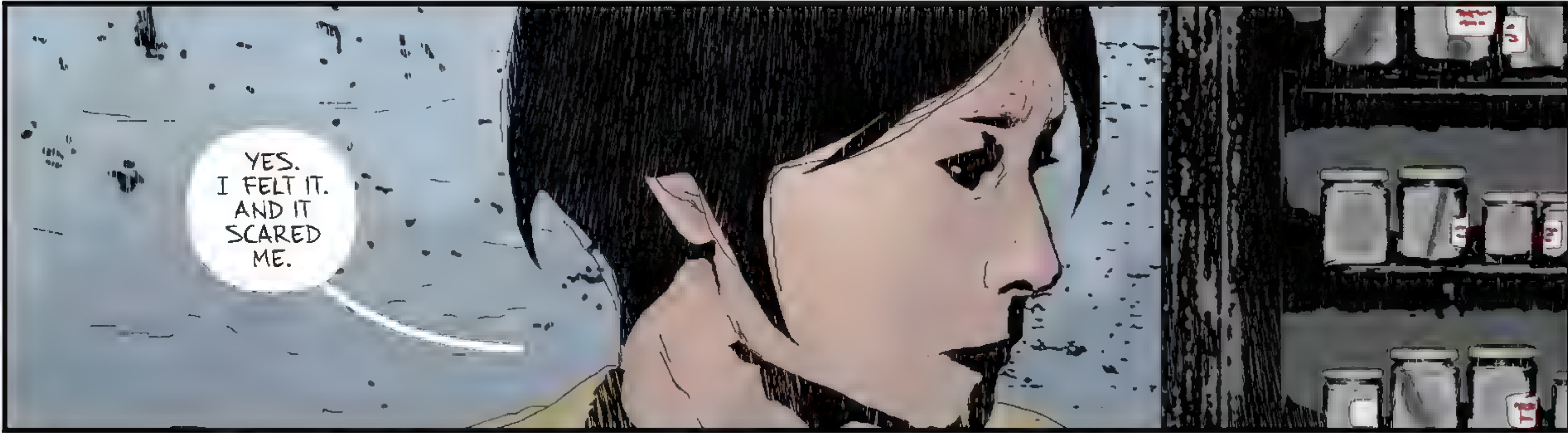
WE CAN'T STAY
HERE, NORTON.
DR. KADRI AND THE
HOSPITAL WILL LOOK
HERE FIRST.



I KNOW.
BESIDES,
SOMETHING--
SOMETHING
IS STILL
MISSING.



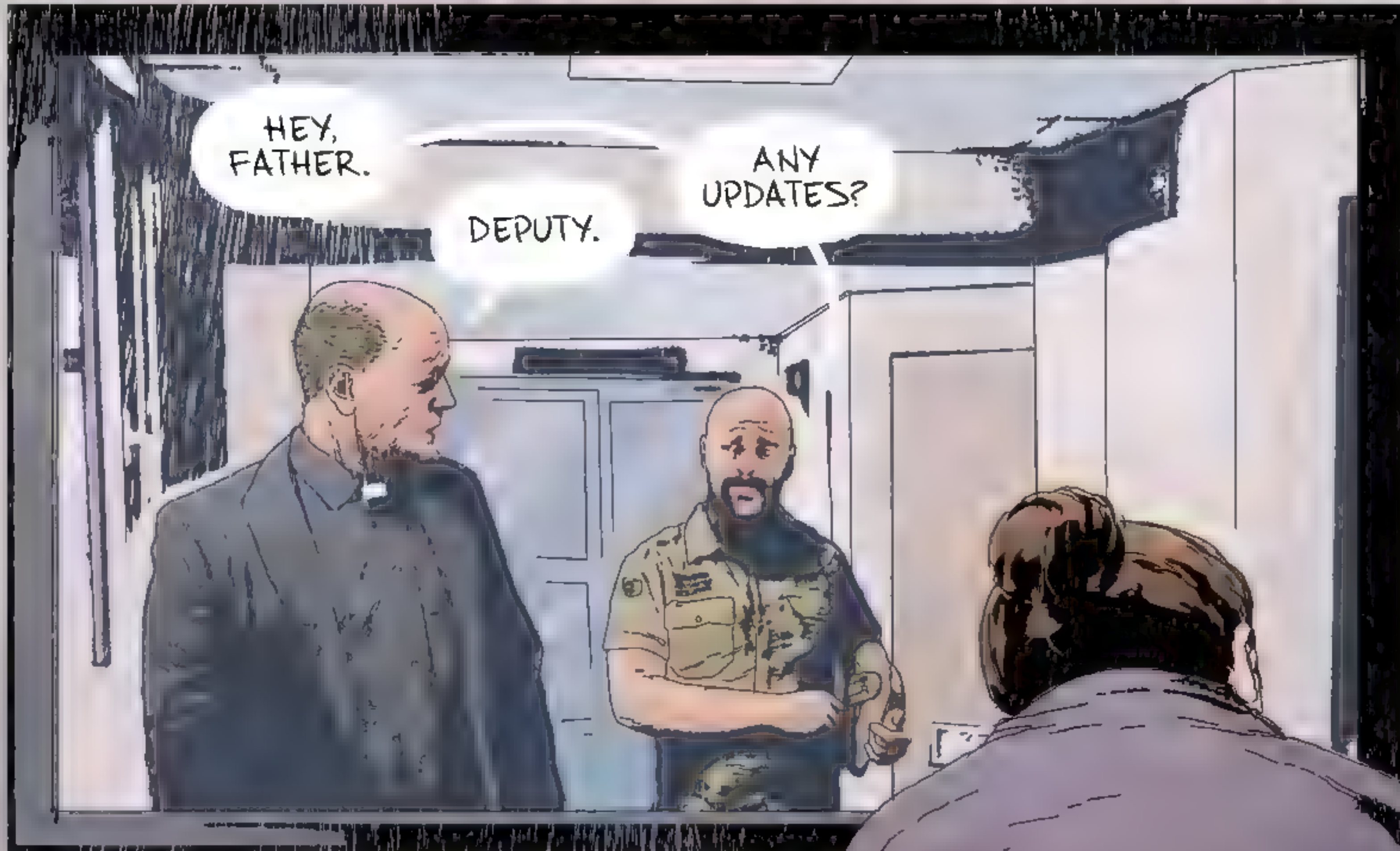
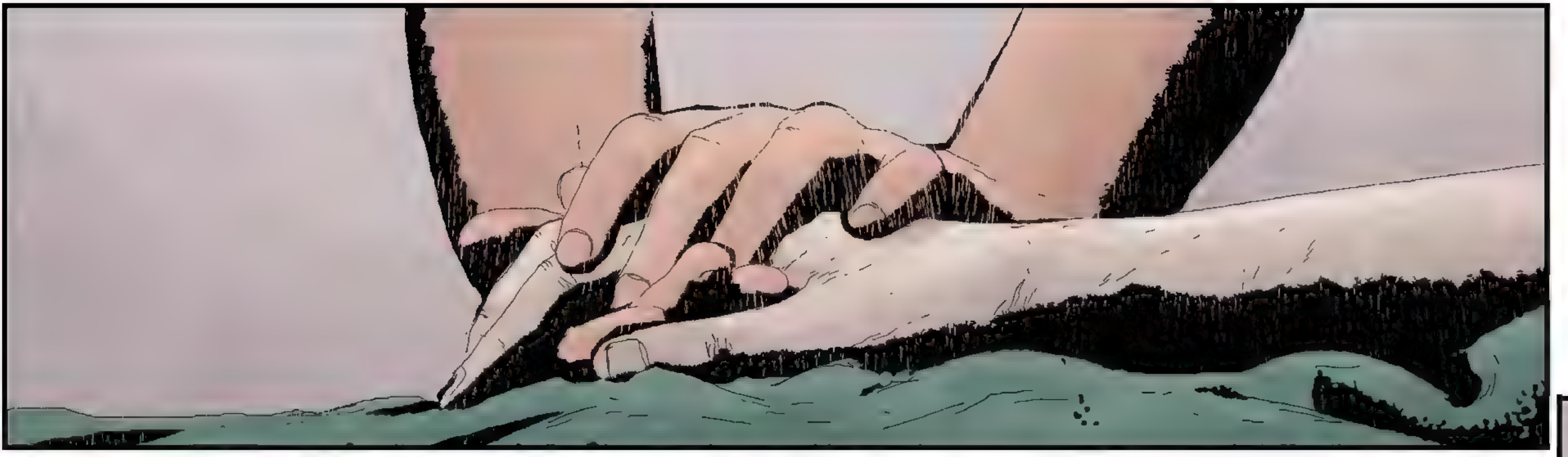
SOMETHING'S
NOT RIGHT.
I THINK WE
NEED TO GO
BACK.



YOU DON'T NEED
TO BE SCARED, ANGIE.
WHATEVER THIS IS--IT'S
WHAT I WAS MEANT TO
DO. I KNOW IT. DEEP
DOWN, I KNOW IT.



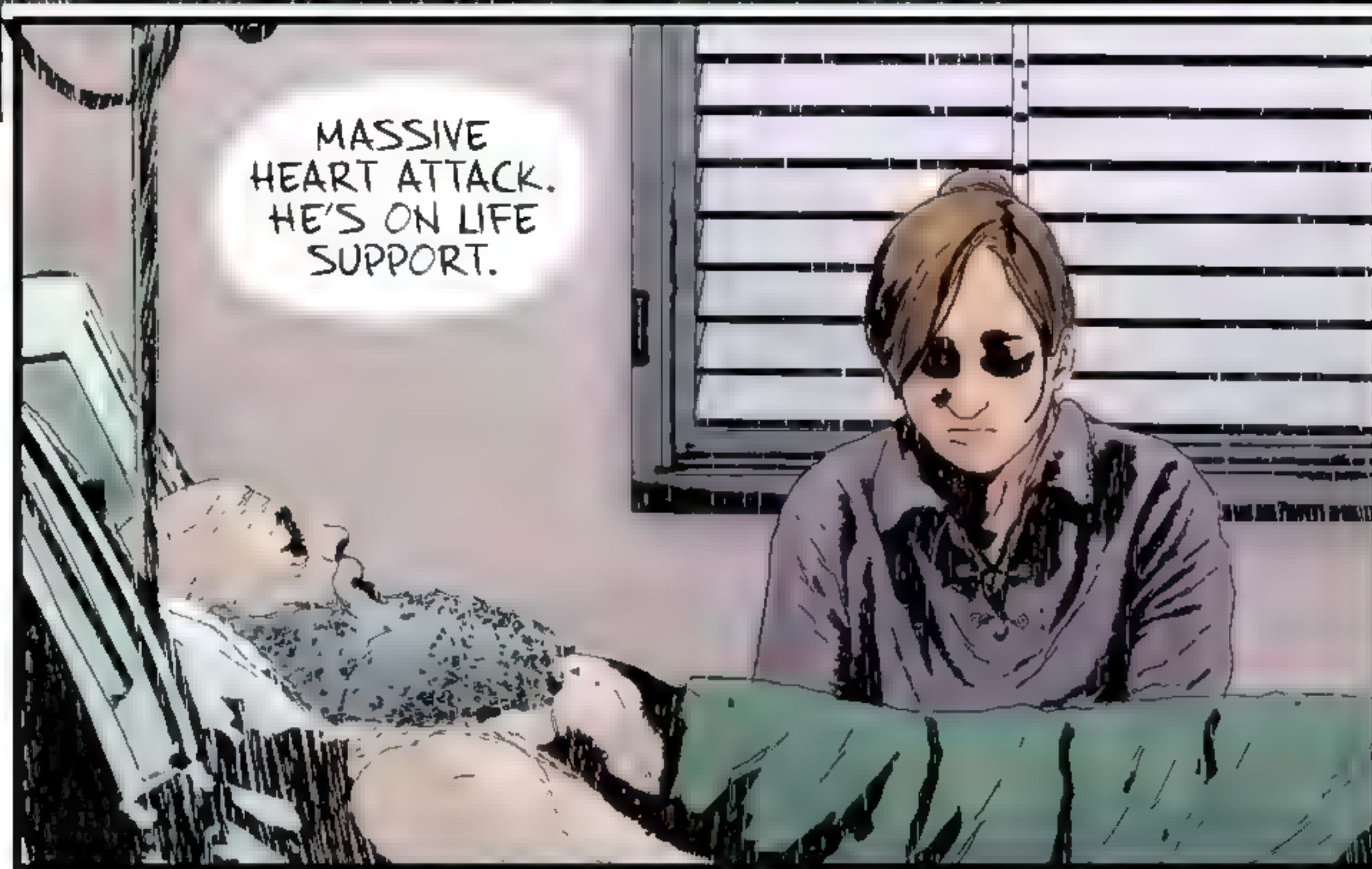




HEY, FATHER.

DEPUTY.

ANY UPDATES?



MASSIVE HEART ATTACK. HE'S ON LIFE SUPPORT.

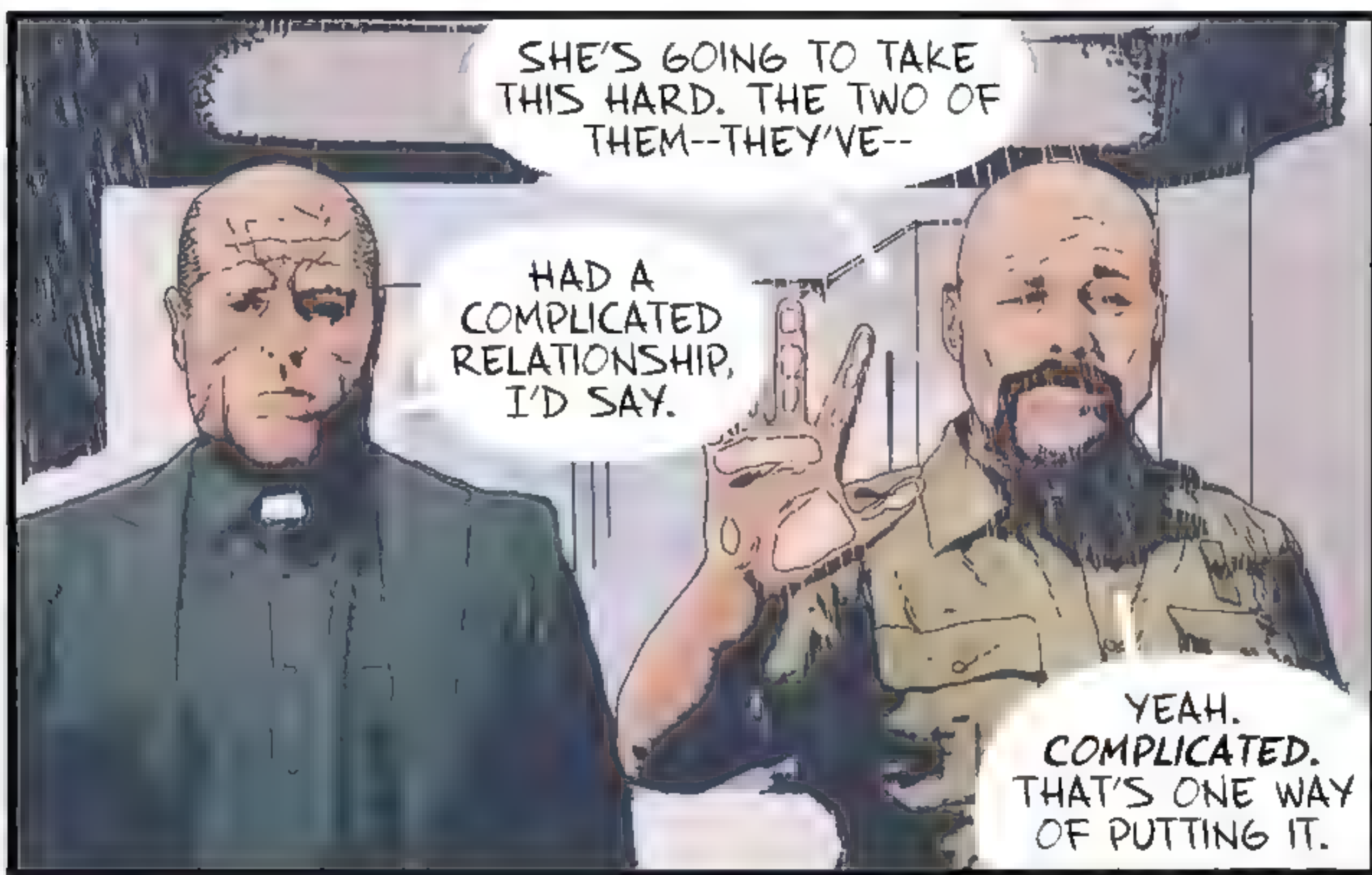


I--I ADMINISTERED HIS LAST RITES.



FUCK.

INDEED.









ANGIE, THIS--
THIS WAS WHERE
I WAS FOUND WHEN
I WAS A BOY. BUT
THIS ISN'T WHERE I
CAME FROM!

WHAT DO
YOU--

I
REMEMBER!

WHAT,
NORTON?
WHAT DO YOU
REMEMBER?

YOU'LL SEE.
I CAN'T BELIEVE
I NEVER THOUGHT
OF THIS BEFORE.
SO STUPID.

SO
OBVIOUS...

THIS IS
WHERE I CAME
FROM, ANGIE! NOT
THE LOT ACROSS
THE STREET--I
CAME FROM
TRASH...

JUST A BIT
FURTHER, DANIEL.
ALMOST THERE.
IT'S ALMOST
TIME.

REDDY?!
JOE
REDDY?!

DON'T BE
SCARED, DANIEL.
IT'S OKAY...I
PROMISE.

I'M SCARED,
MR. REDDY. I
THINK I WANT TO
GO HOME.

THIS
WAY, DANNY.
DON'T BE
SCARED.

DANIEL!
DANIEL
SUTTON?

NORTON?

THOUGHT
I HEARD
SOMETHING.

HELP
ME. IT'S
ALMOST
TIME.

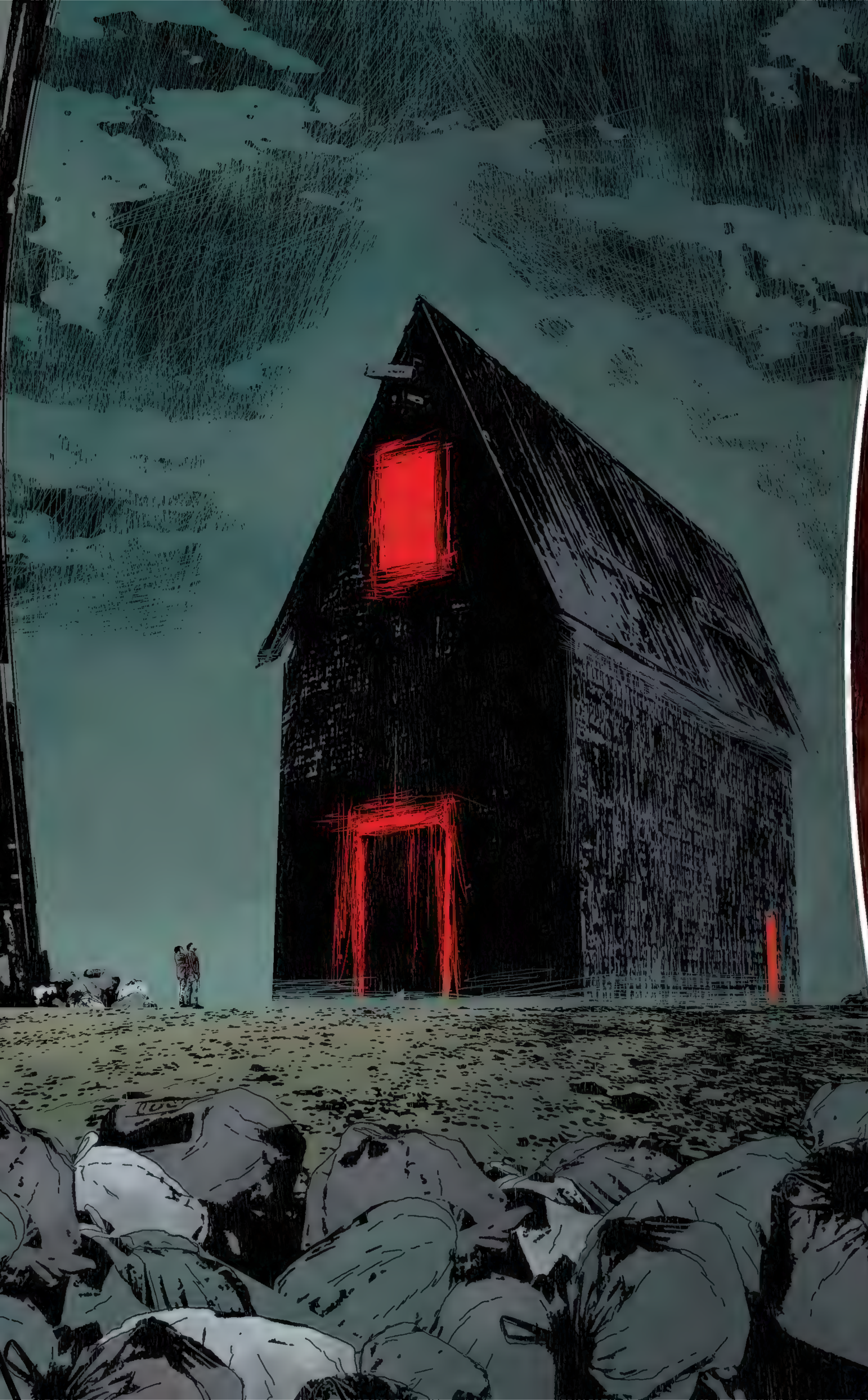
THEY
FIT.

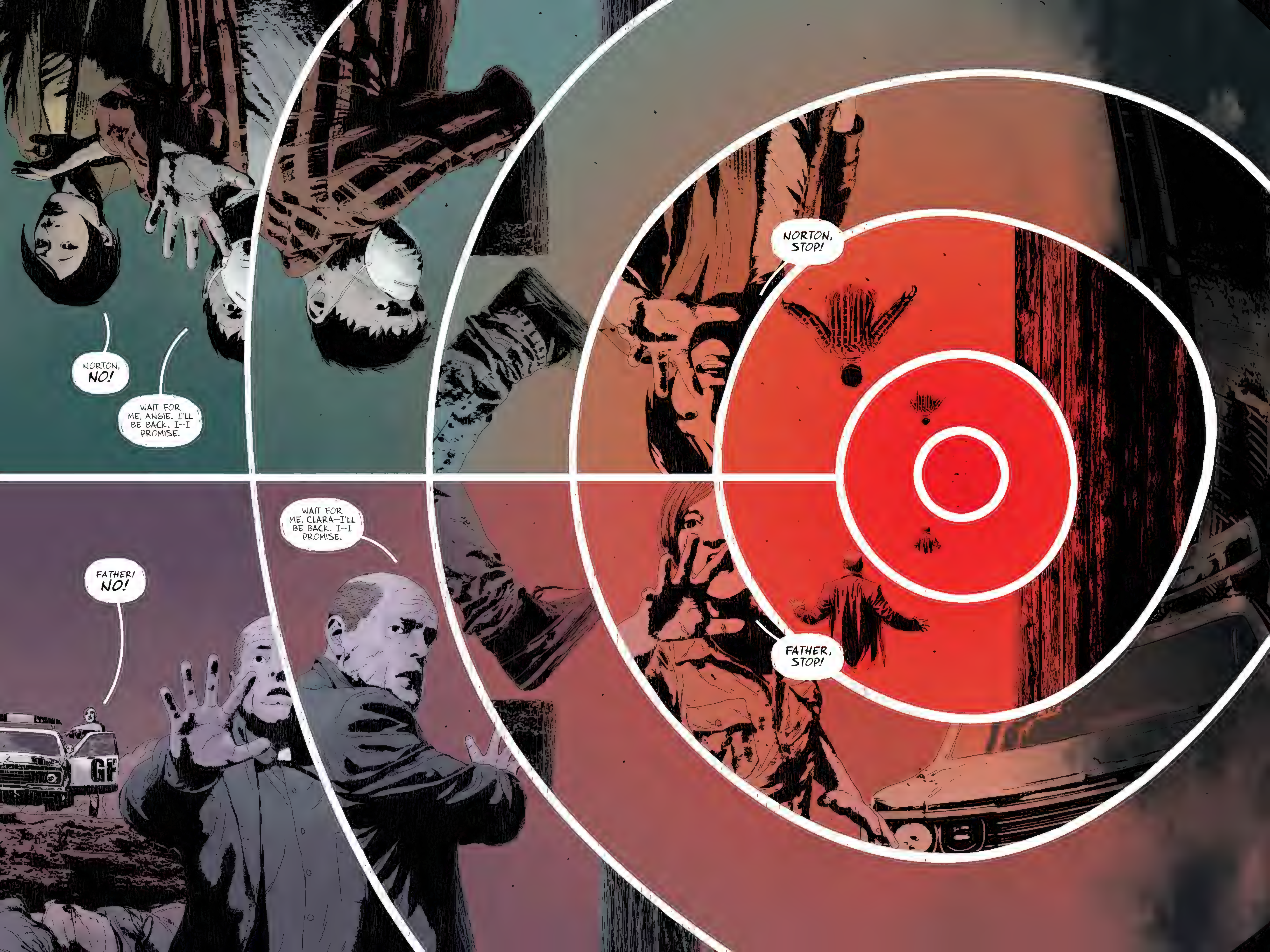
PERFECTLY.











NORTON,
NO!

WAIT FOR
ME, ANGIE. I'LL
BE BACK. I-I
PROMISE.

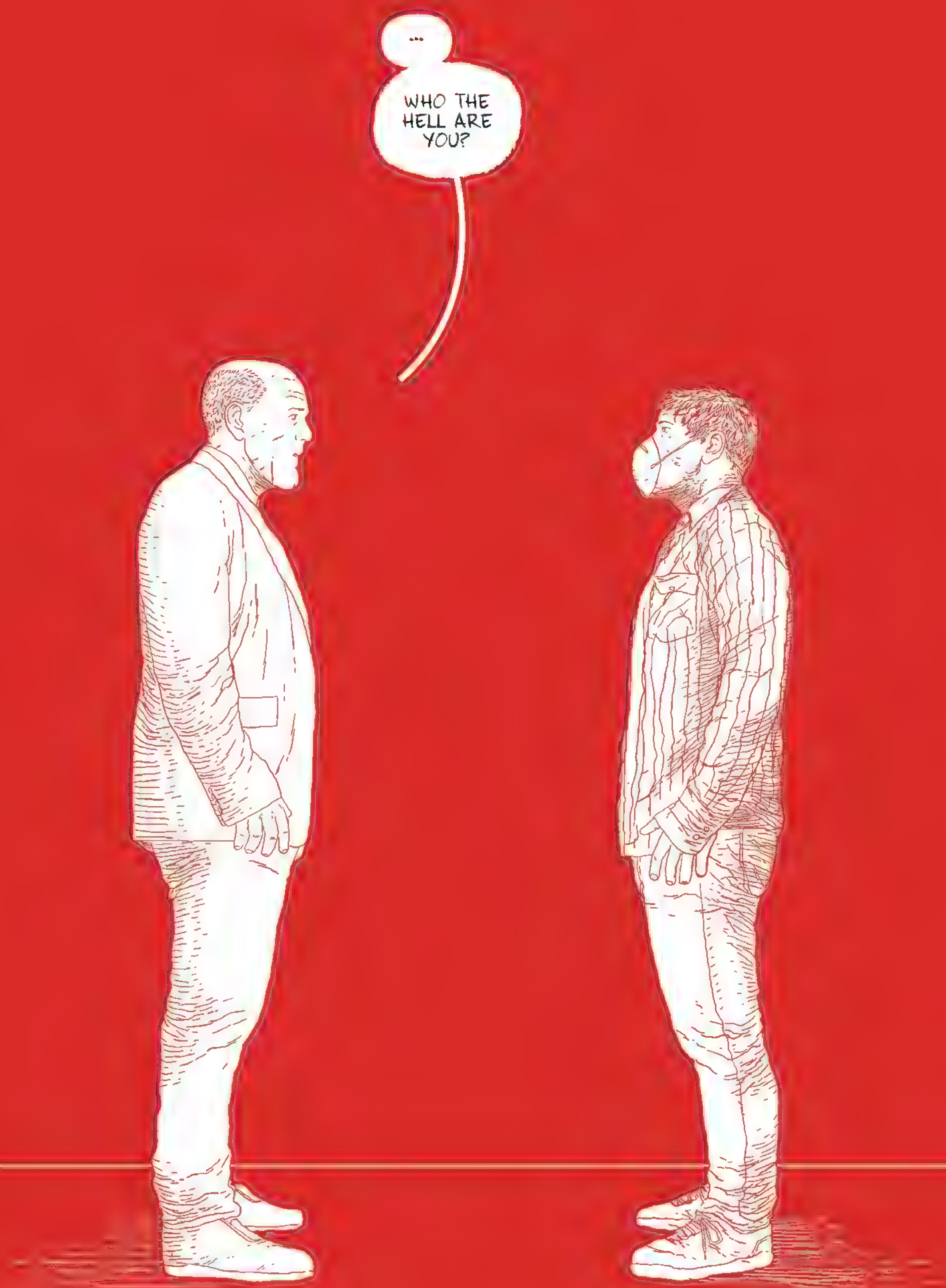
NORTON,
STOP!

WAIT FOR
ME, CLARA--I'LL
BE BACK. I-I
PROMISE.

FATHER,
STOP!

FATHER!
NO!

GF

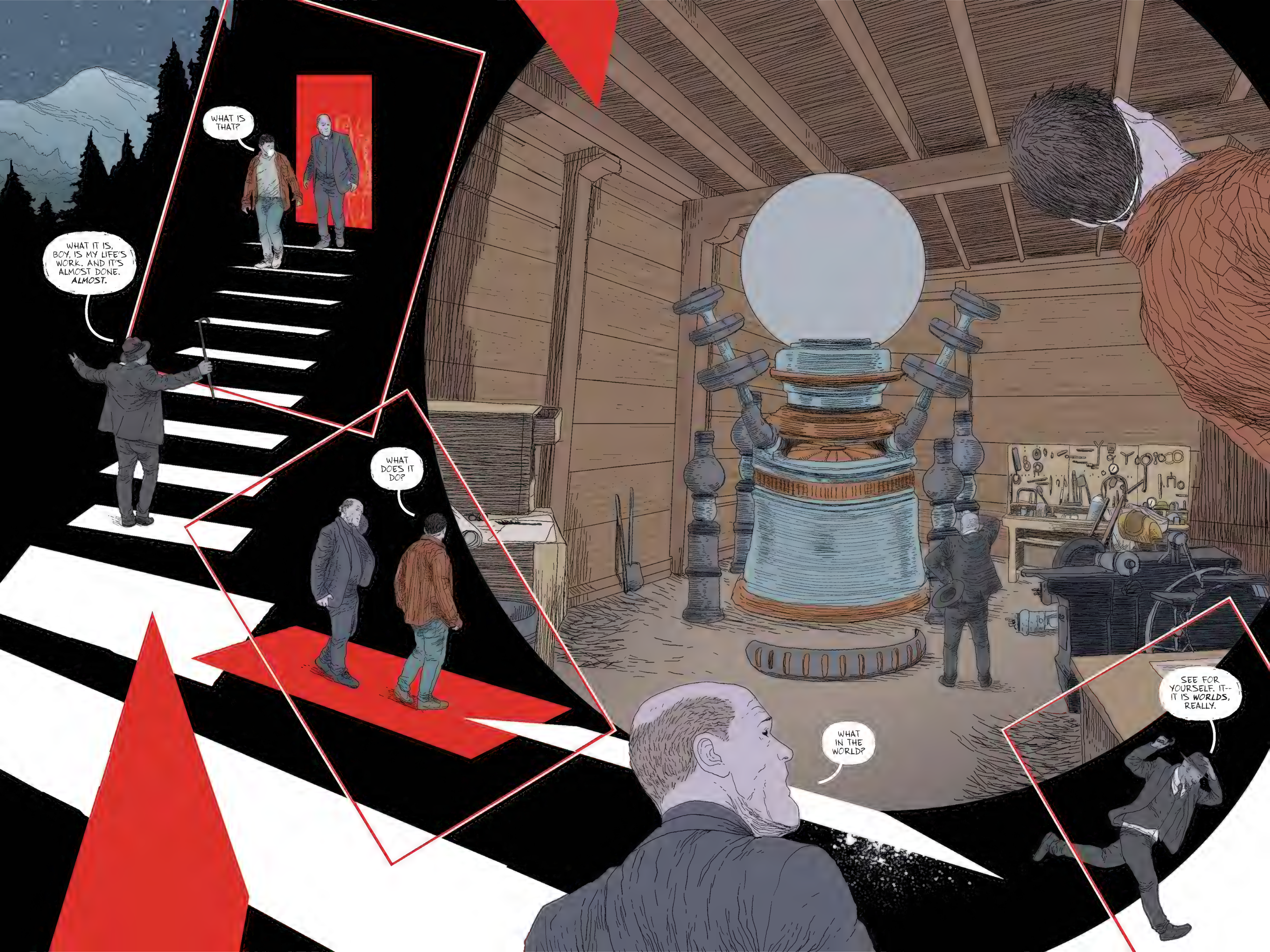




SOR
REN
IN
D. 12







I DON'T--
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
ANY OF
THIS.

I DON'T
EITHER.

THIS
IS IT! IT'S
WORKING! AT
LAST! I--I
DID IT!

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?!
WHAT IS
IT?!

WE--WE
ARE NOT ALONE!
I KNEW IT!

JESUS!

WHAT--WHAT
IS IT?!

IT'S...IT'S
EVERYTHING.





BEHOLD...
HIS MANY
KINGDOMS!

DEON FALLS
WATCHES
YOU

the walk
of fame

DEON HOTEL

GFPD

DEON FALLS
LOVES YOU

OTEL

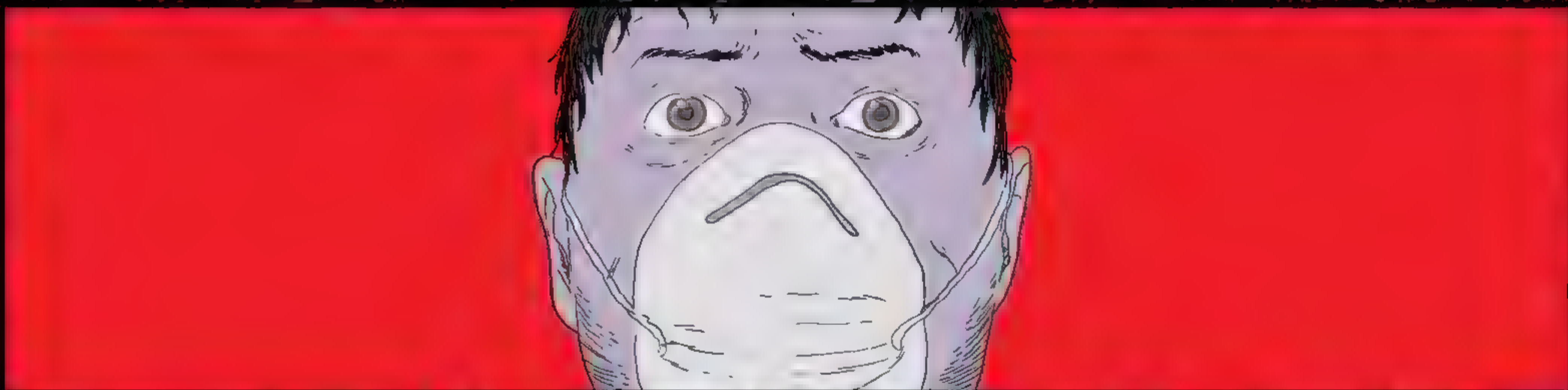
»CHOF«
»CHOF«

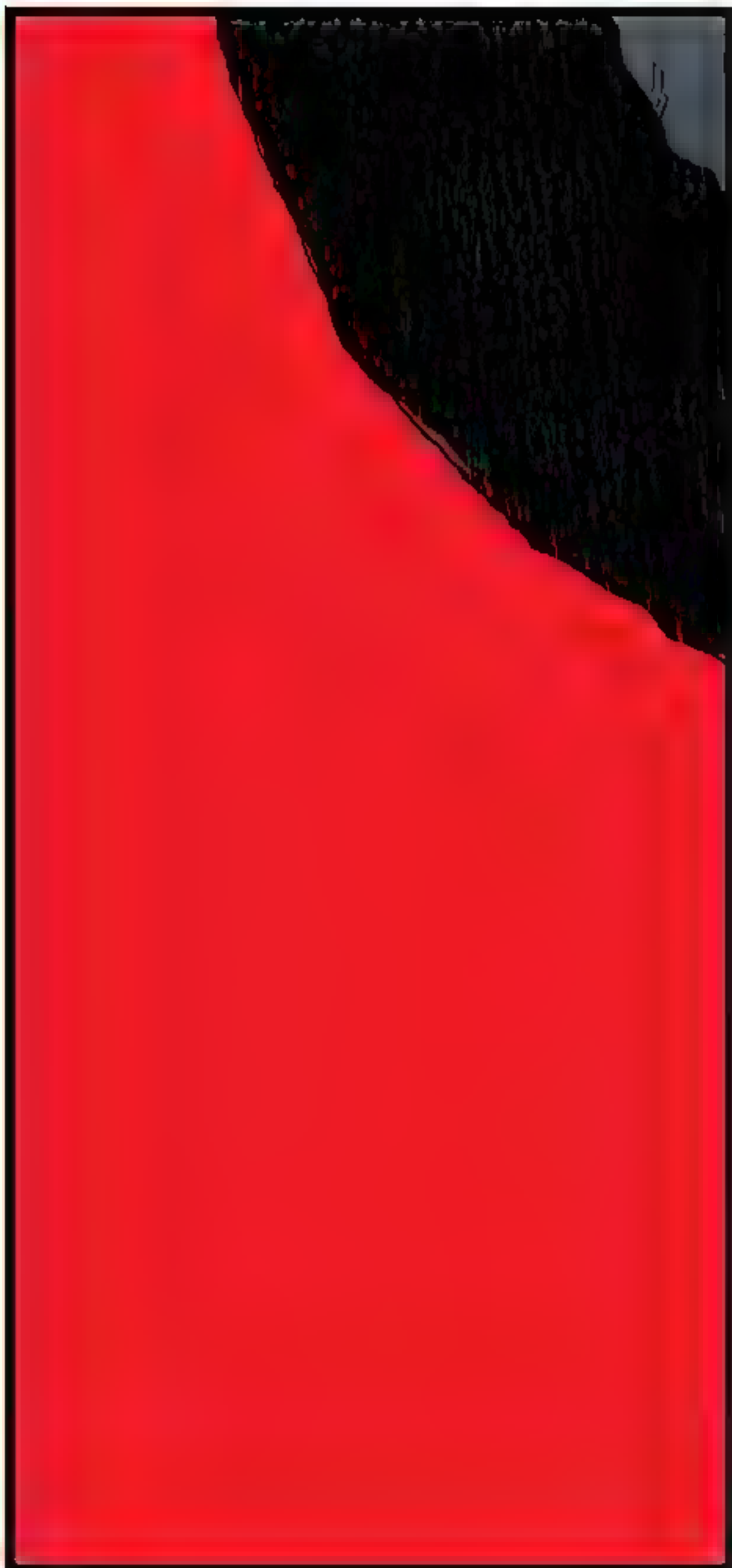






SM--SMILING
AT ME...FROM
BETWEEN
WORLDS...





IT'S
TIME--



--BECOME
MY DOORWAY,
BOY.



NO!



I SEE YOU,
OLD MAN! I
KNOW WHO YOU
ARE, FALLER
OF TREES!



NO!

RUN,
DANIEL!
RUN!



KRRRKT



GET AWAY
FROM IT! GET
AWAY!



KRRRKT

DEAR
LORD...HELP
ME...



I--I WANT
TO GO
HOME!



HOME?
THERE IS ONLY
ONE HOME...
ONLY ONE
CENTER...



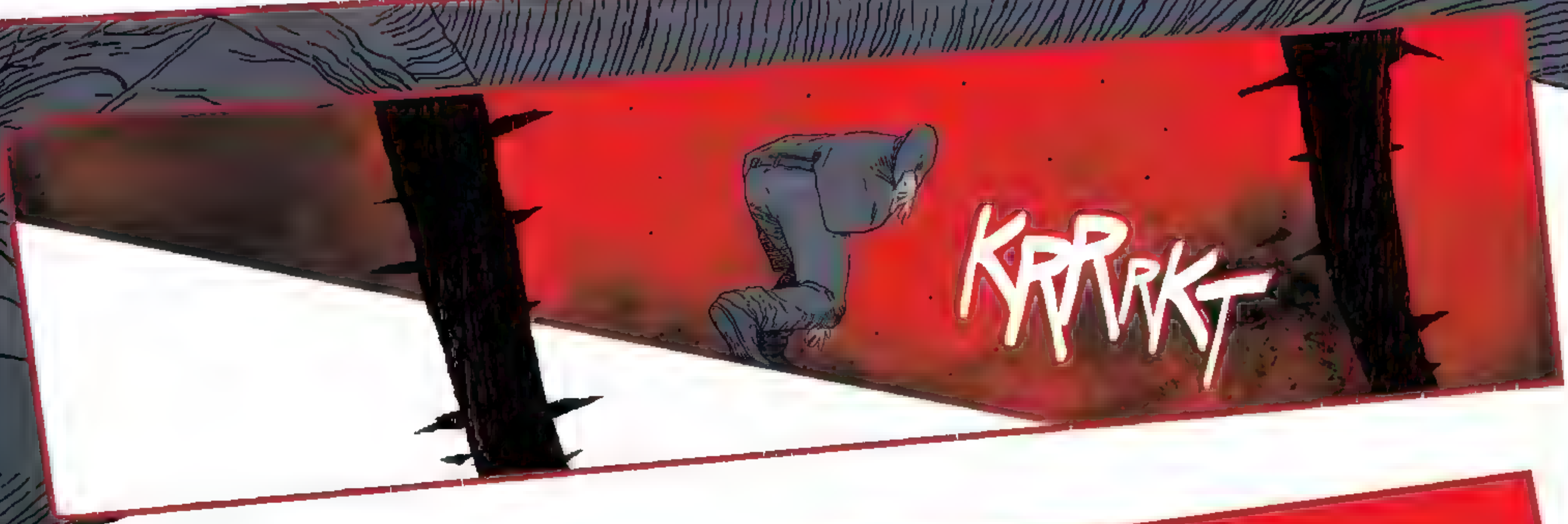
AND IT
PULLS US
ALL INTO
DARKNESS



SHIT.



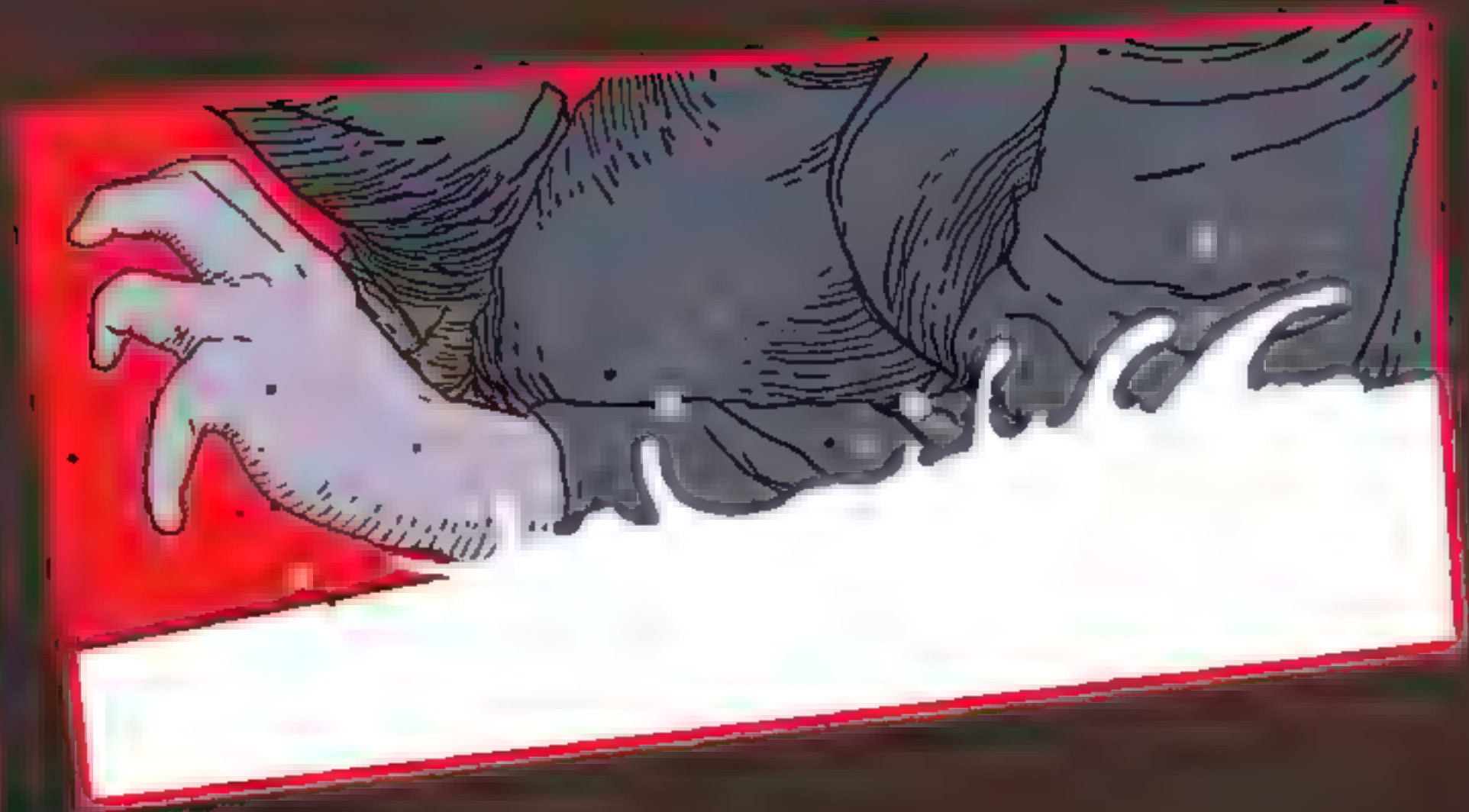
D-DANIEL?



KRRRKT



KRRRKT



GOD,
NO!

WHAT--
WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO US?!



ANGIE!
ANGIE!







--AAH!

DANIEL?

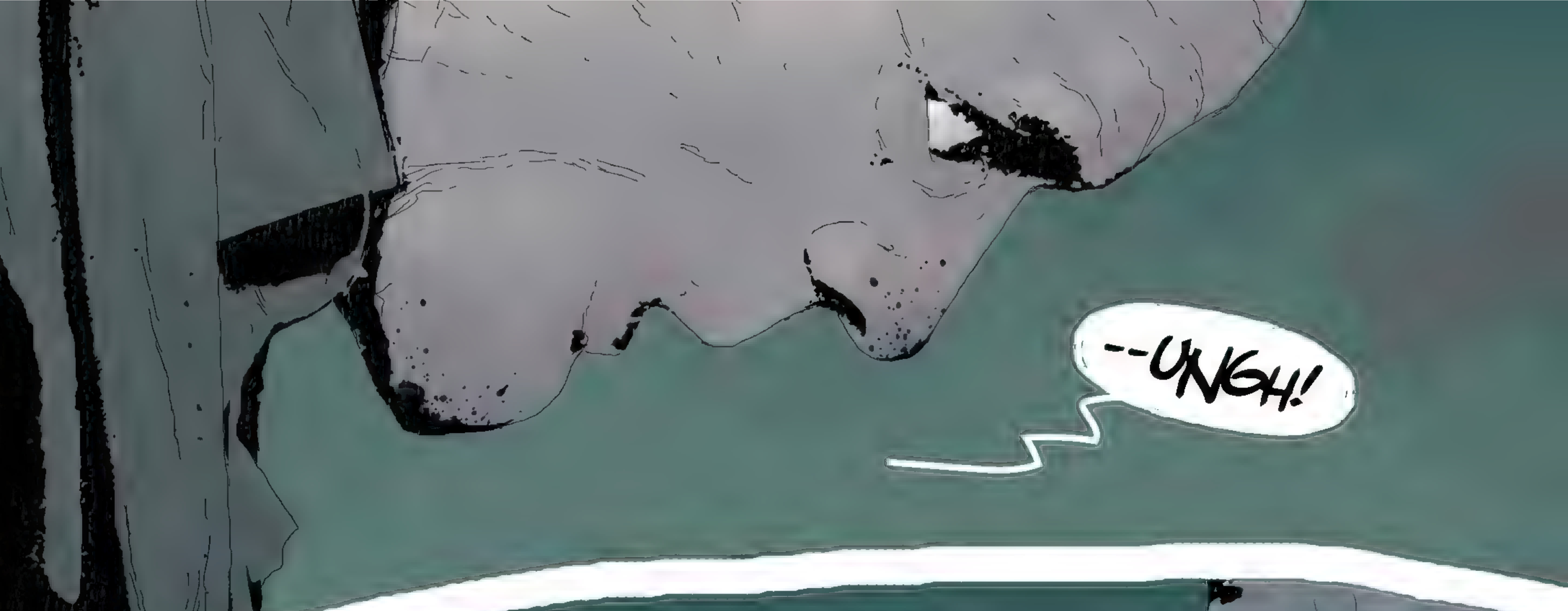


DANNY,
IS THAT
YOU?



I--

WHERE
AM I?



--UNGH!



WHO--WHO
THE HELL ARE
YOU?!



I--



I DON'T
KNOW.



SOR
REN
TIN
D.18

1886



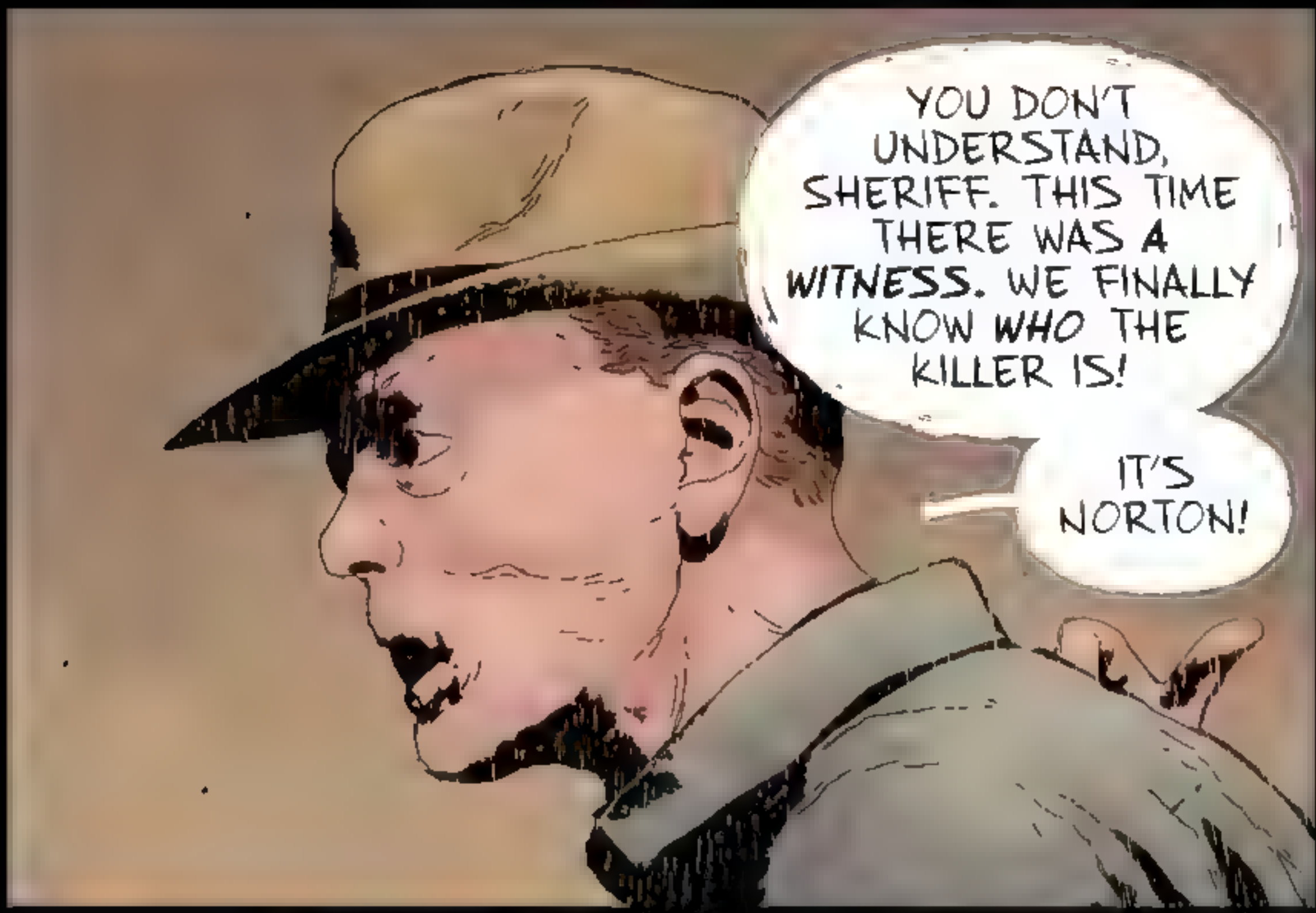
GENTLEMEN!
GENTLEMEN!
PLEASE--ONE AT
A TIME!



ABEL LACROIX
IS MISSING, FATHER!
HIS WIFE SAID HE WAS
TAKEN RIGHT FROM
THEIR BEDROOM!

WE NEED TO
ACT NOW! NO MORE
WAITING. IF HE KILLS
ABEL LIKE HE KILLED THE
OTHERS, THAT WILL MAKE
THIRTEEN MURDERED IN
GIDEON FALLS IN LESS
THAN A MONTH!

AND I TOLD
YOU MEN, WE ARE
DOING EVERYTHING WE
CAN TO FIND HIM. AN
ANGRY MOB IS JUST
LIABLE TO GET MORE
INNOCENTS HURT.



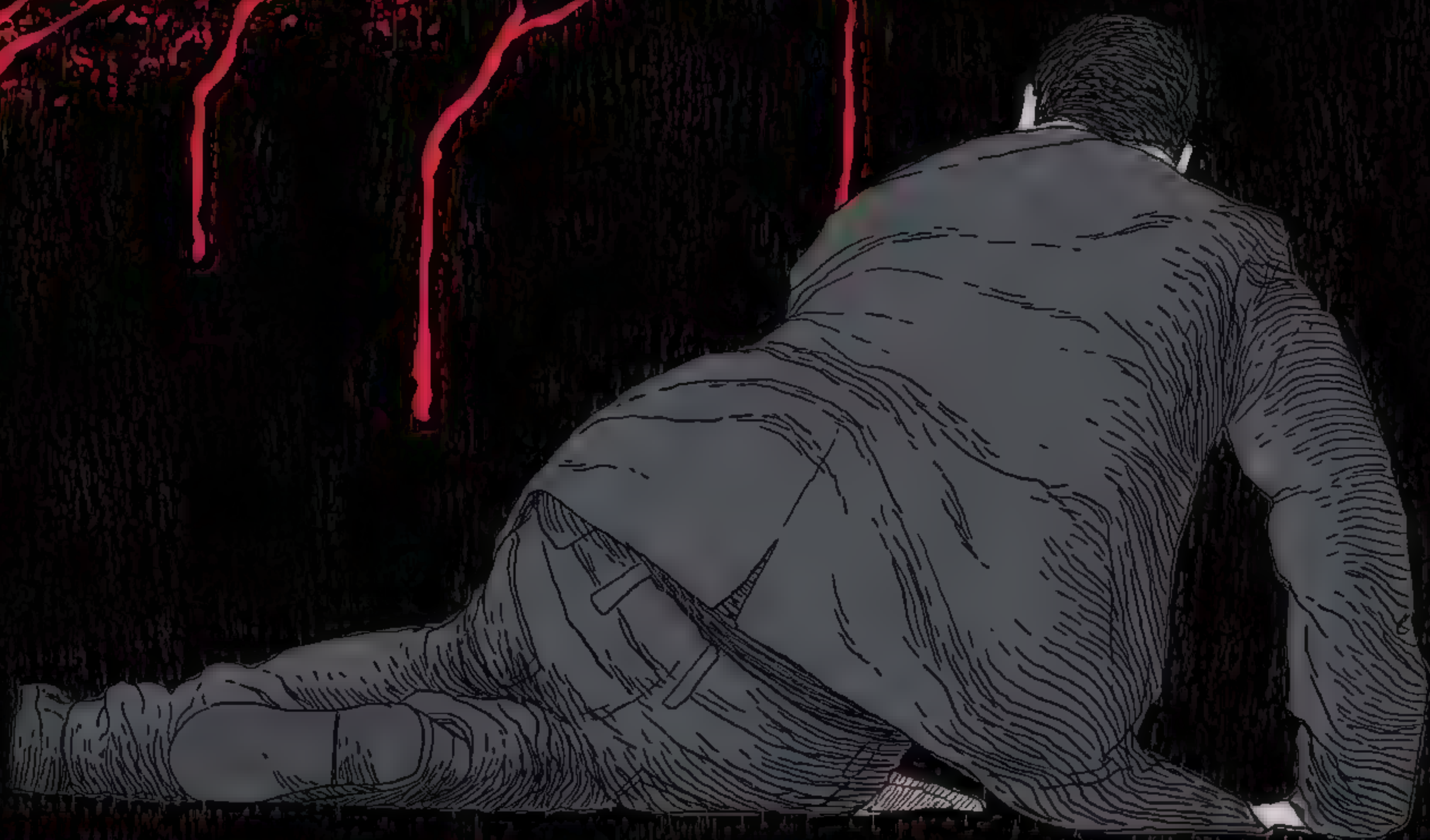
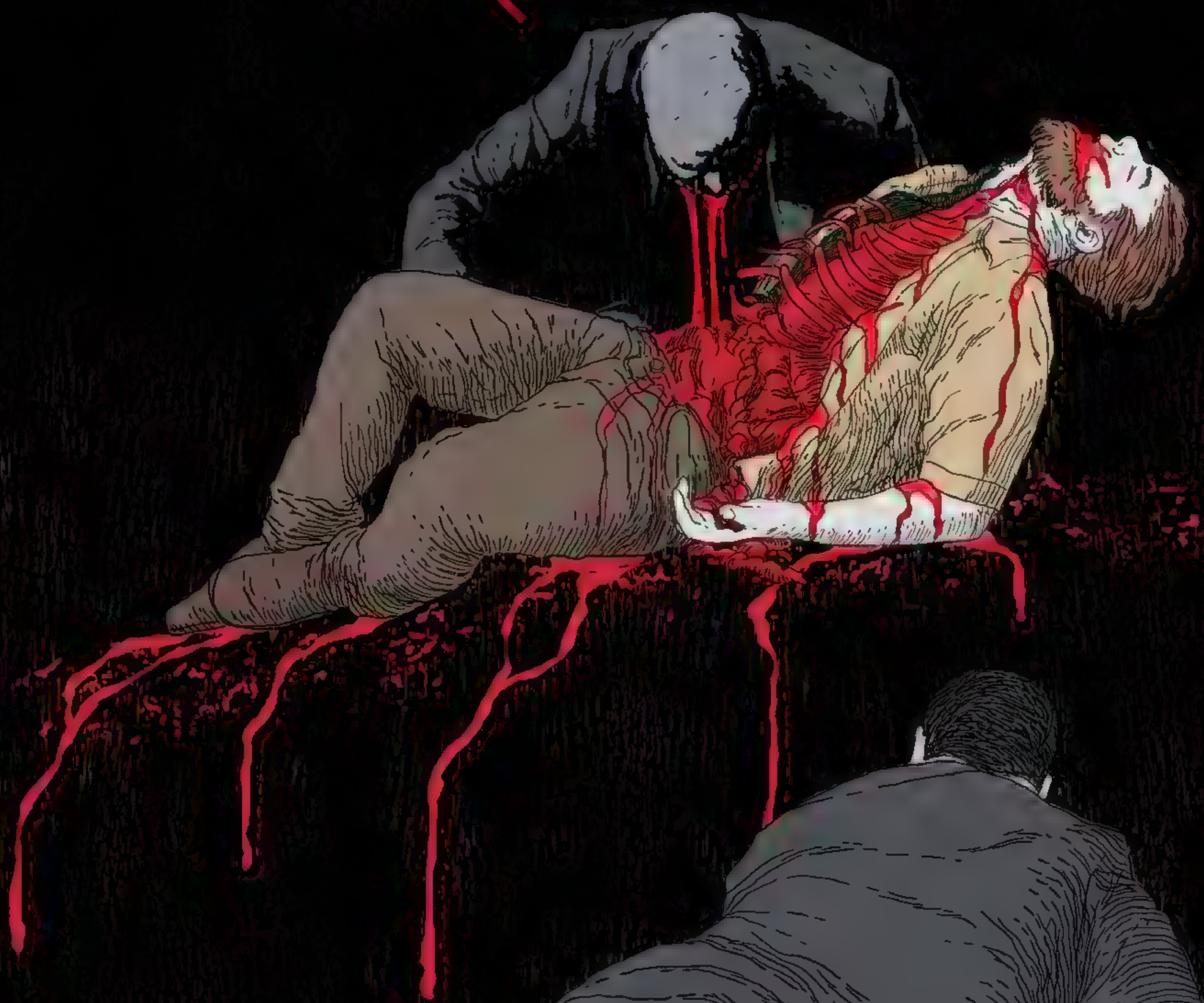
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND,
SHERIFF. THIS TIME
THERE WAS A
WITNESS. WE FINALLY
KNOW WHO THE
KILLER IS!

IT'S
NORTON!

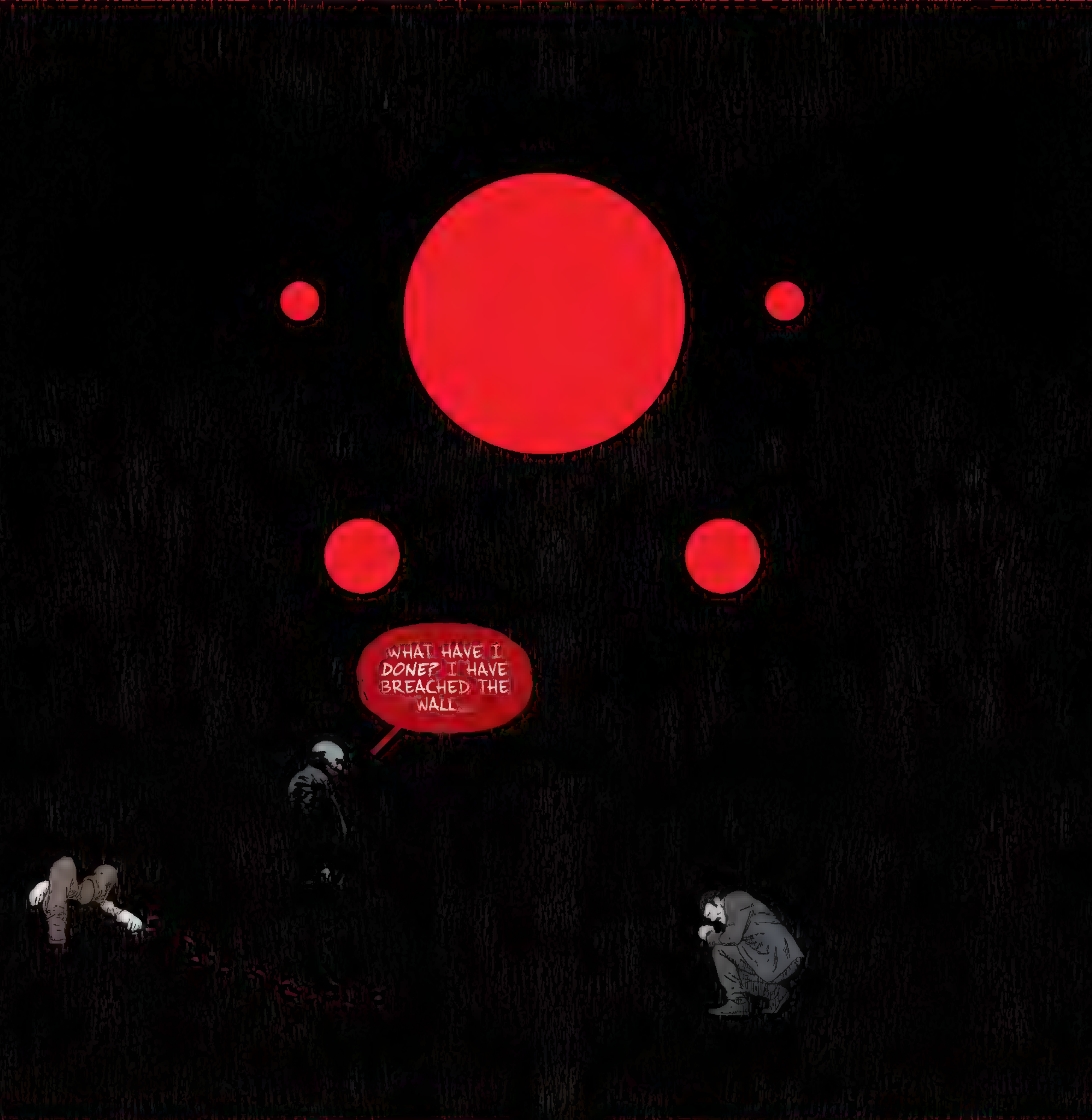




HELLO
FATHER



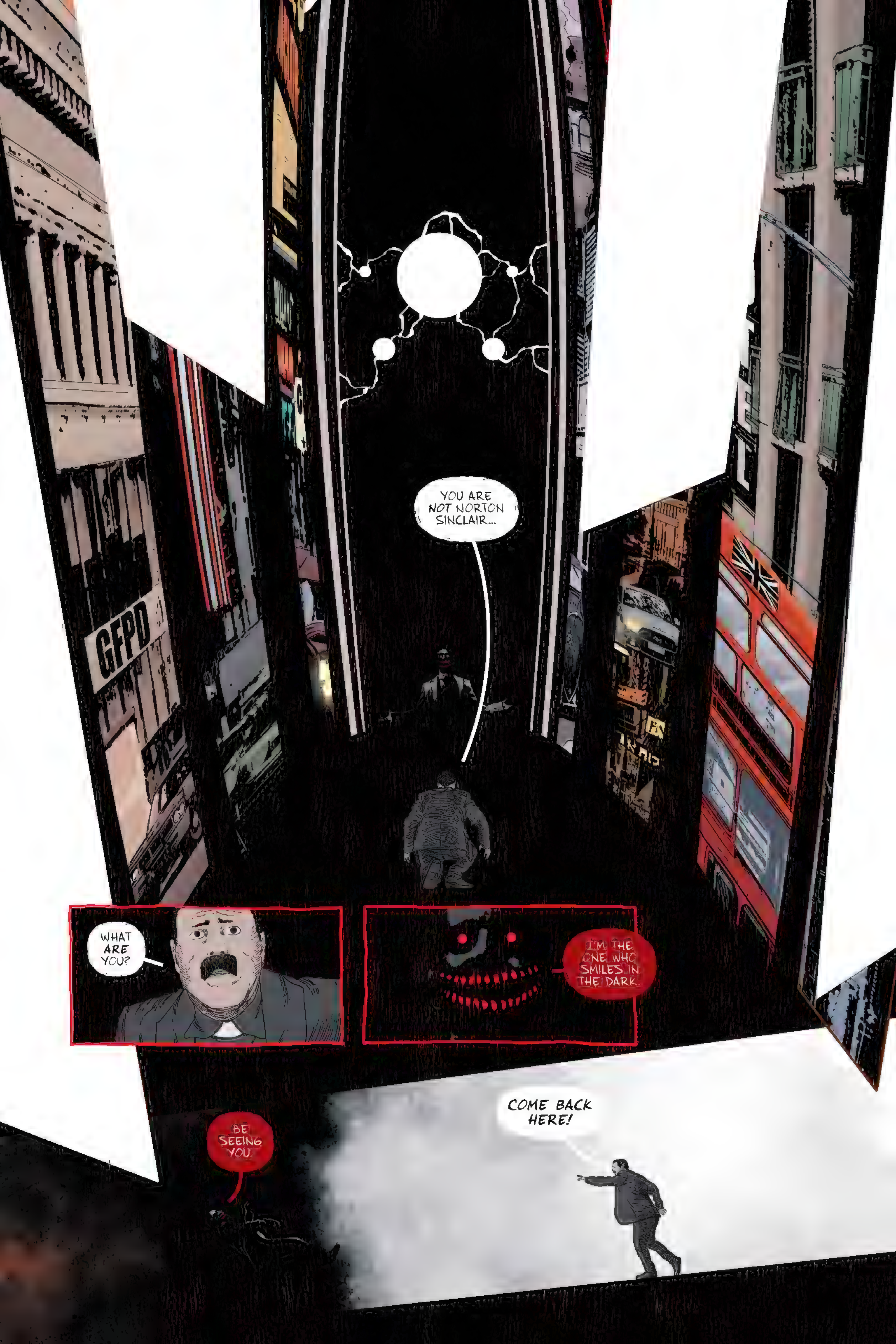
COME FOR
DINNER?



YOU HAVE NO
IDEA WHAT THIS IS.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA
WHAT I HAVE
FOUND!

I HAVE FOUND
EVERYTHING!
I HAVE FOUND
EVERYWHERE!





YOU ARE
NOT NORTON
SINCLAIR...



WHAT
ARE
YOU?

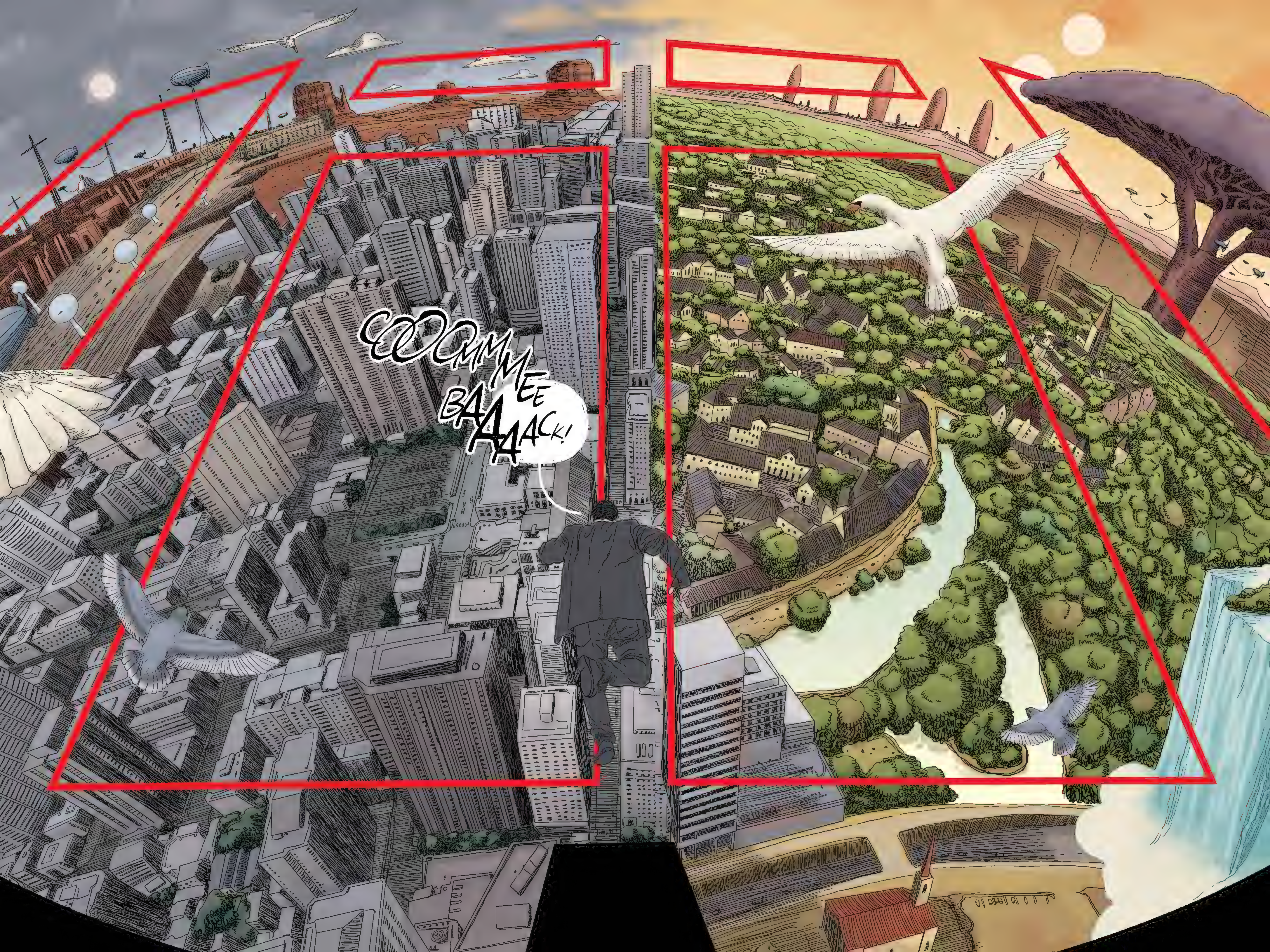


I'M THE
ONE WHO
SMILES IN
THE DARK.

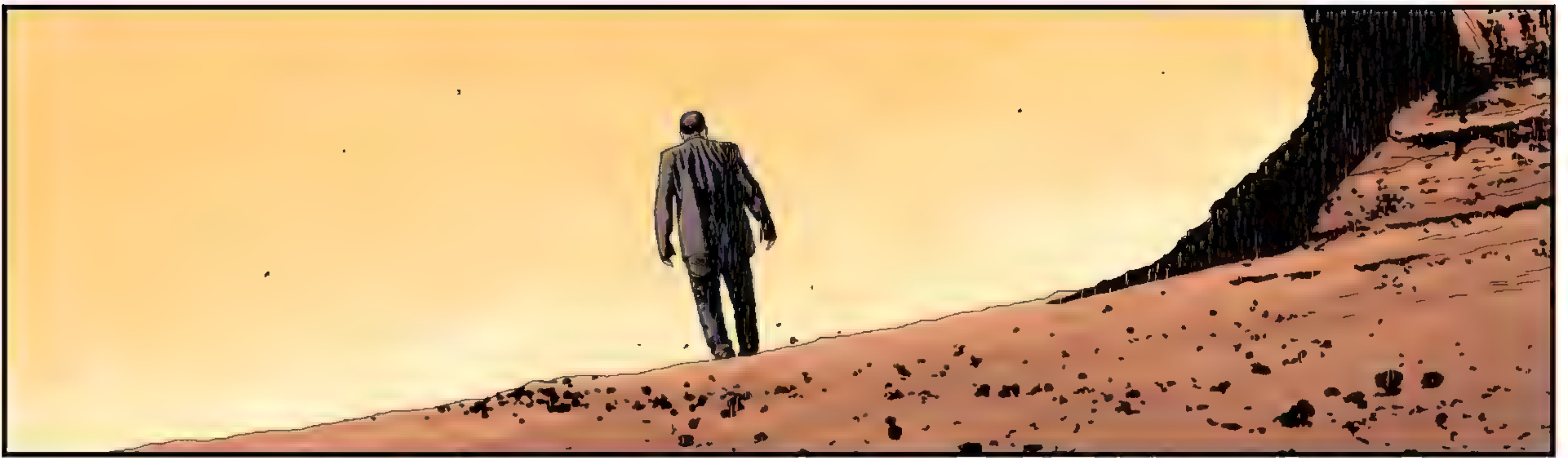
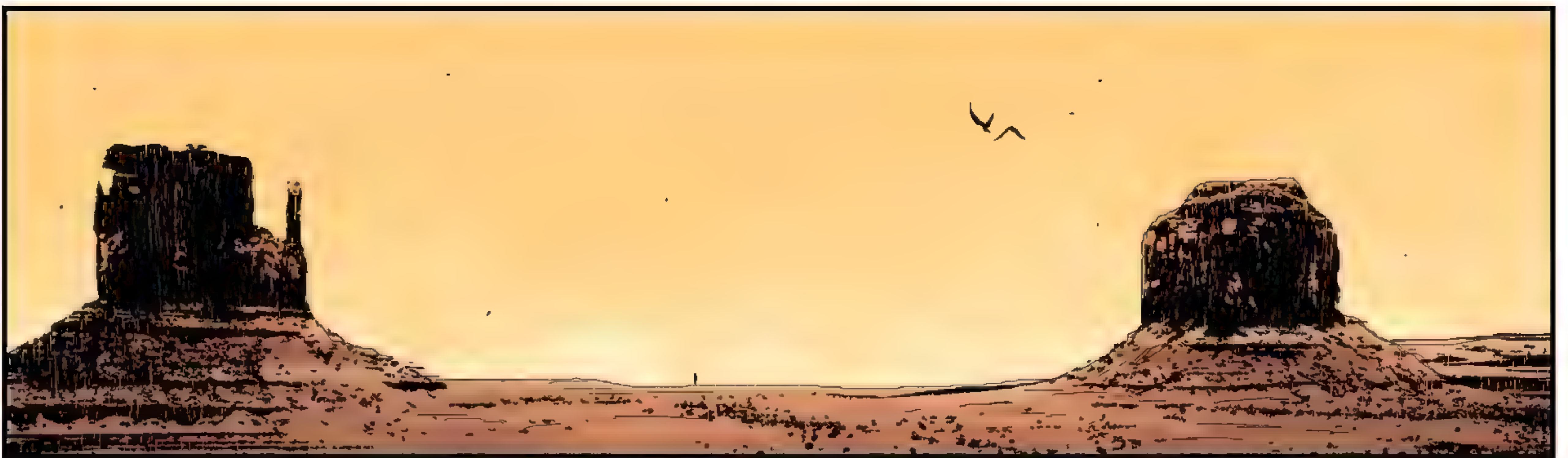
BE
SEEING
YOU.

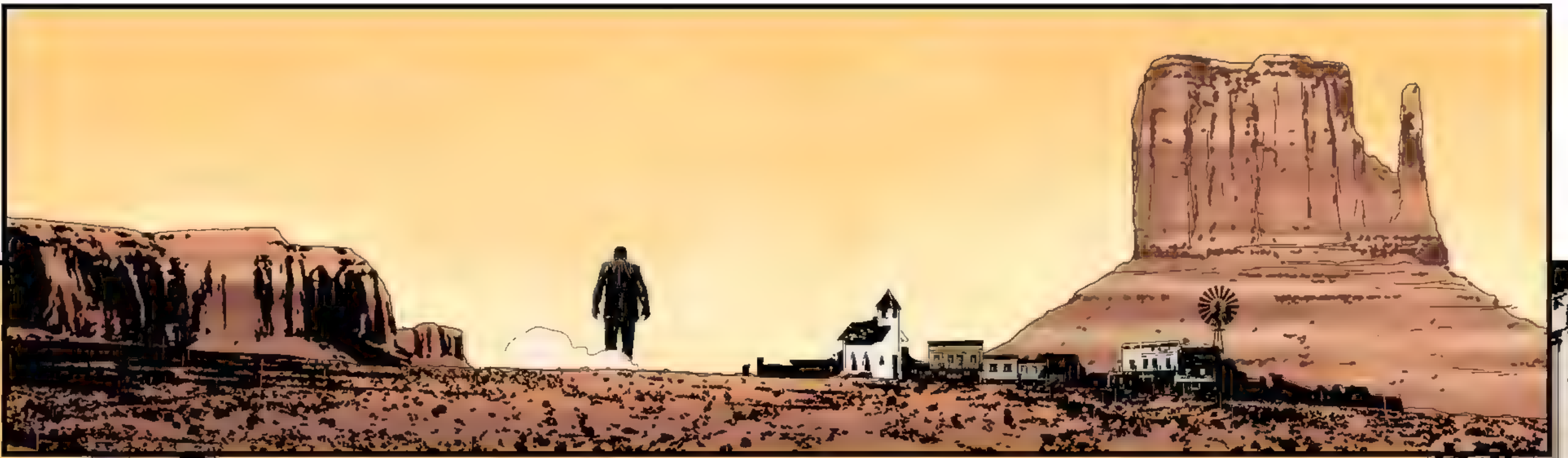
COME BACK
HERE!



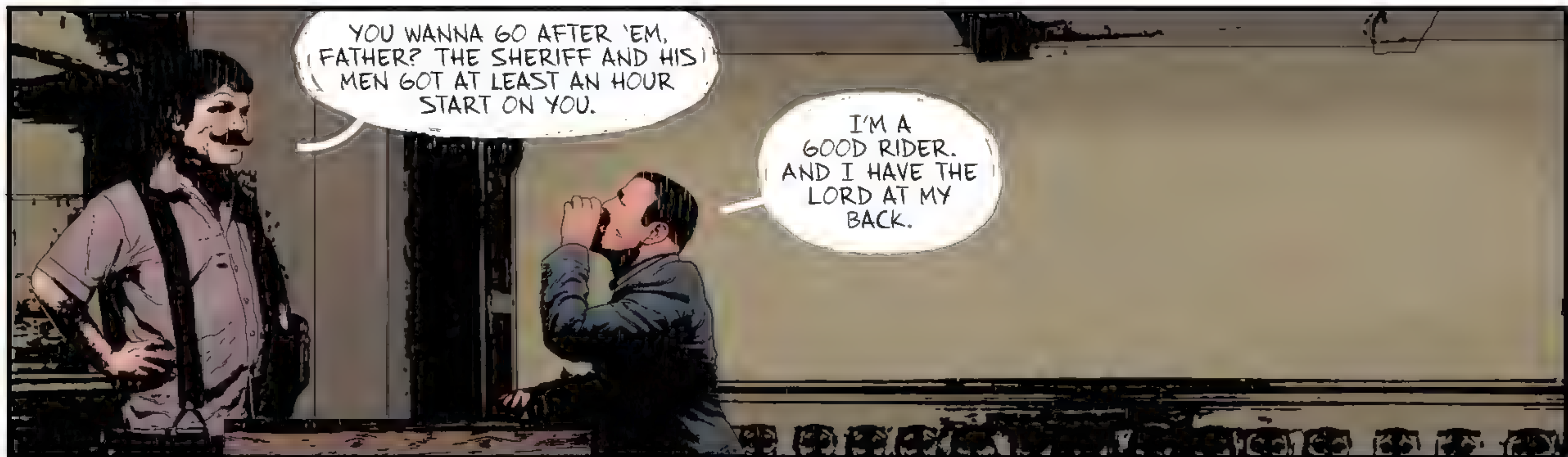


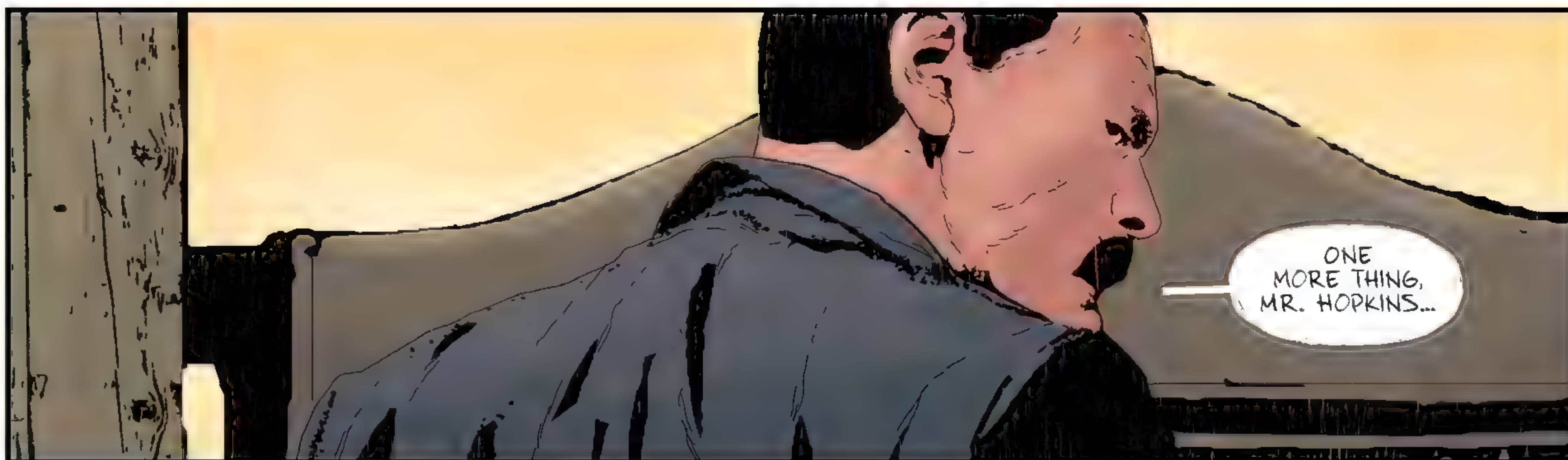
COMME
BAAAAACK!

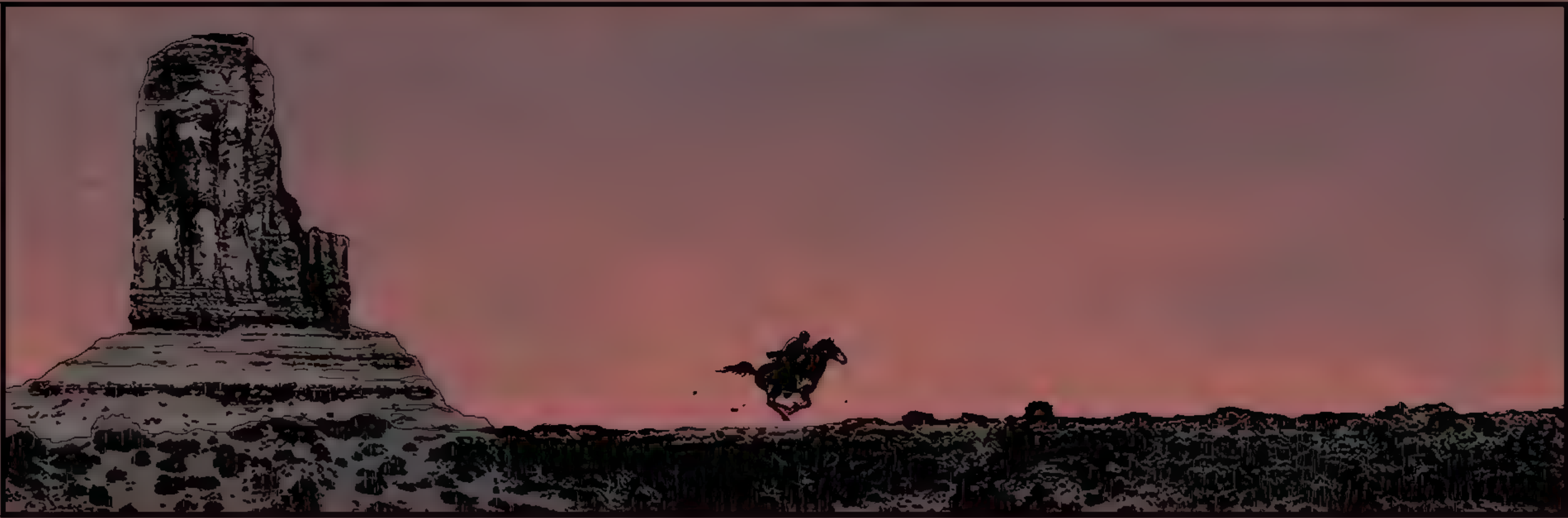






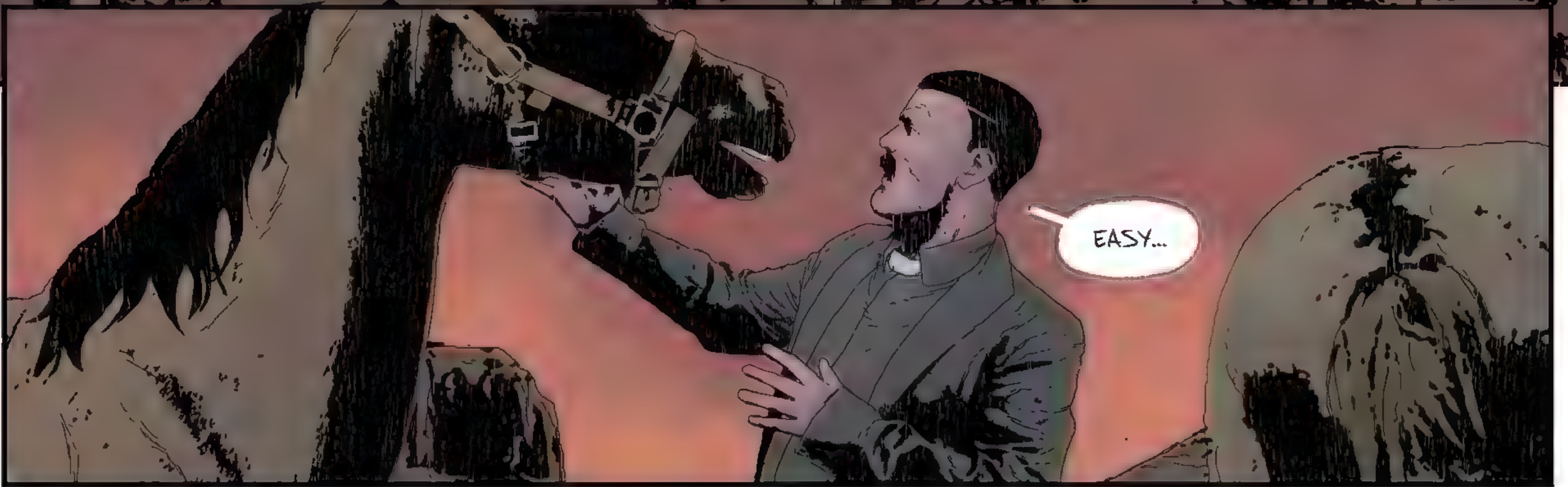








WHOA...
EASY, GIRL.
EASY.



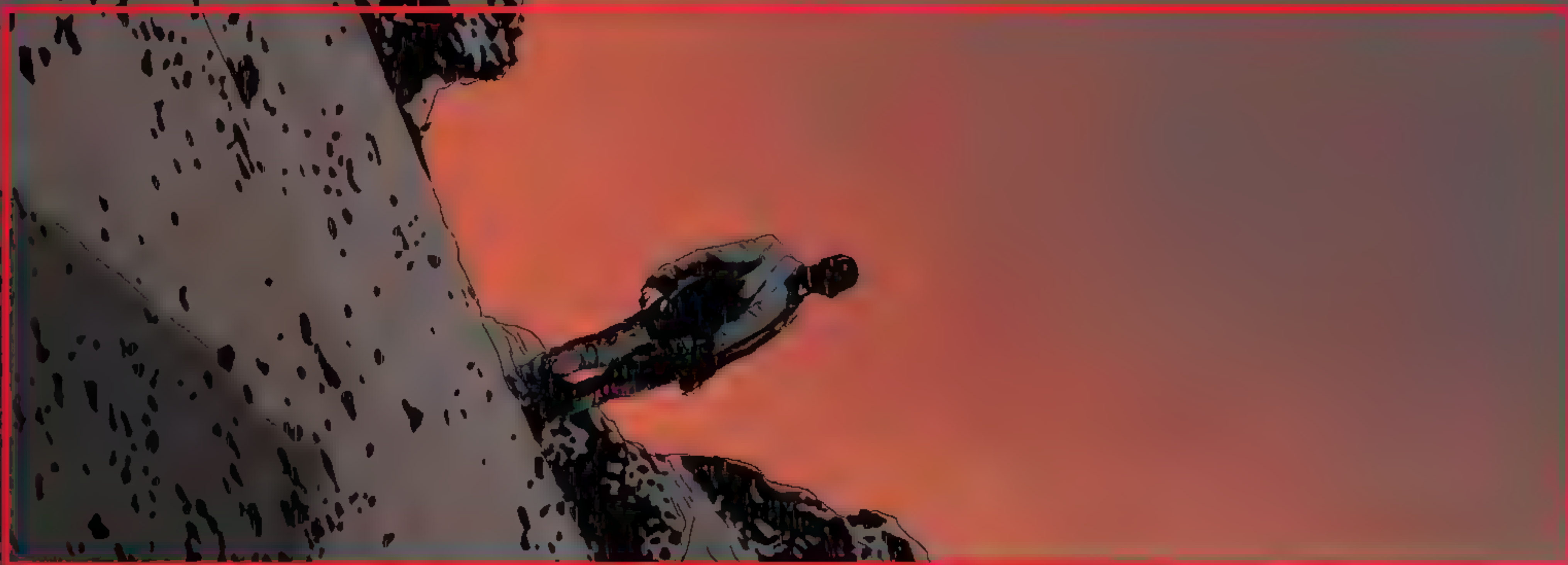
EASY...

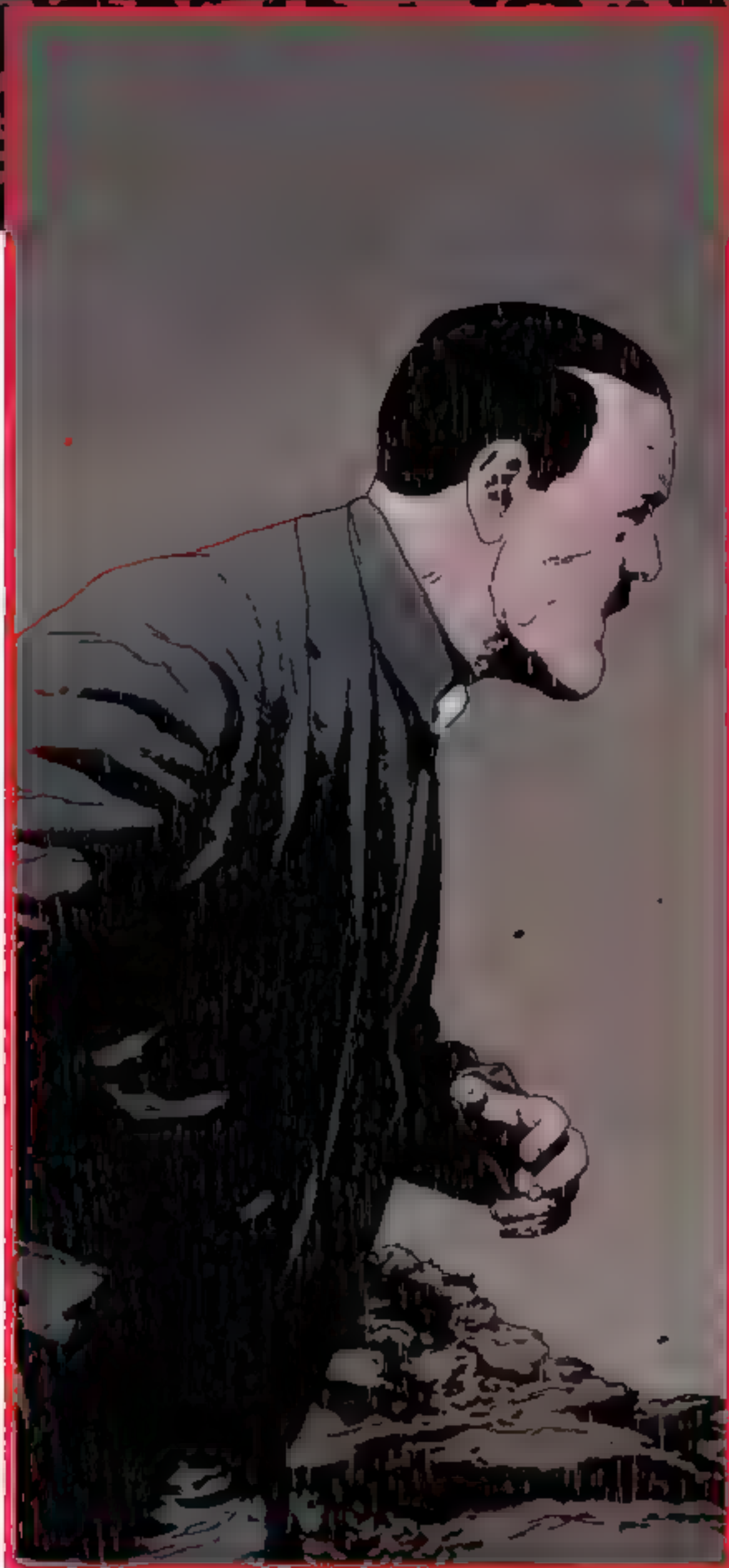


HELLO?
SHERIFF?
ANYONE? I'M
COMING IN. I AM
A FRIEND.

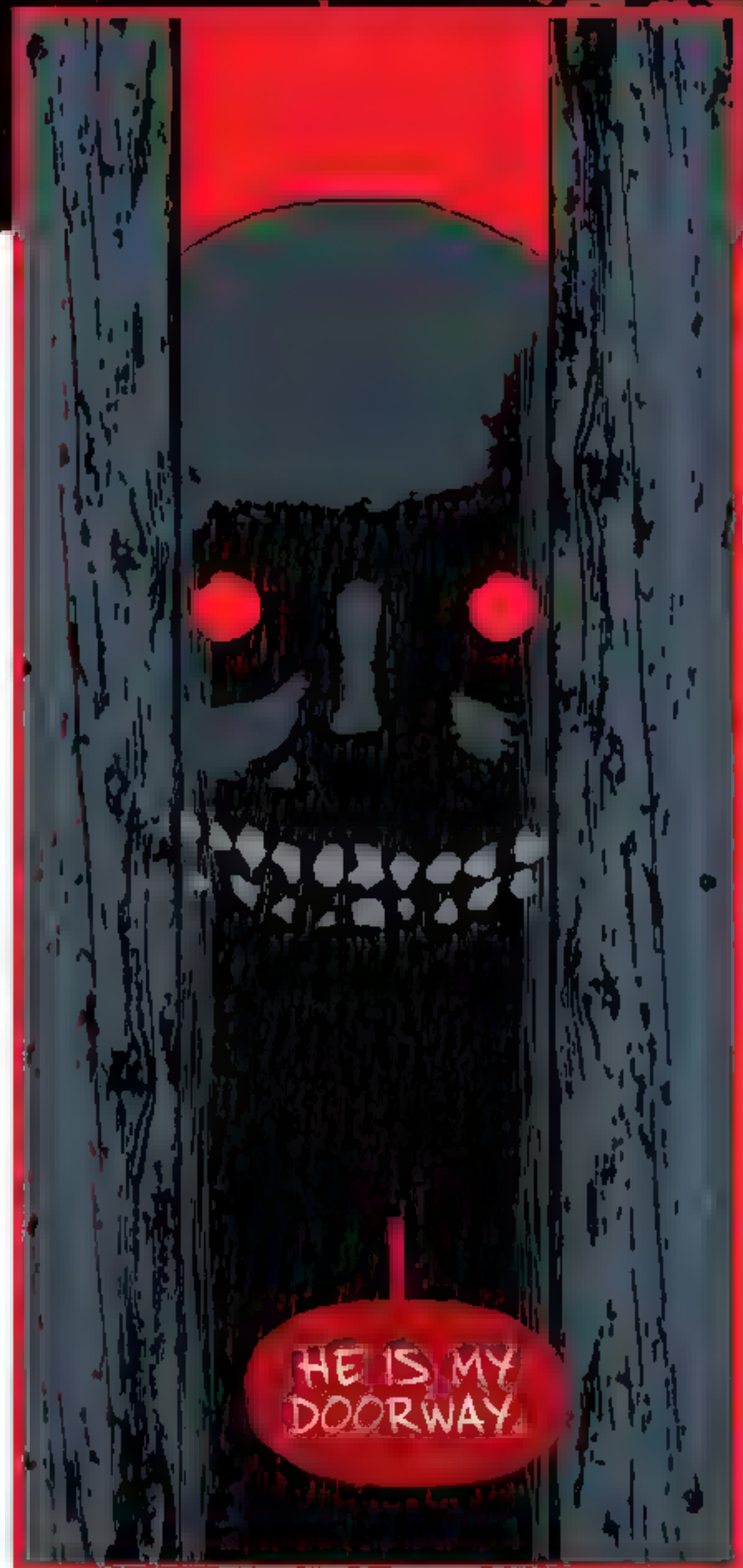


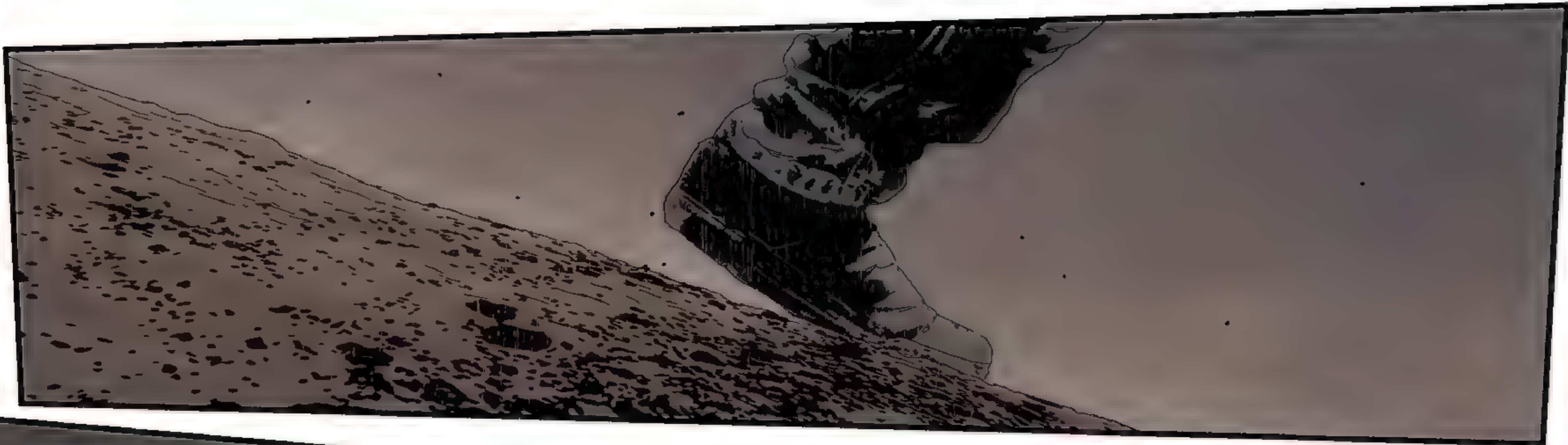


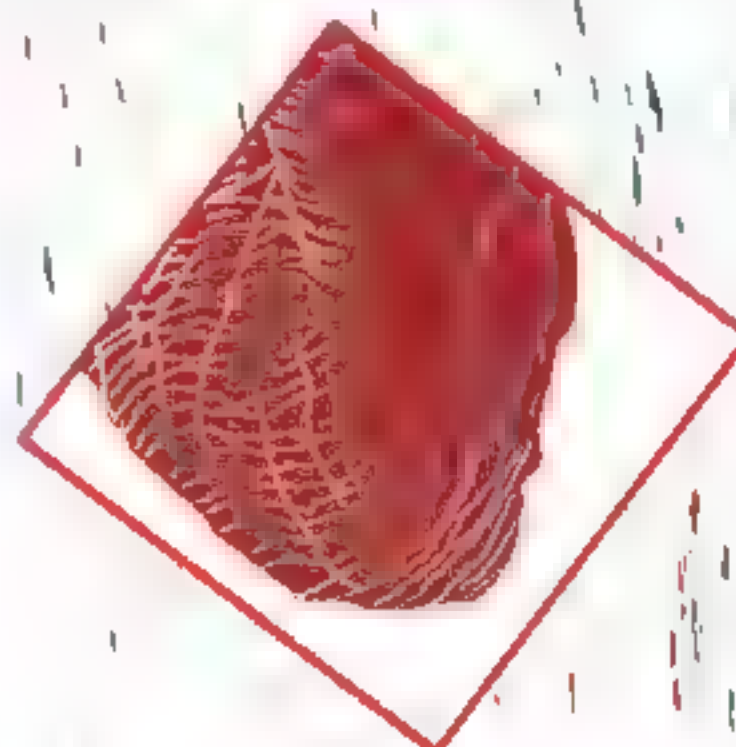
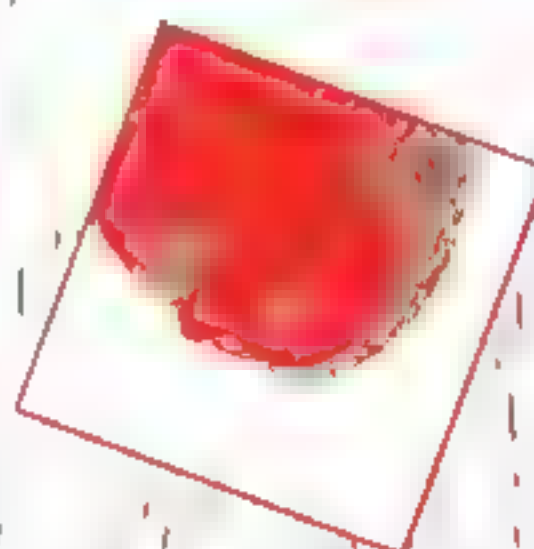




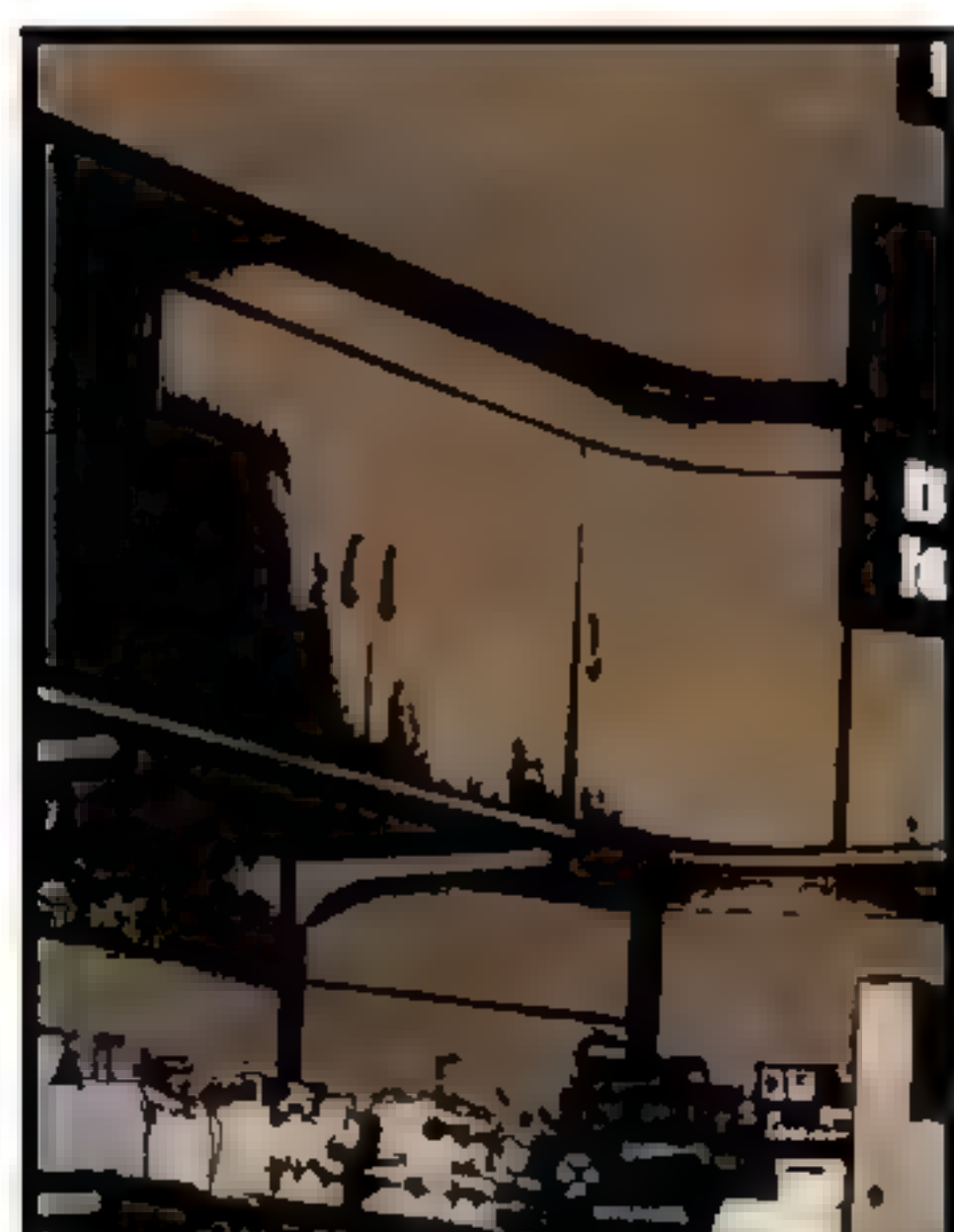
HOLY MARY,
MOTHER OF GOD.
PRAY FOR US
SINNERS. NOW AND
AT THE HOUR OF
OUR DEATHS...











OH! YOU CAN'T JUST DO THAT! WHAT THE BLAZES YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING THERE, FATHER?

DOING? I--



AIRSH

GIDEON FALLS

the city
of the future

GIDEON III
- STEAM -

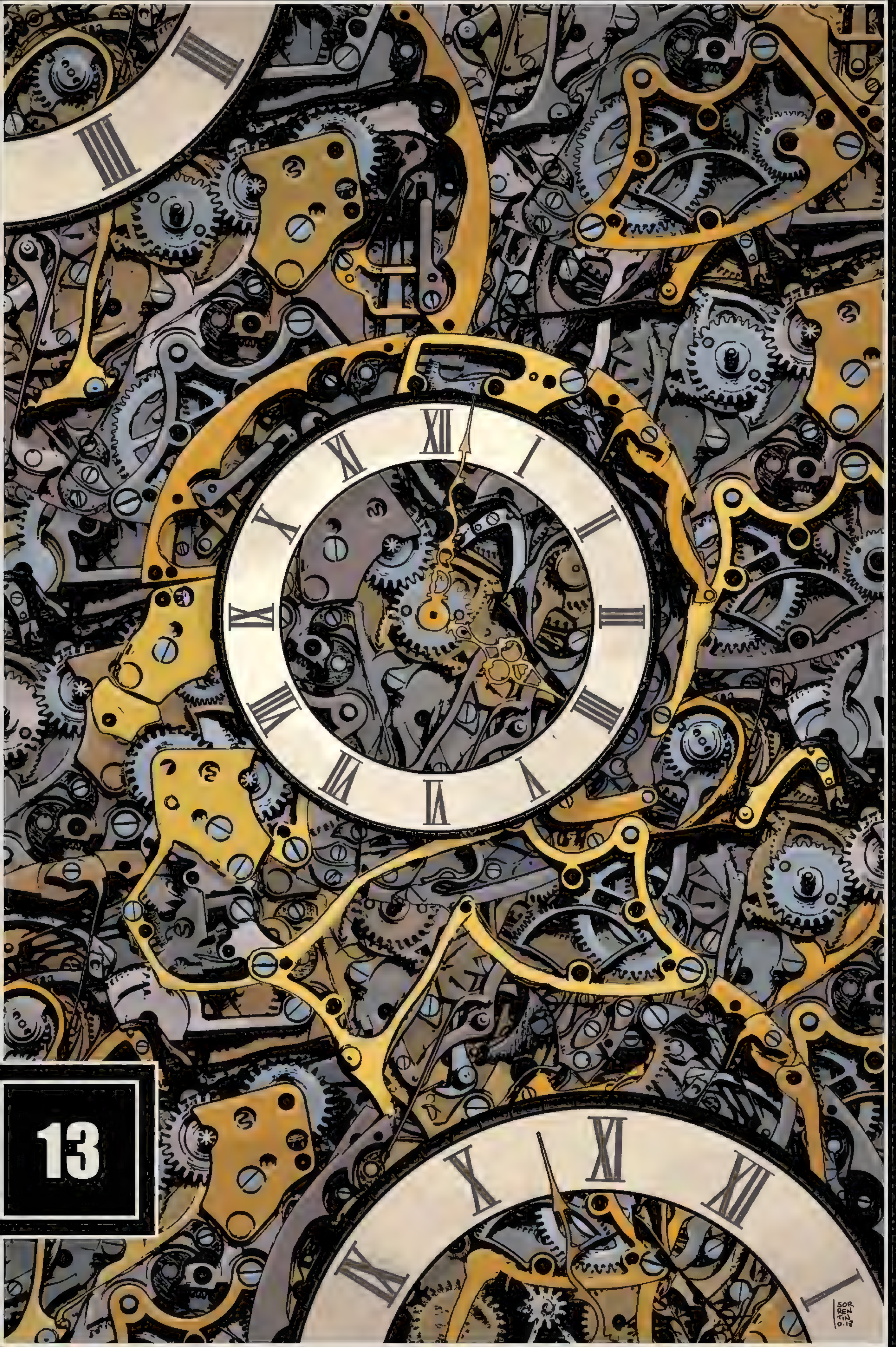
SINGLAR'S
BARN

GIDEON II
- FRONTIER -

HOME

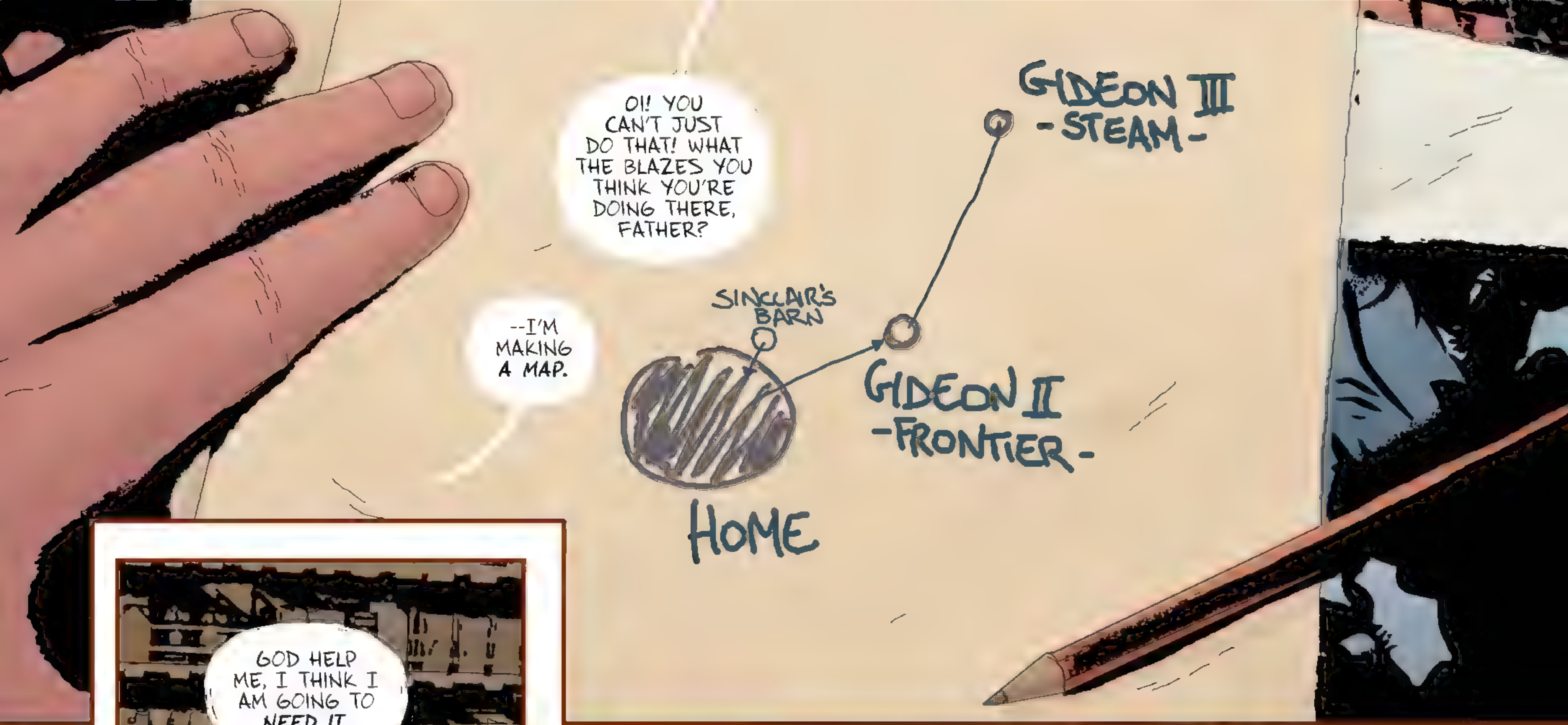
--I'M
MAKING
A MAP.

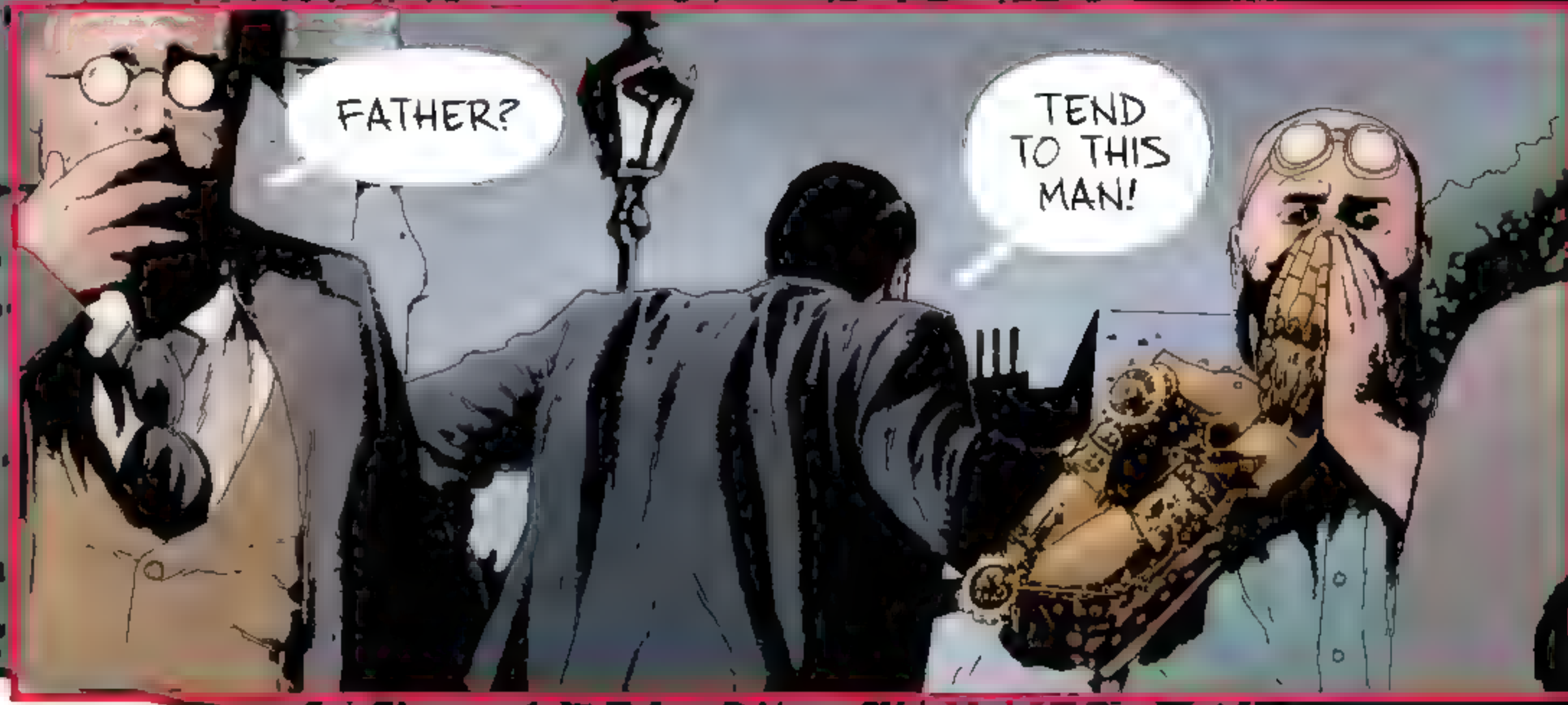
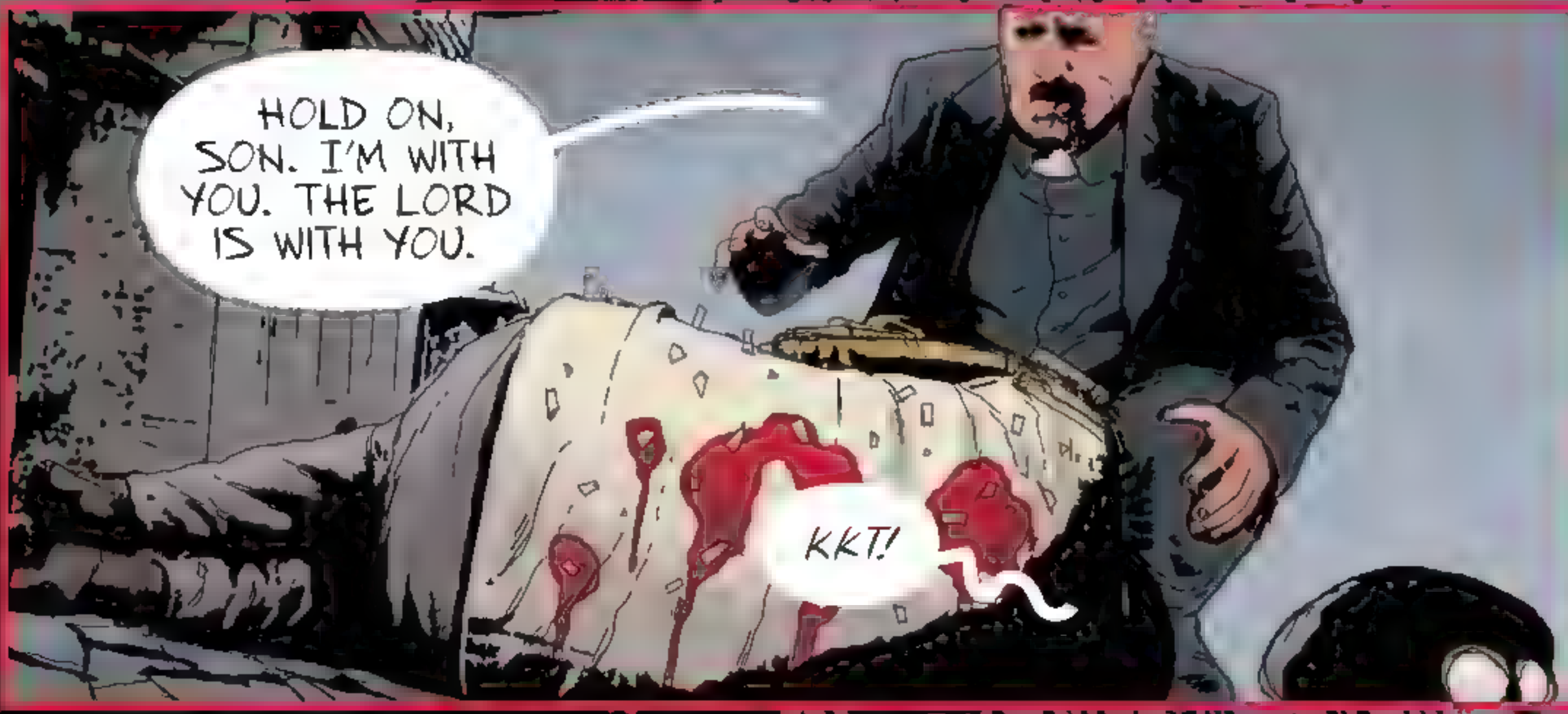
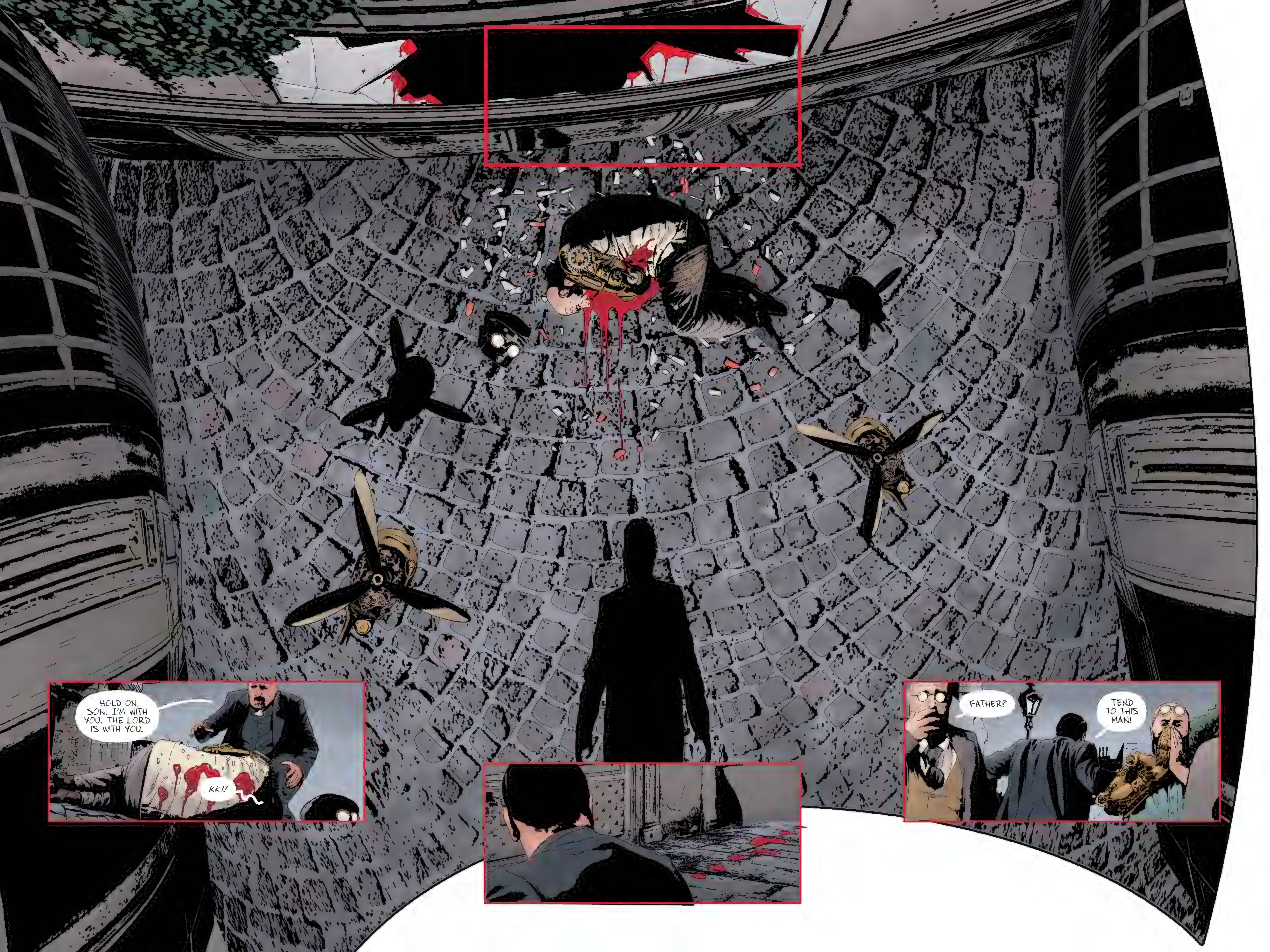
GOD HELP
ME, I THINK I
AM GOING TO
NEED IT.



13

SOR
DEN
0.12







SMILE.



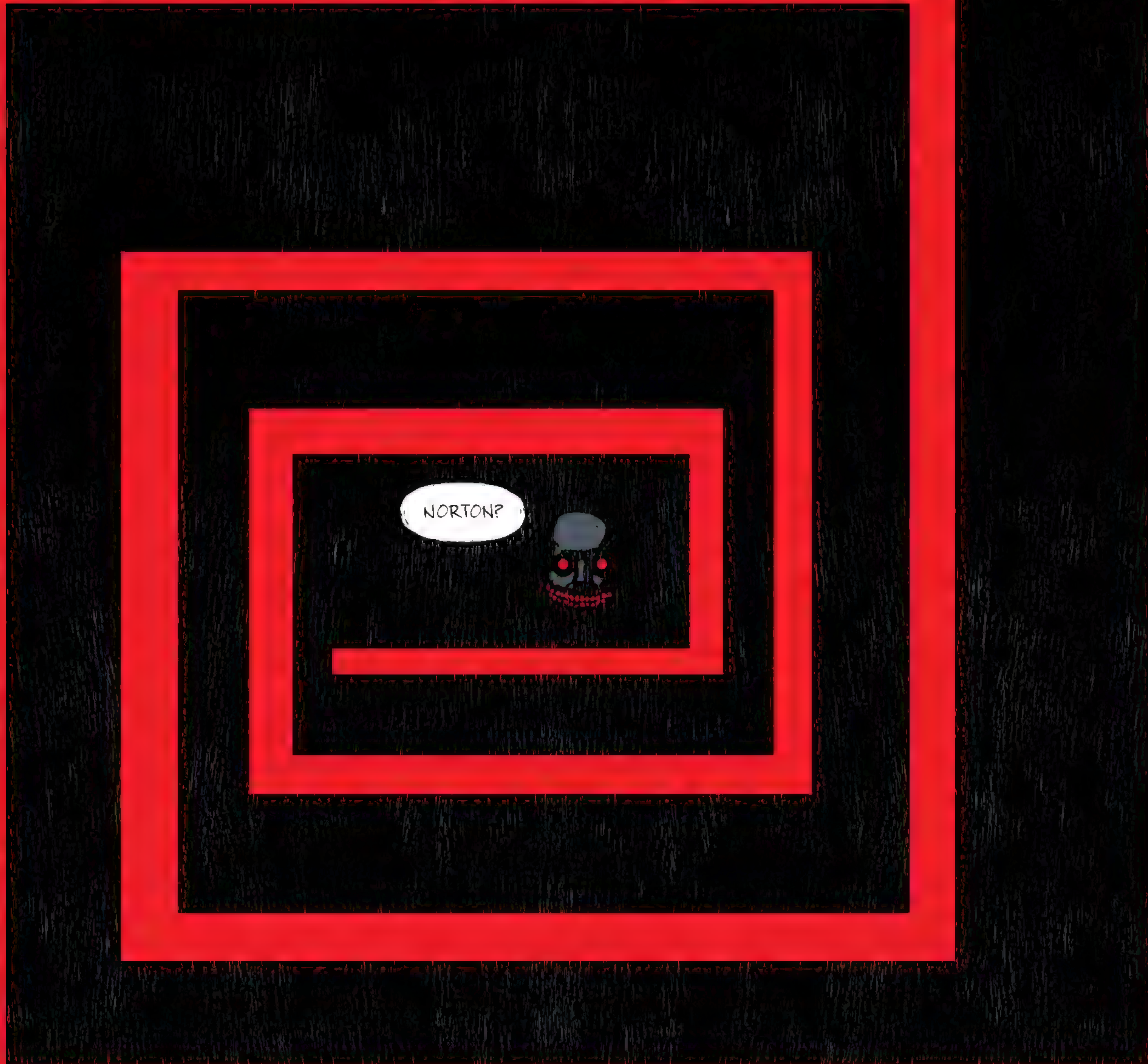
WHAT?
WHAT DID
YOU SAY?!



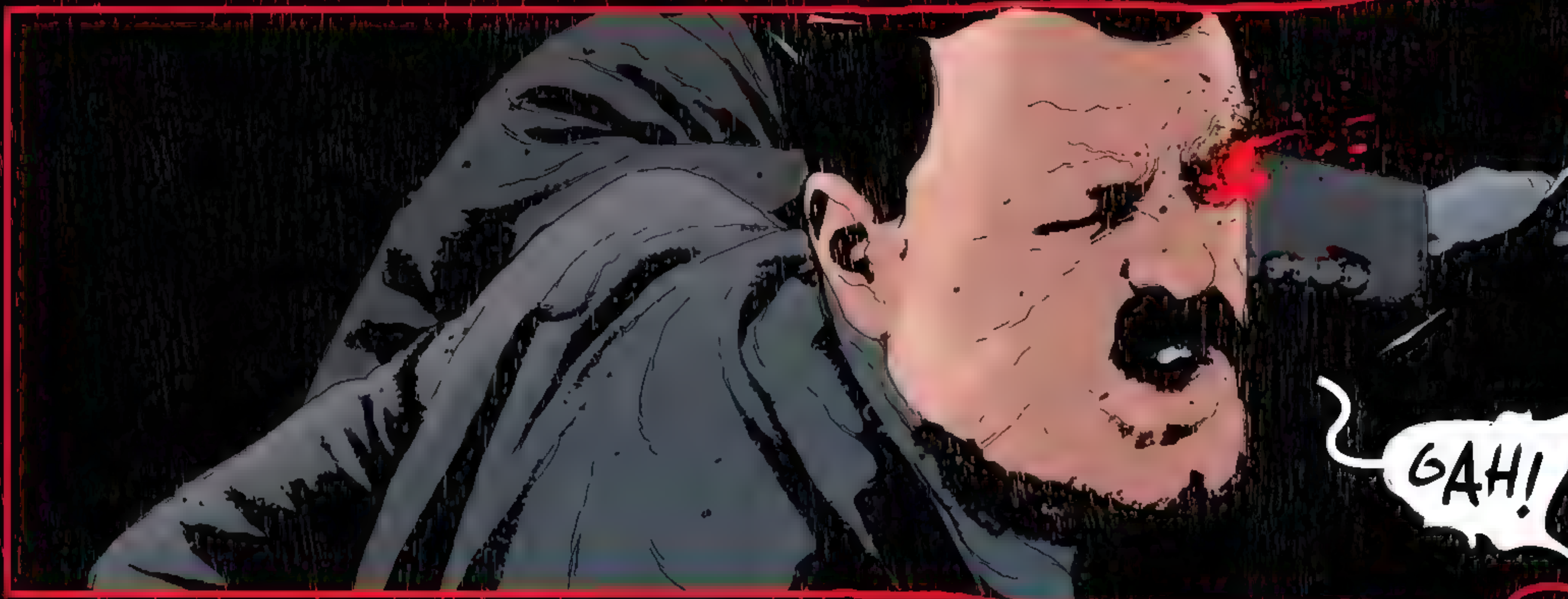
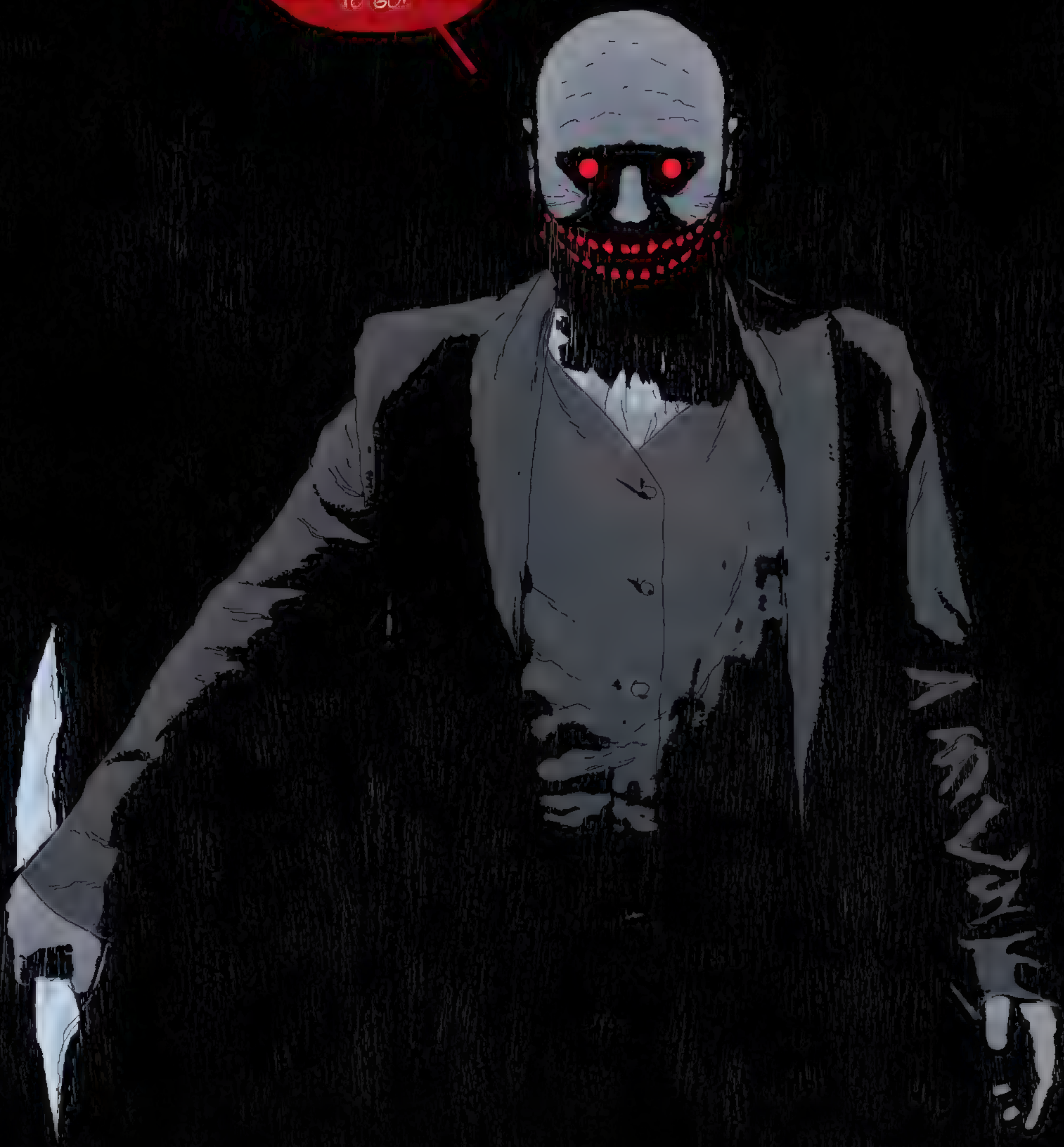
HE HAD
SUCH A
SMILE.



S--SINCLAIR?



YOU ARE
WRONG THERE
IS ALWAYS
SOMEWHERE ELSE
TO GO!



GAH!



YOU--YOU,
**EVIL
FUCKER!**



WHAT ARE
YOU?!



YOU
HEAR ME?!
WHAT ARE
YOU?!





I AM
THE SHADOW
AT THE
CENTER

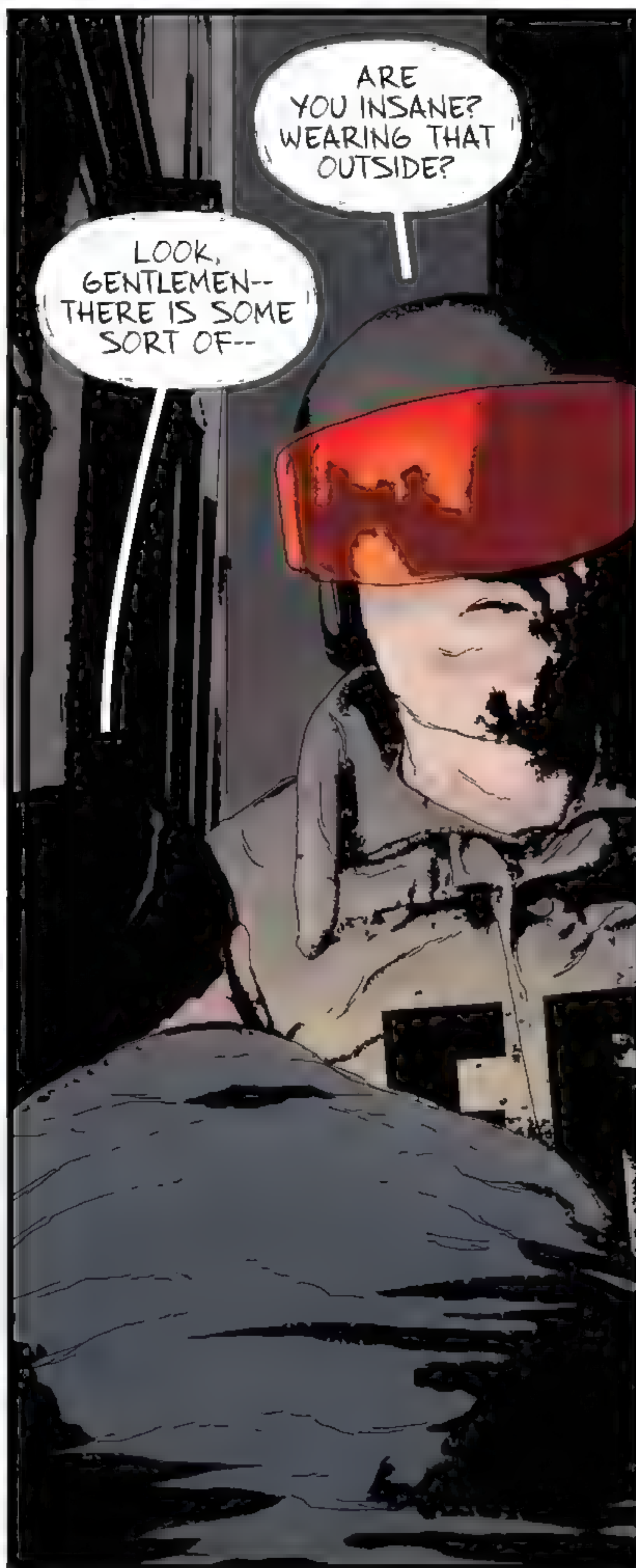


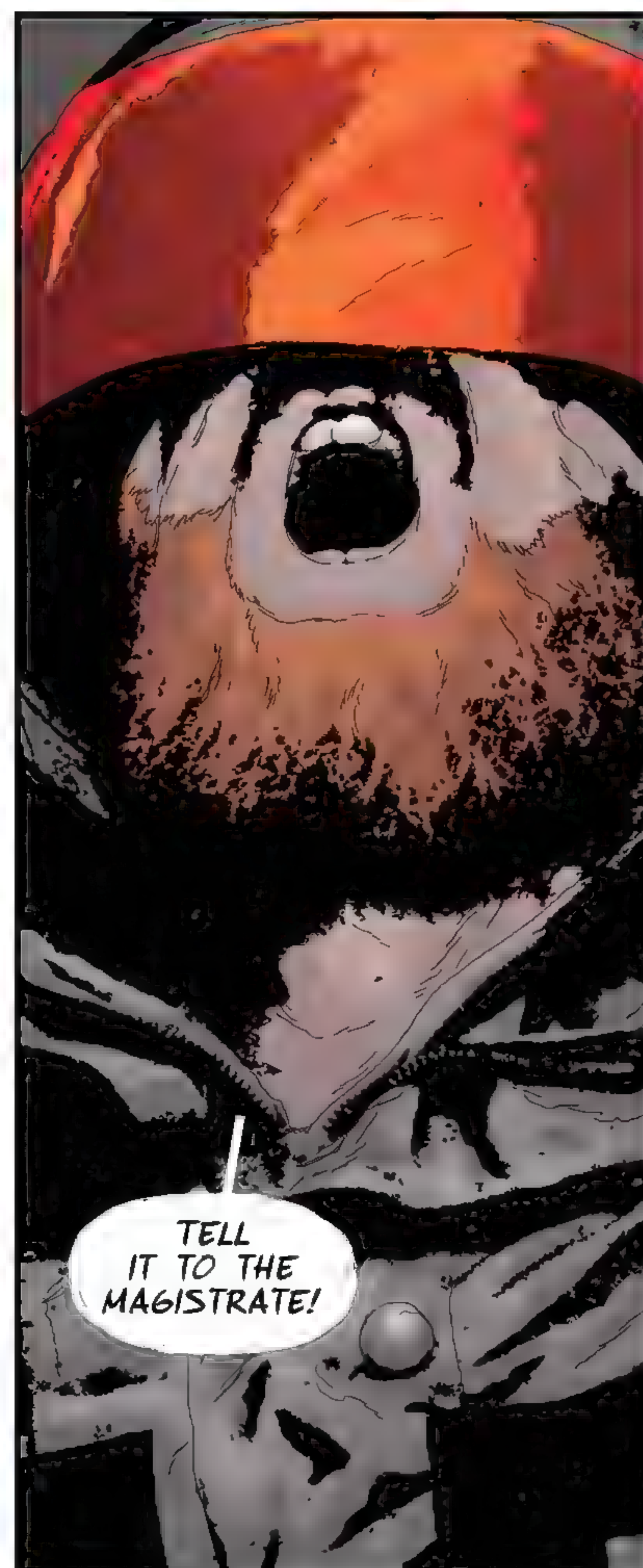
NO, YOU
DON'T! YOU'RE
NOT GETTING
AWAY FROM
ME!



NOT
AGAIN!







TELL
IT TO THE
MAGISTRATE!



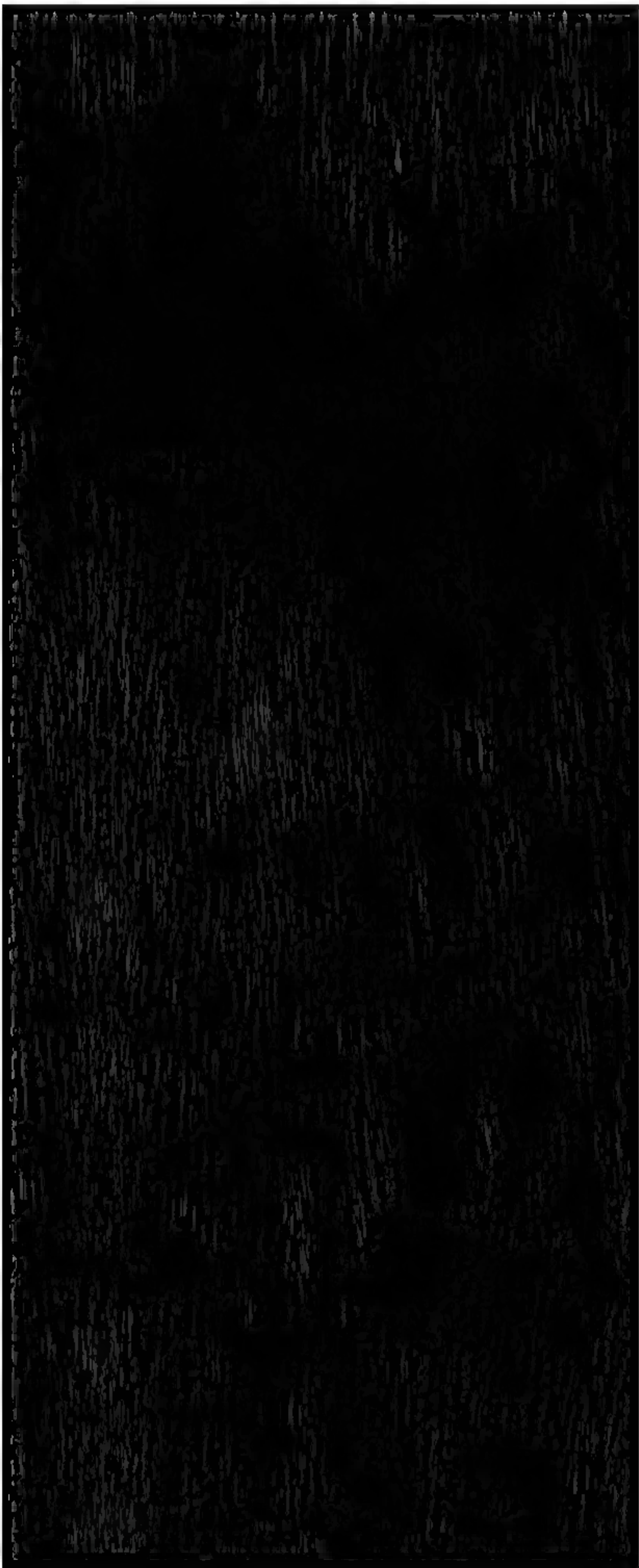
NO
RELIGION,
OLD MAN!

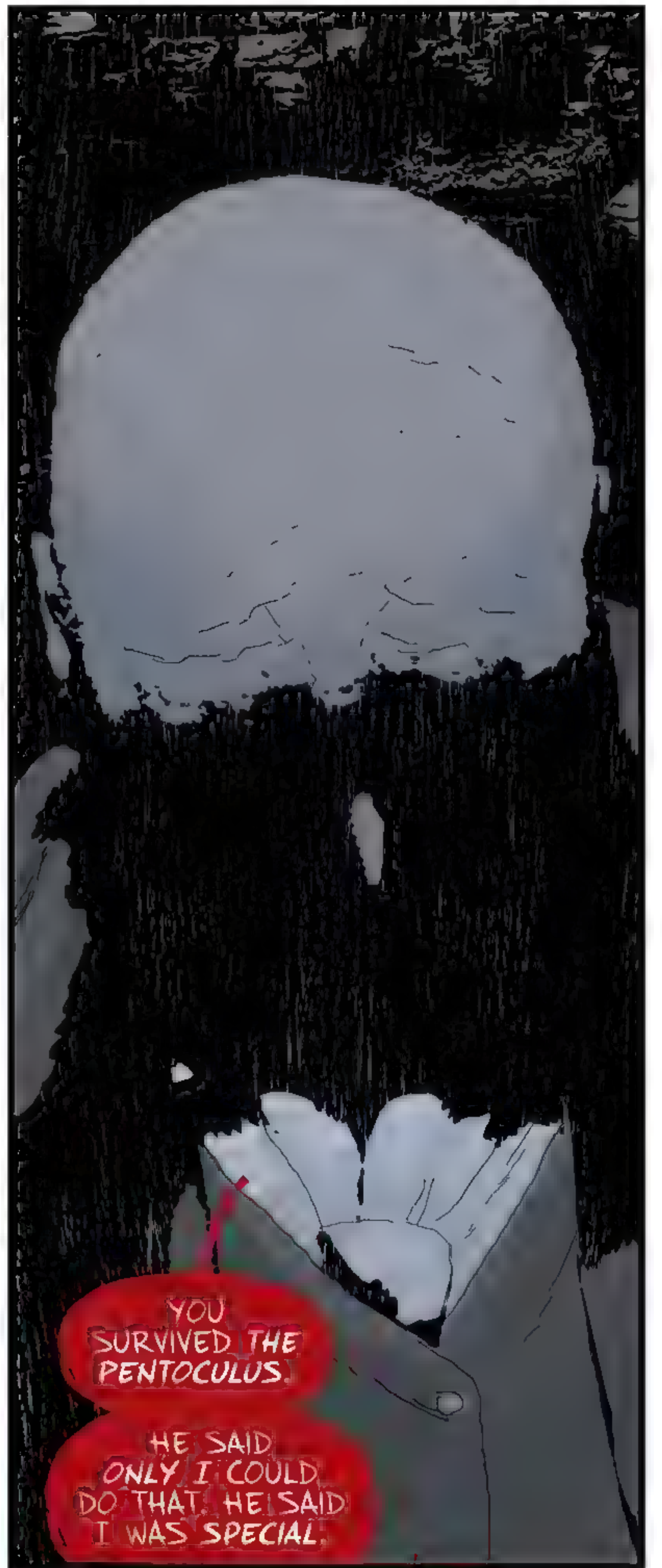
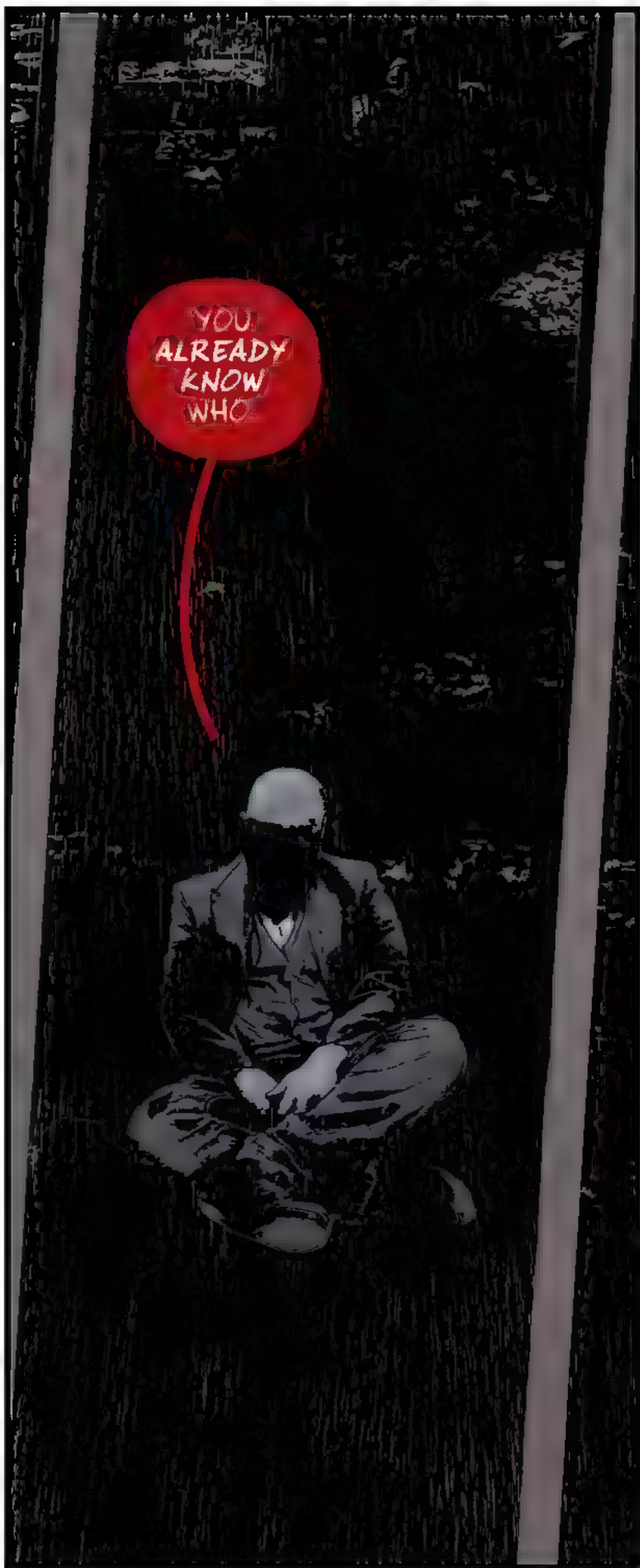


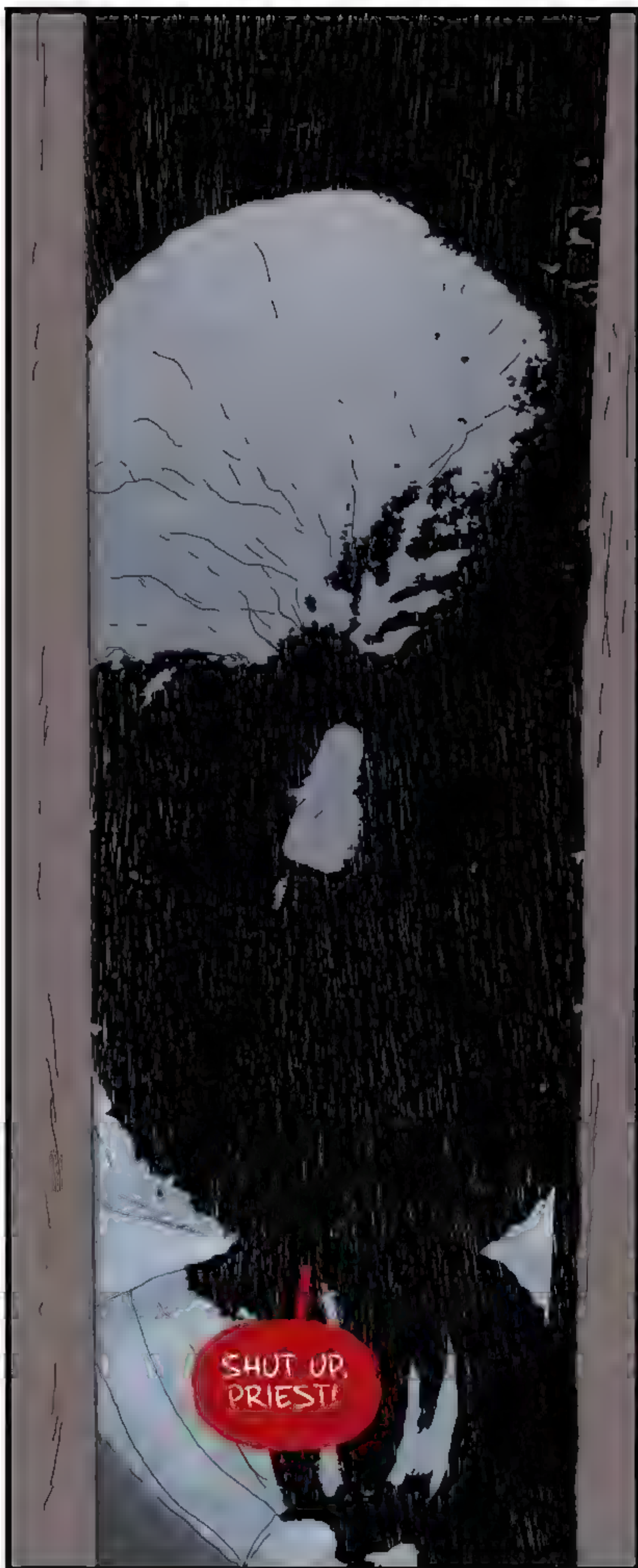
ONLY THE
STATE! ONLY
GIDEON!

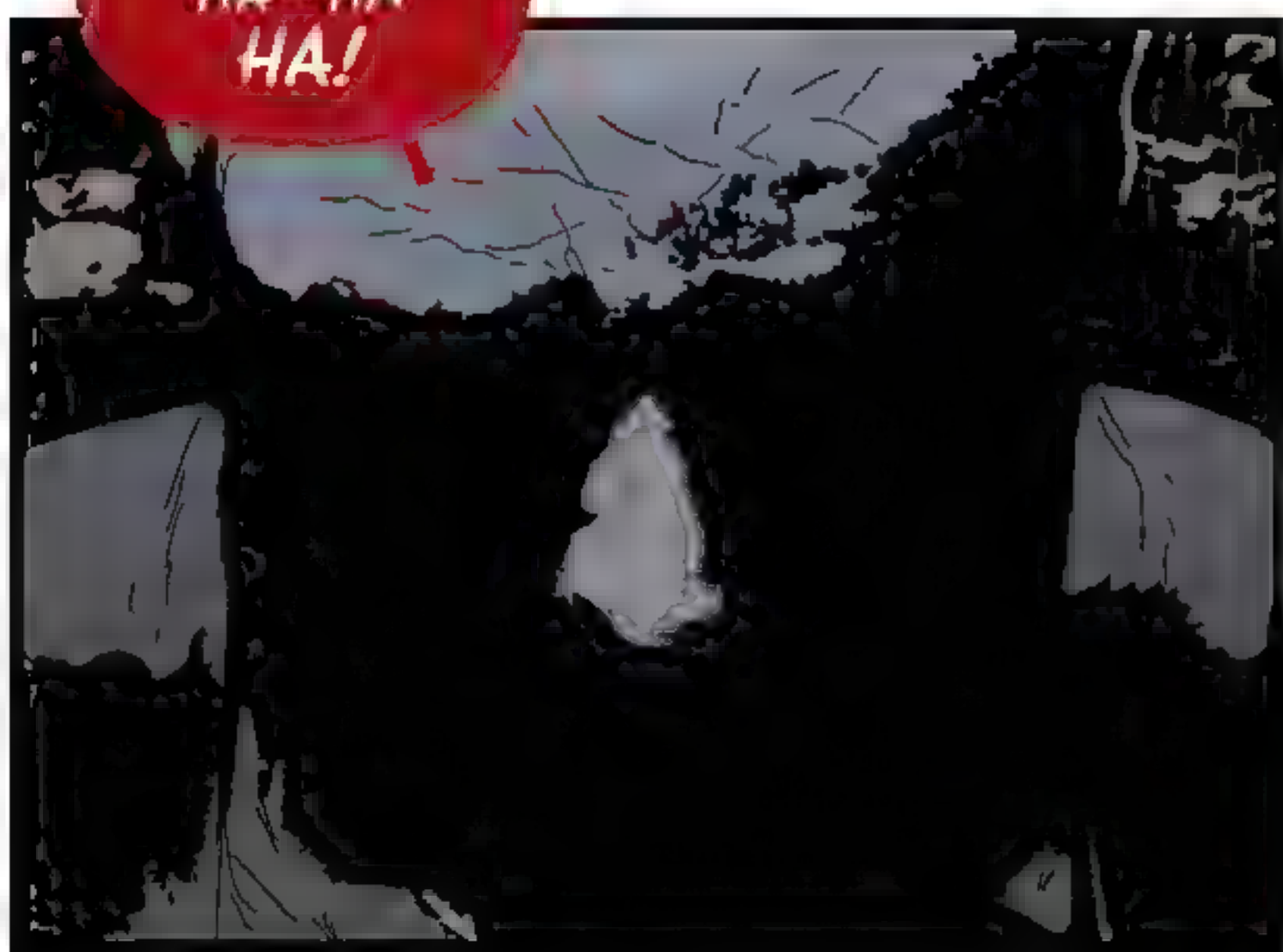


GIDEON
IS ALWAYS
WATCHING!

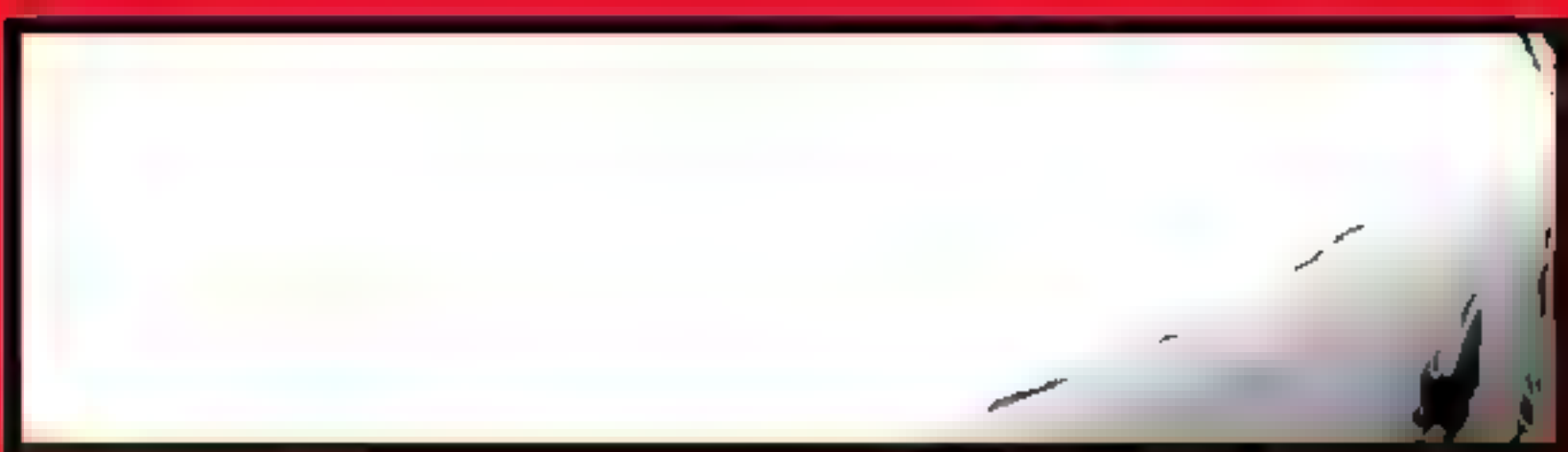
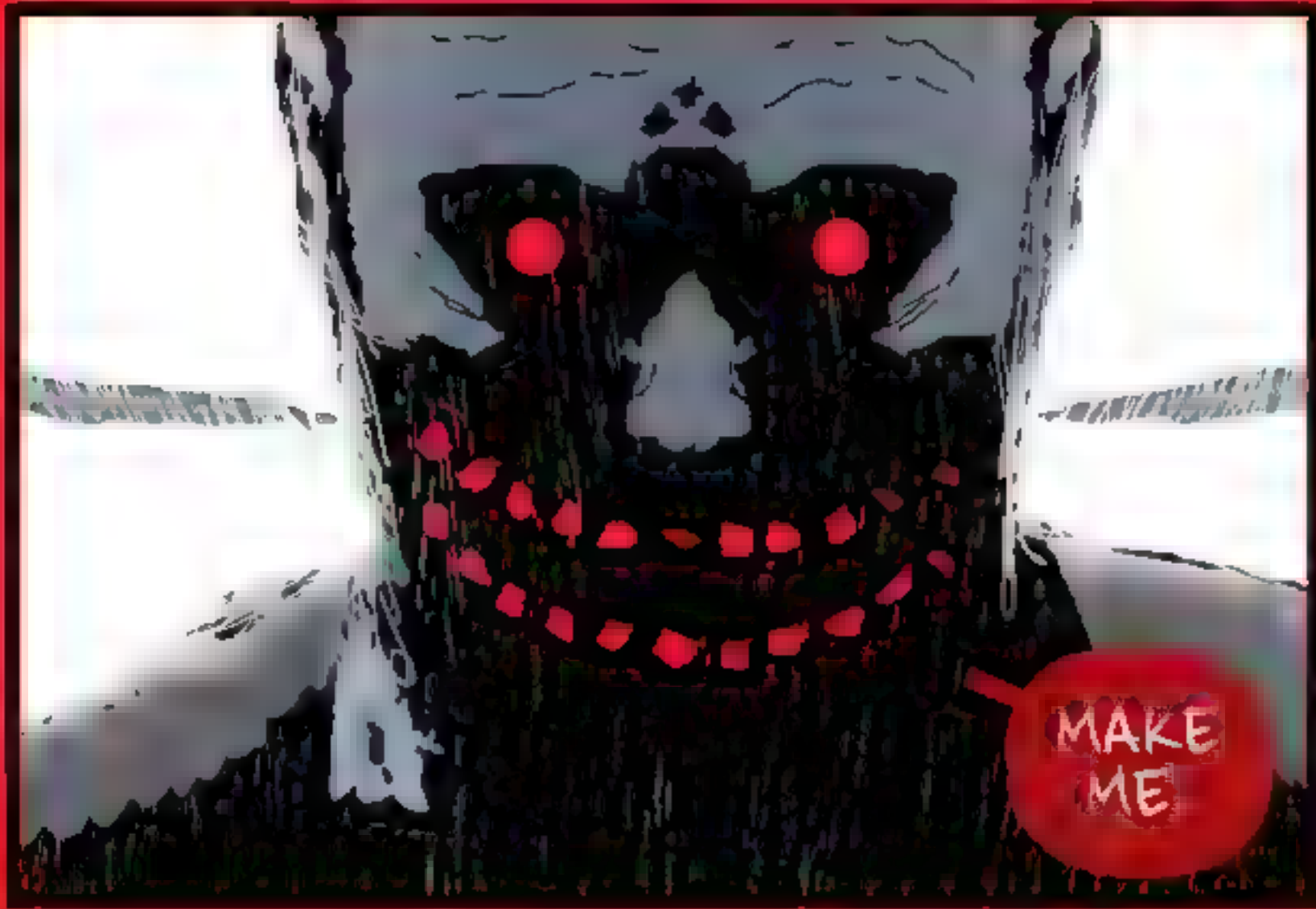
















H--HELLO?



IT IS
STARTING,
JUST AS HE
SAID IT
WOULD!



...WE HAVE
BEEN WAITING
FOR YOU.





SOR
REN
TIN
D.19



WHAT--
WHAT IS
THIS?



WE HAVE BEEN
WAITING FOR YOU,
BISHOP. JUST AS
YOU ASKED
OF US.



I--I
DON'T--



BISHOP!

WHY
DOESN'T
HE KNOW
US?

HE
HAS NOT
MET US
YET.

WELL, WE
DON'T HAVE
MUCH TIME.

WE HAVE
THE EXACT
AMOUNT OF TIME
WE NEED, NOW
HUSH.


WE SHOULD
TAKE HIM TO
THE CHURCH!

NO, NOT YET.
HE NEEDS MEDICAL
ATTENTION. BESIDES,
SHE WILL BE HERE
SOON.


IS--IS
IT **REALLY**
BEGINNING?

IT IS REALLY
BEGINNING, IT IS
WRITTEN. IT IS
TRUTH.







WHY DO
YOU KEEP
CALLING ME
BISHOP?




BECAUSE
THAT IS WHO YOU
WILL BECOME. IT IS
WHO YOU ARE THE
NEXT TIME WE
SEE YOU.



I DON'T
KNOW ANY OF YOU.
THIS IS SOME SORT
OF MISTAKE.



NO, YOU WILL
COME TO US MANY
TIMES. WHEN YOU
ARE OLDER.



LOOK,
YOU LEFT THIS
FOR US TO
SHOW YOU...

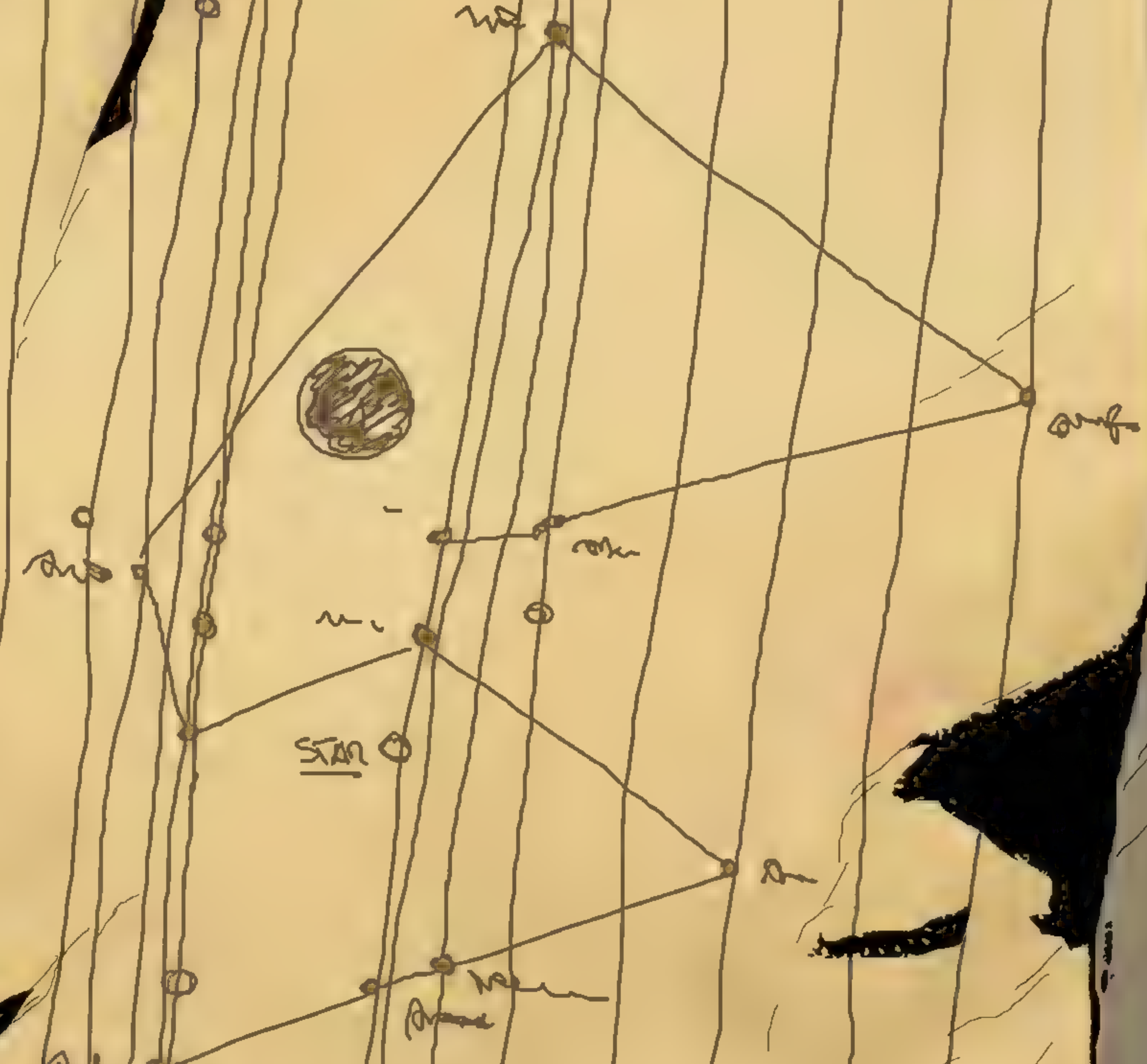


YOUR OWN
MAP!

Timeline

-87 76 65 56 43

34
23
12 45 56 67 78

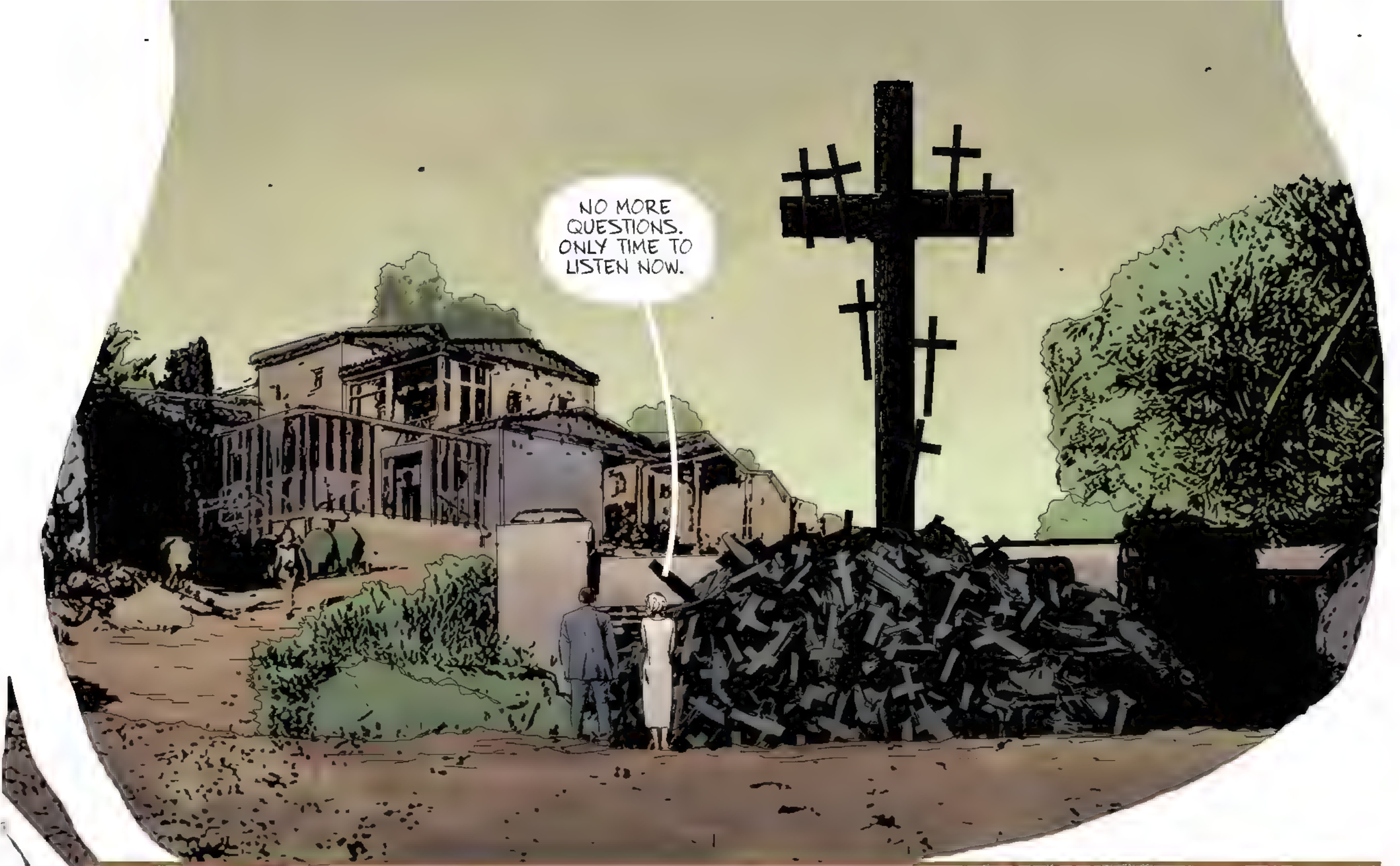


NONE OF THIS
MAKES ANY SENSE.
WHERE IS HE?
WHERE IS THAT-THAT
THING? WHERE IS
SINCLAIR?

IN THE
DARKNESS. WE
ARE SAFE HERE
FOR NOW.







NO MORE
QUESTIONS.
ONLY TIME TO
LISTEN NOW.



THE FIVE
WILL COME SOON.
YOU WILL SEND
THEM.

FIVE IS
THE SACRED
NUMBER.



THE MADMAN,
THE SOLDIER,
THE SINNER, THE
DOCTOR AND THE
FATHER.

FIVE.
JUST LIKE THE
PENTOCULUS.

PENTOCULUS?
SINCLAIR SAID
THAT WORD.
WHAT IS IT?

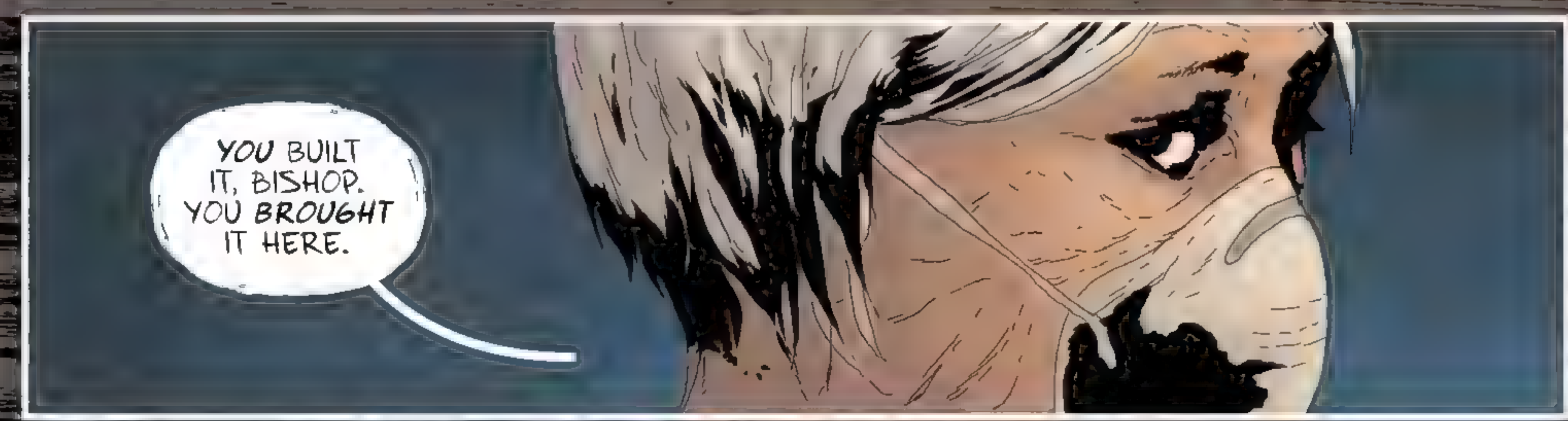
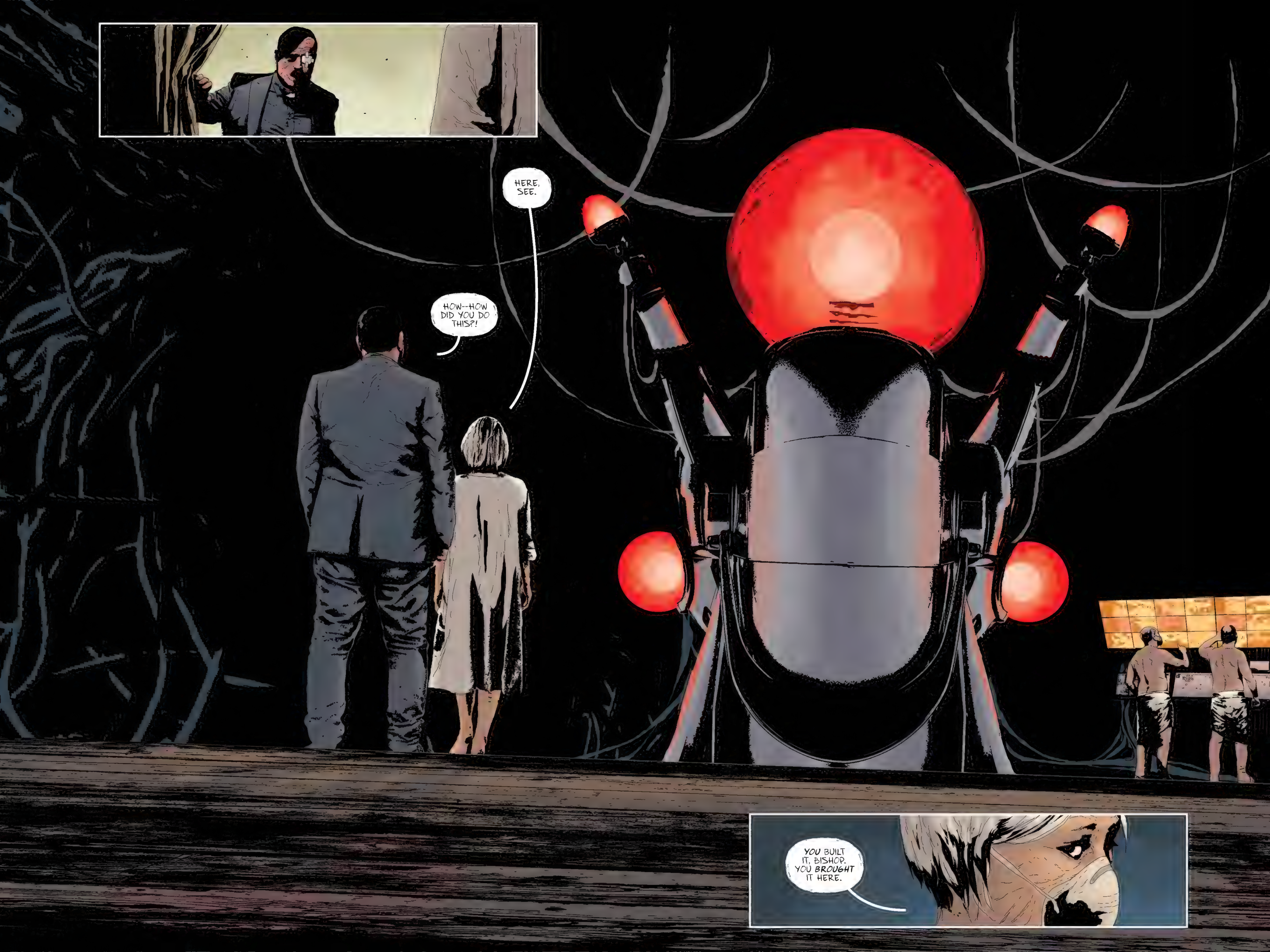


COME. INTO
THE CHURCH. I
WILL SHOW YOU
EVERYTHING.

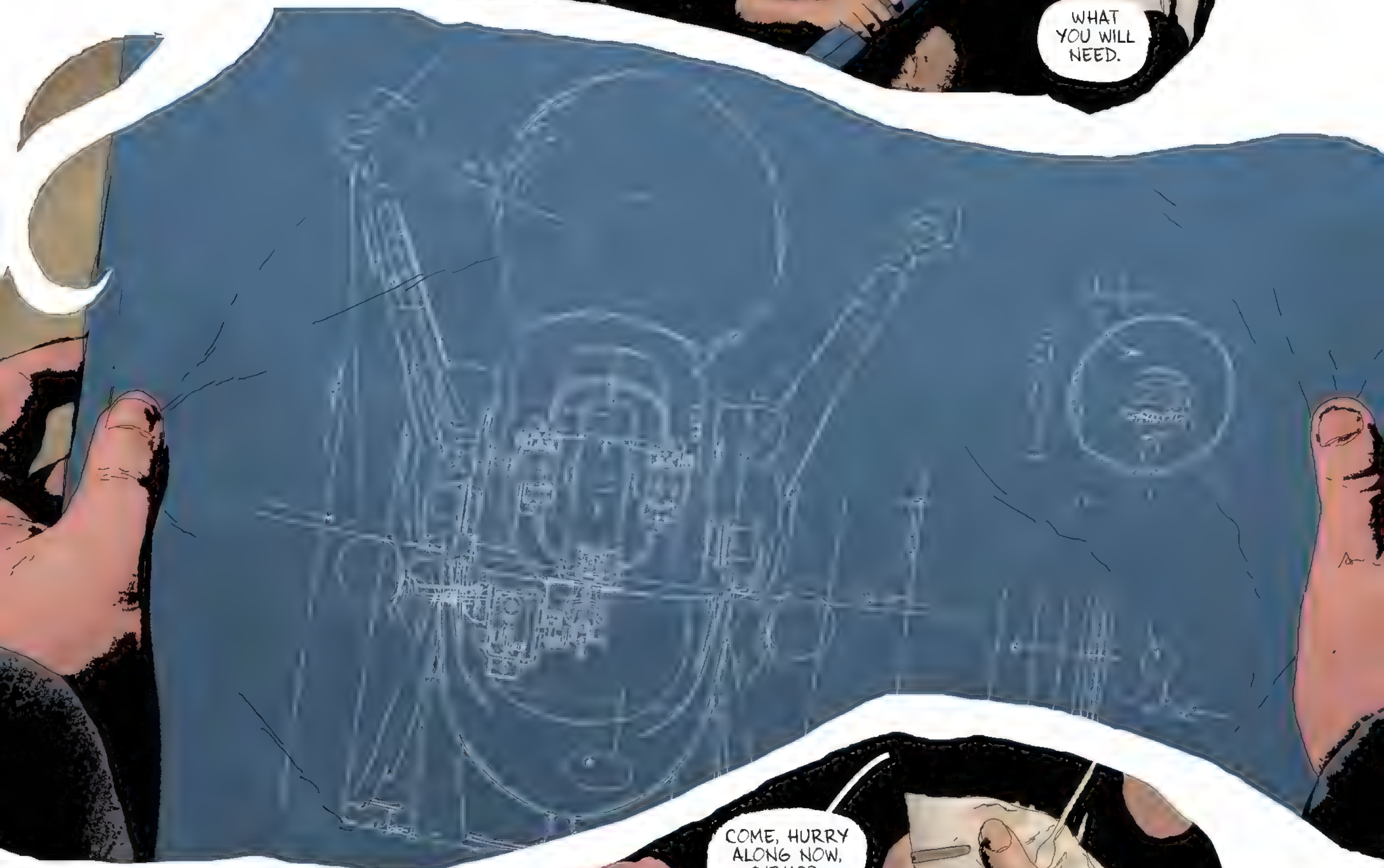


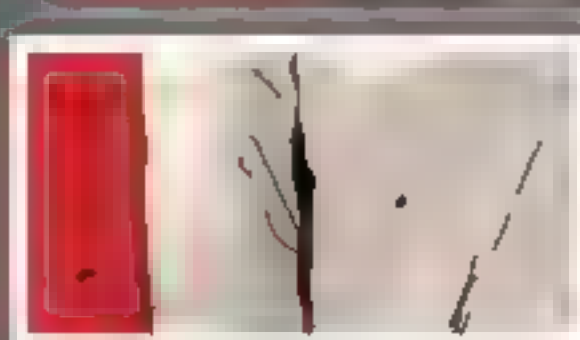
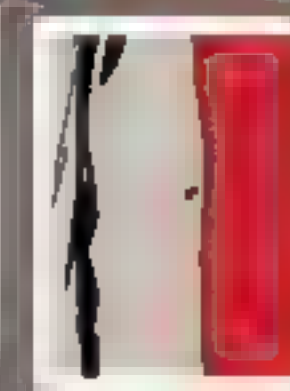
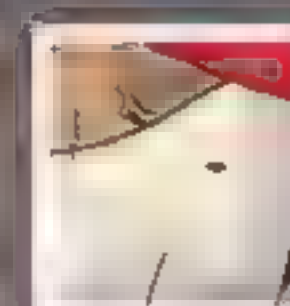
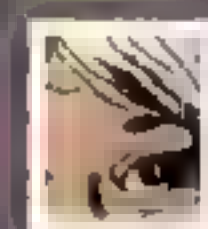
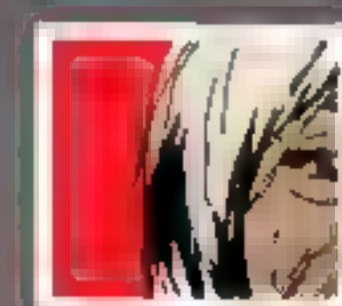
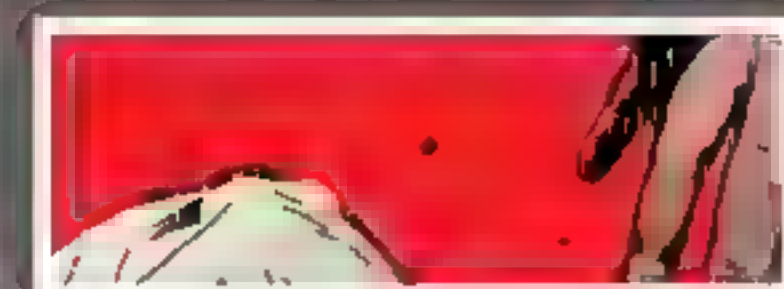
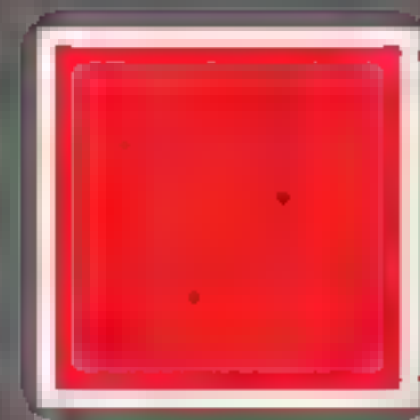
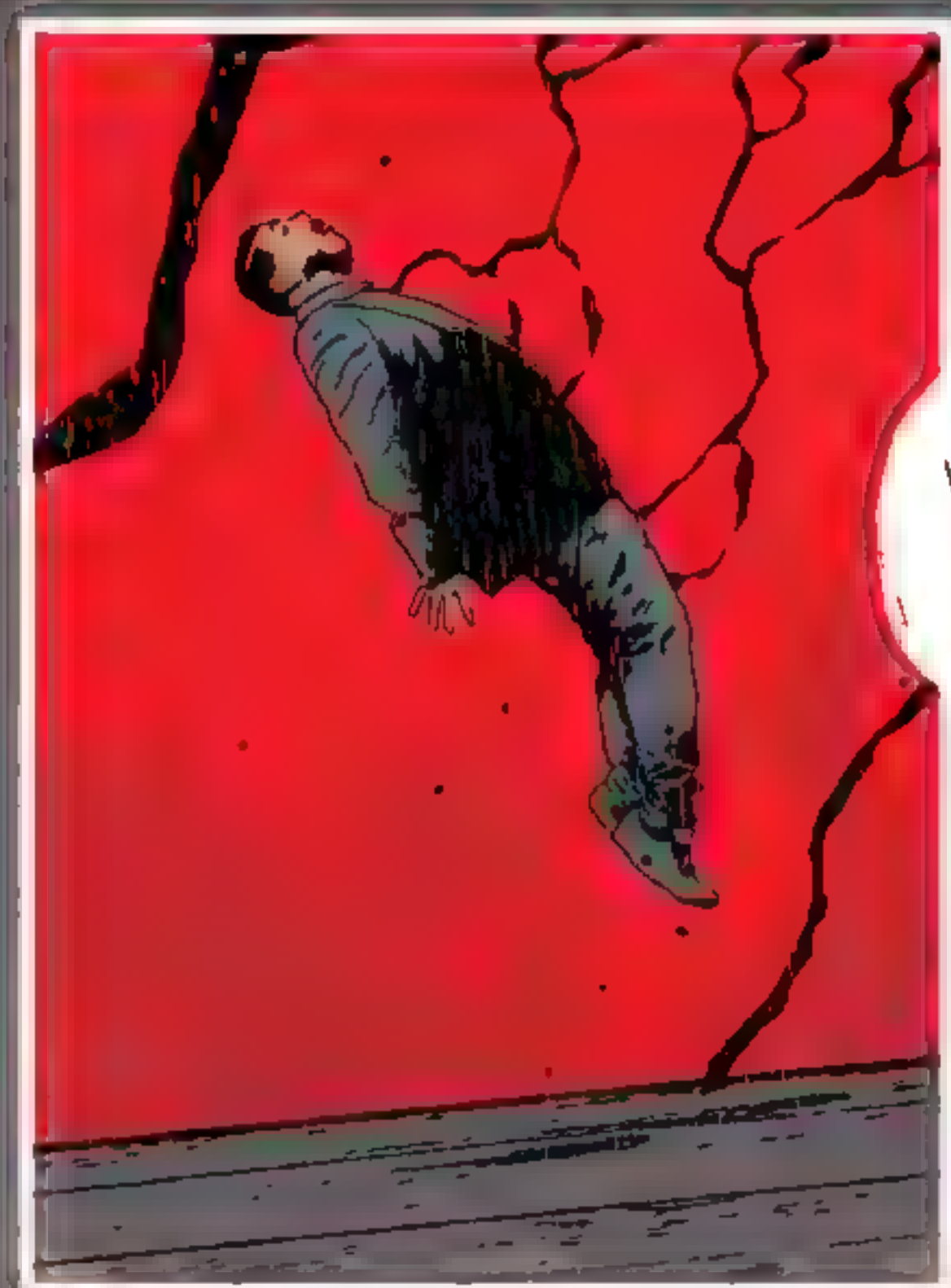
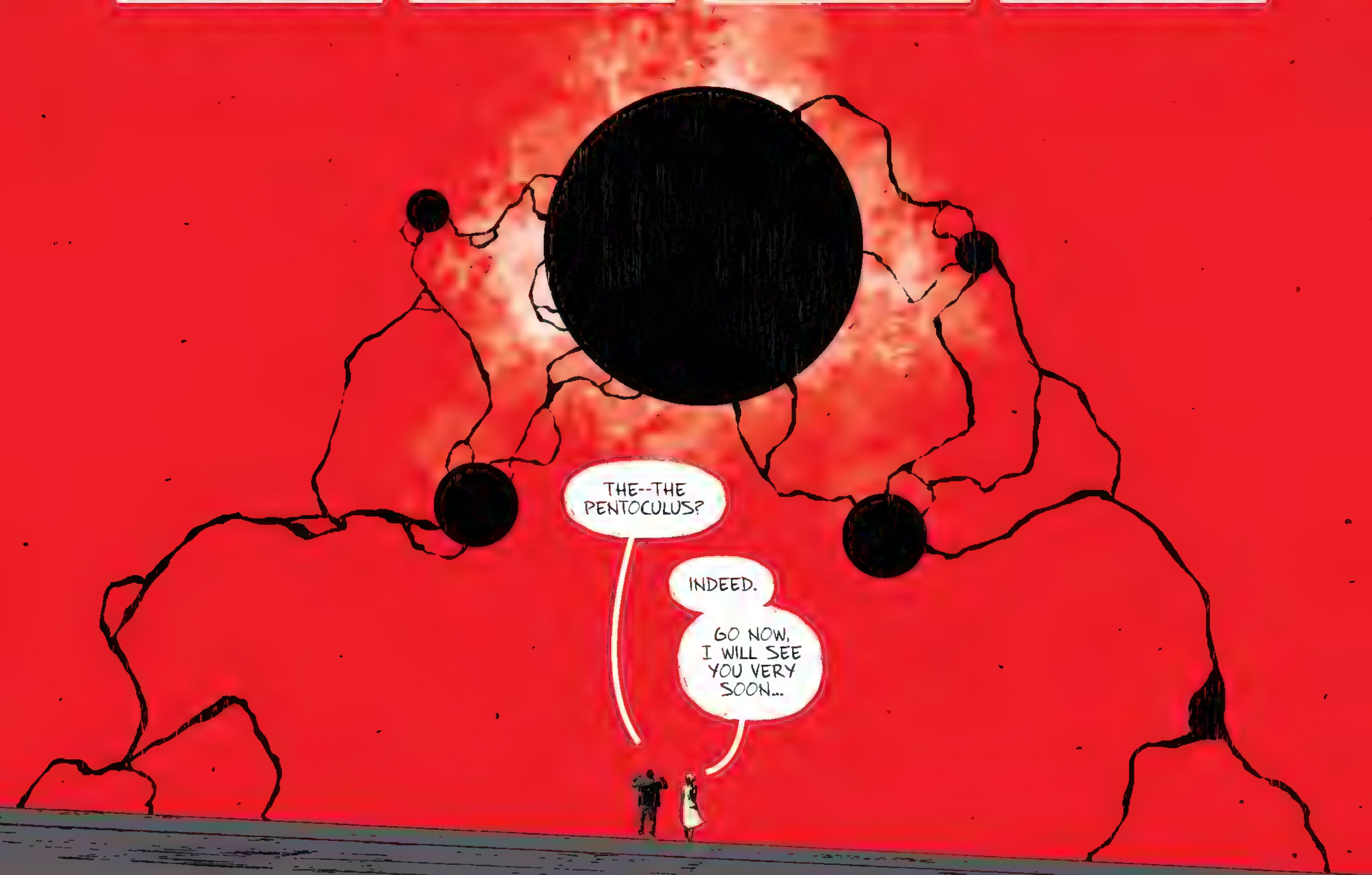
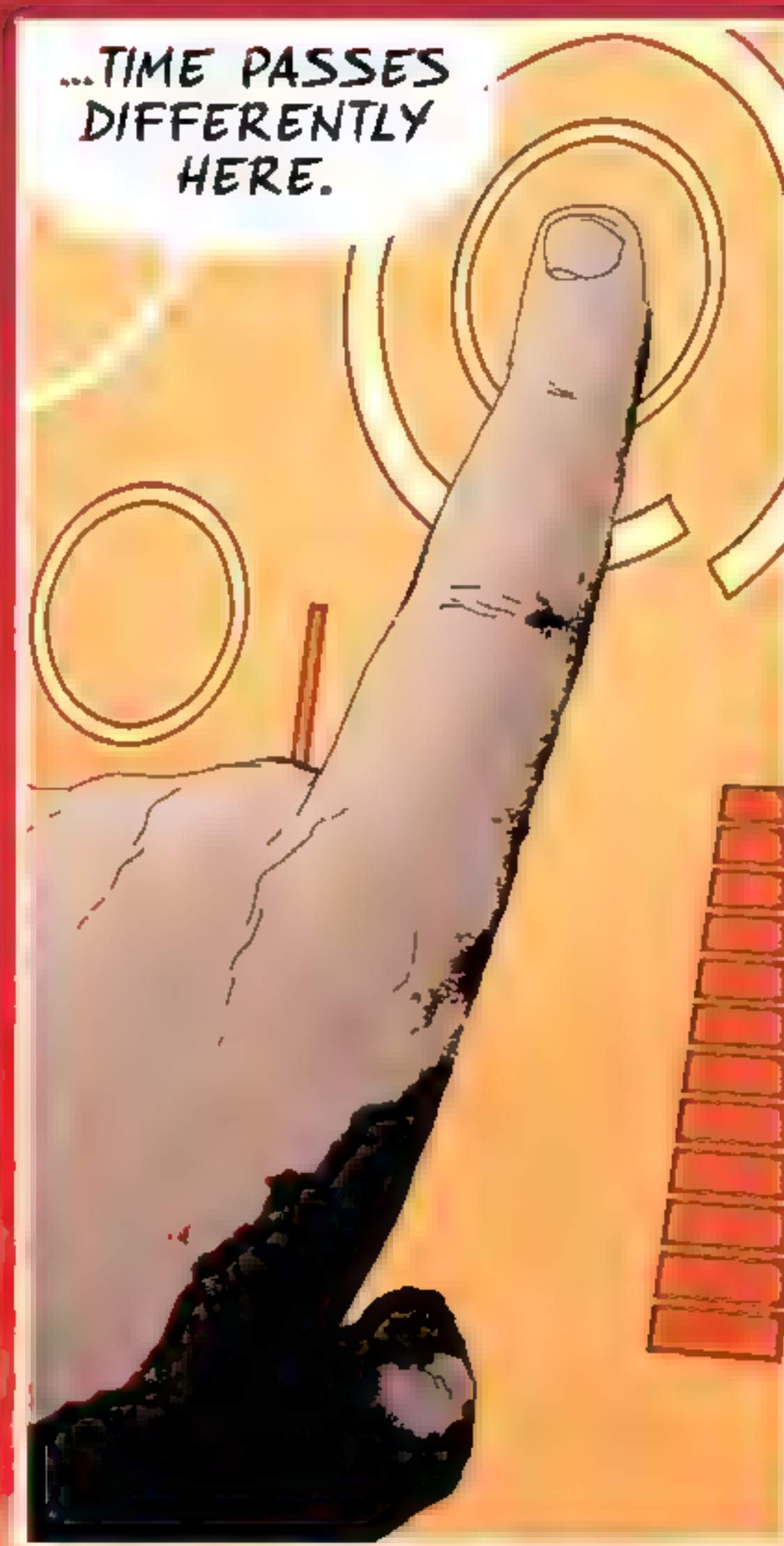
HERE,
SEE.

HOW--HOW
DID YOU DO
THIS?

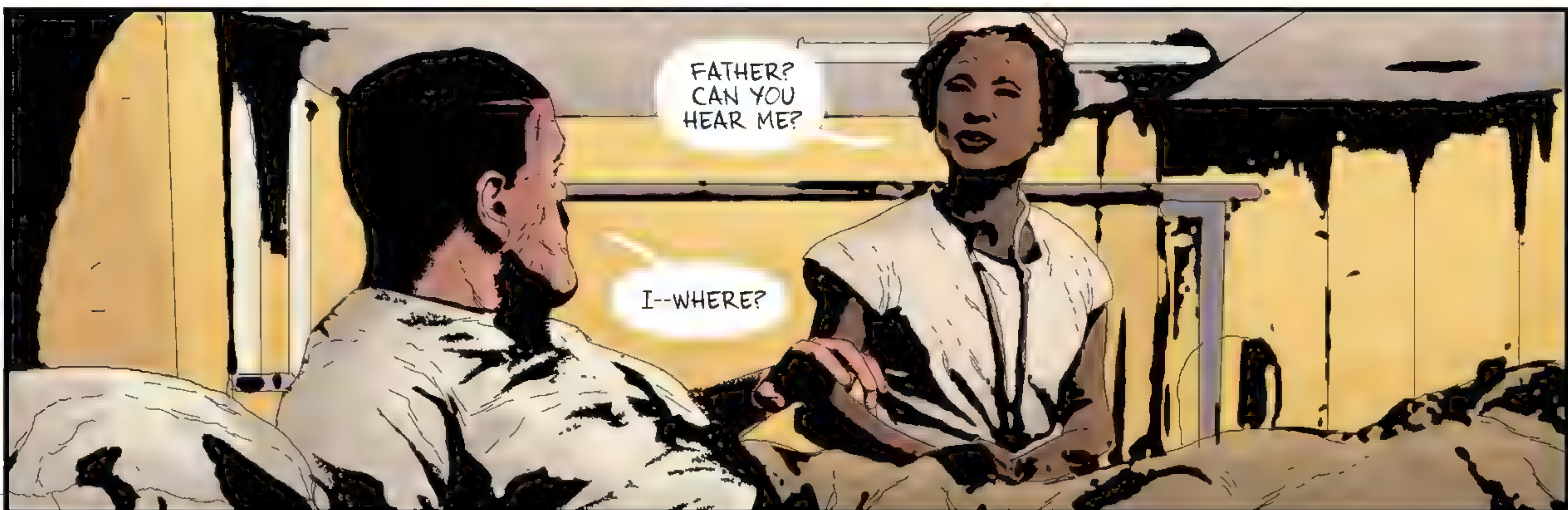
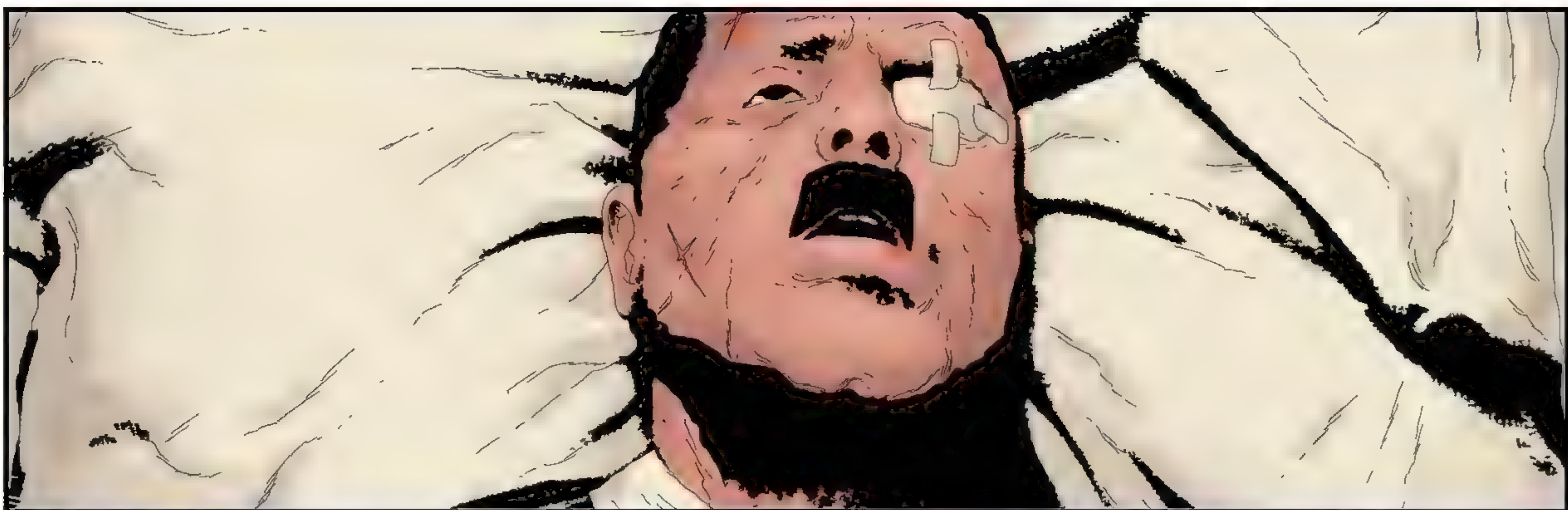


YOU BUILT
IT, BISHOP.
YOU BROUGHT
IT HERE.











THAT WILL BE
ENOUGH OF THAT.
THE GOOD FATHER HAS
HAD A HARD ENOUGH
ORDEAL. NO NEED
TO TROUBLE HIM
FURTHER, EHP?



SORRY,
SHERIFF.

NO HARM, DEAR.
LET US HAVE A
MOMENT WILL
YOU?

OF
COURSE.



THAT IS, IF YOU
ARE FEELING UP
TO VISITORS,
FATHER...

BURKE.
JEREMIAH
BURKE.

WHAT?
WHAT IS
IT?



WELL, WE HAD A
FATHER JEREMIAH
BURKE IN THIS
TOWN ONCE. HE
DISAPPEARED.

...BUT
THAT WAS
NEARLY FIFTY
YEARS AGO.

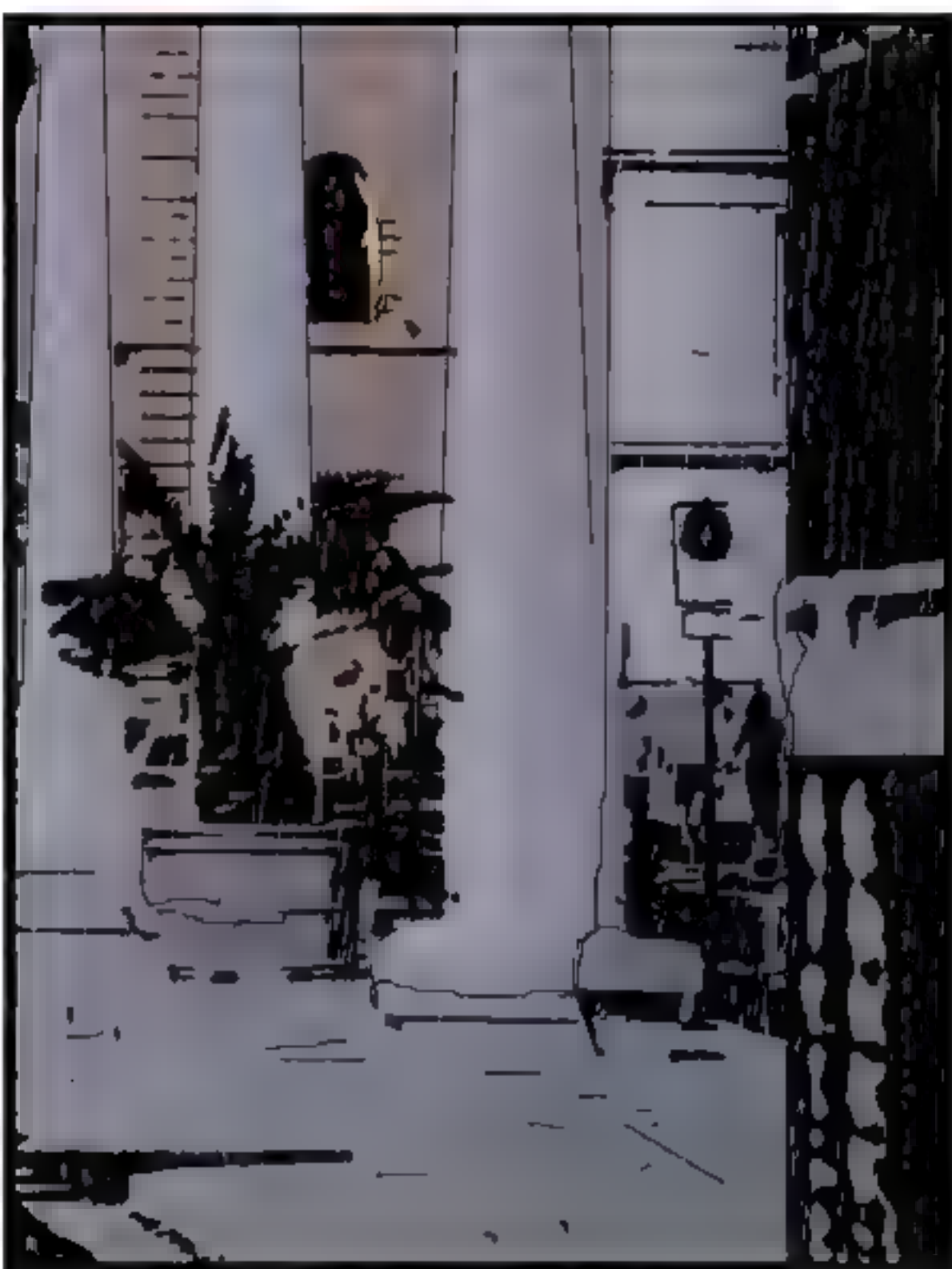
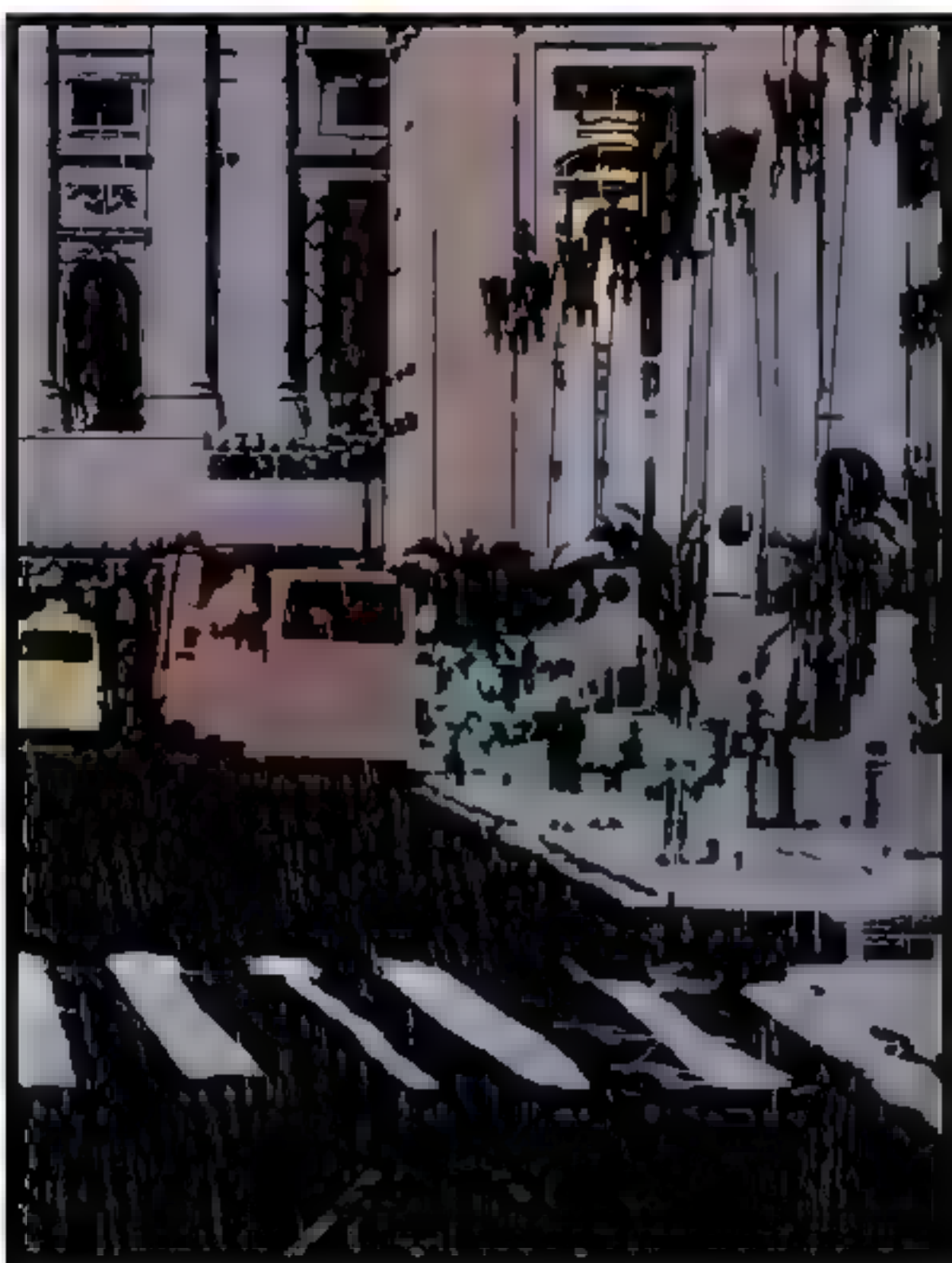
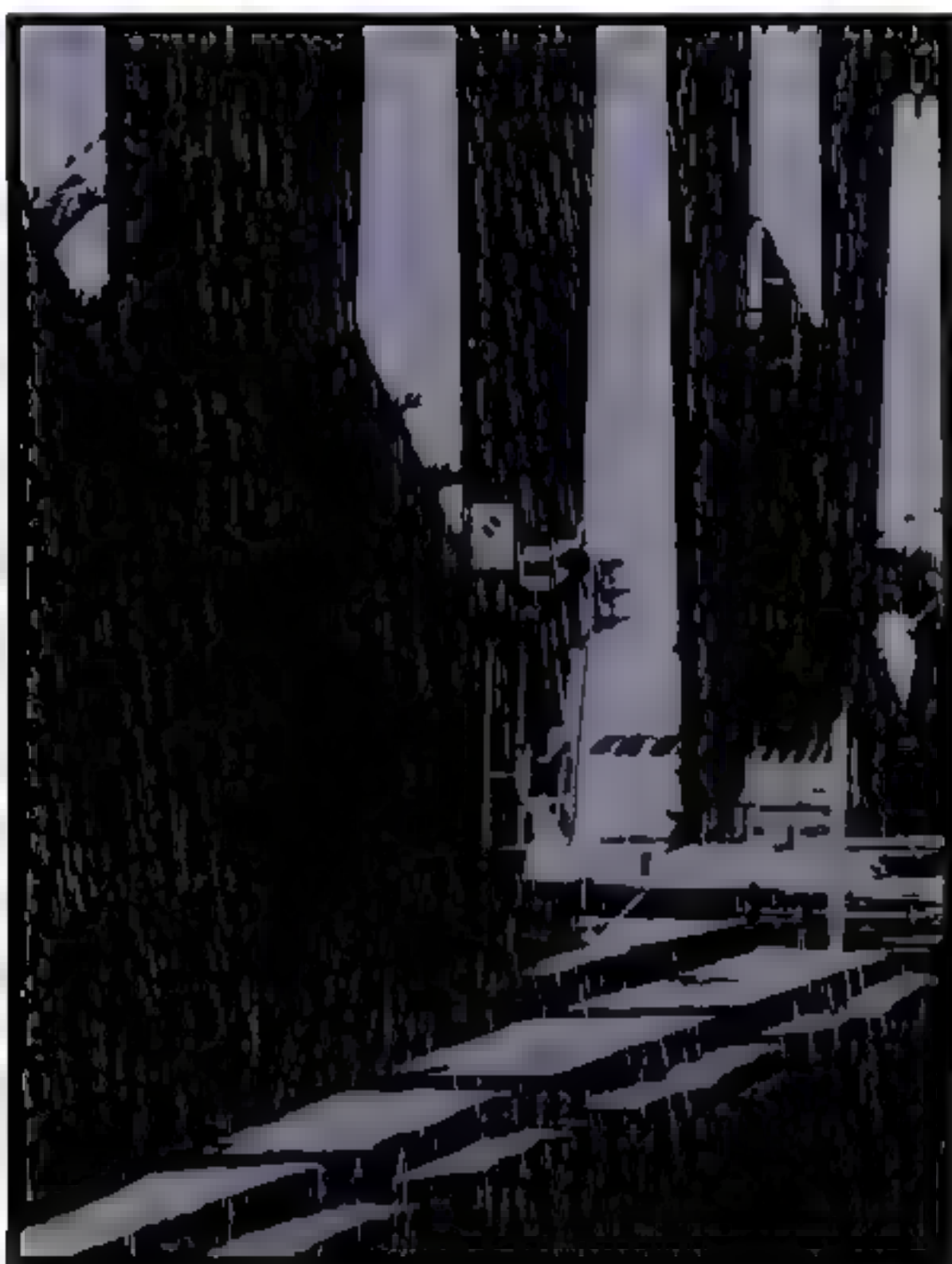
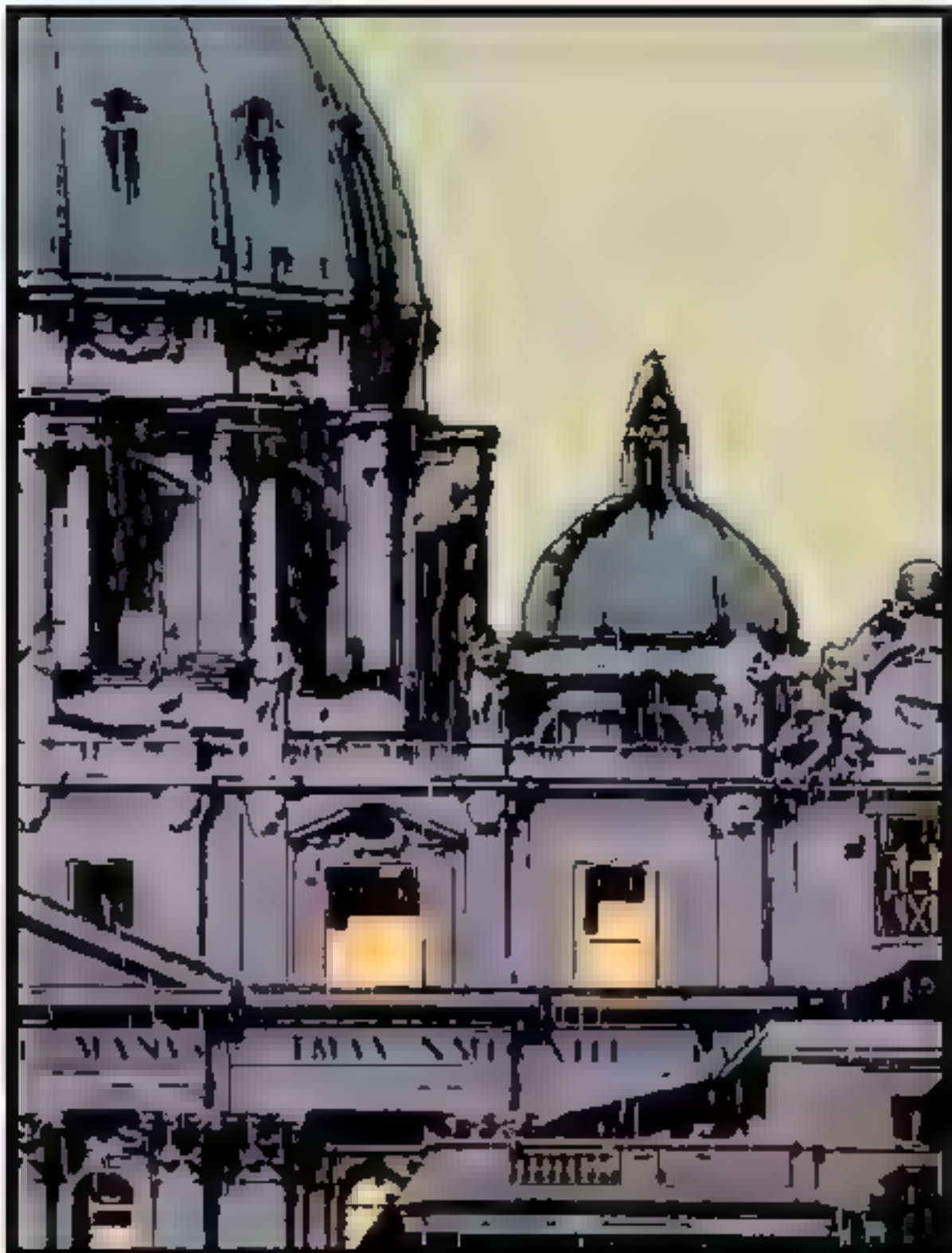
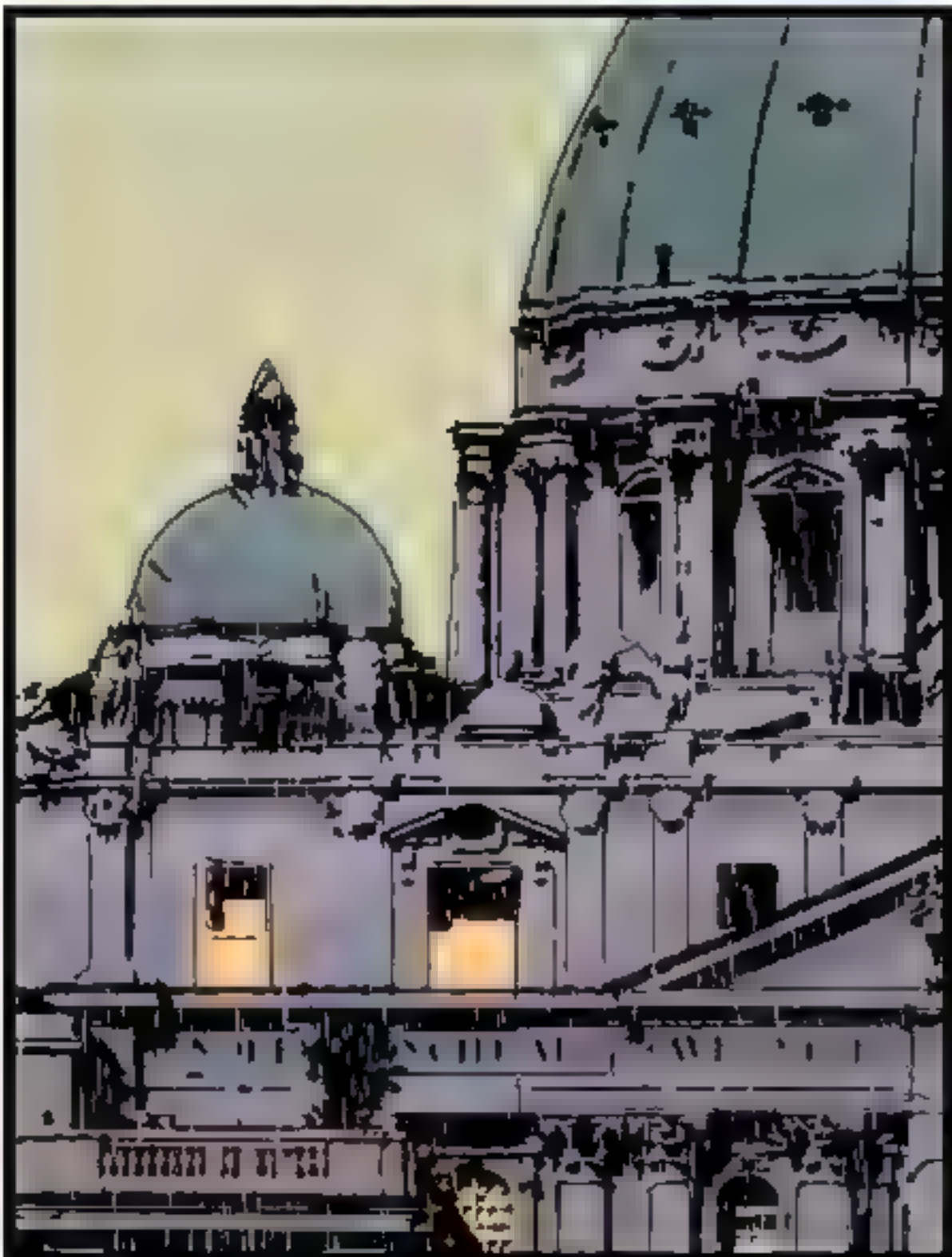
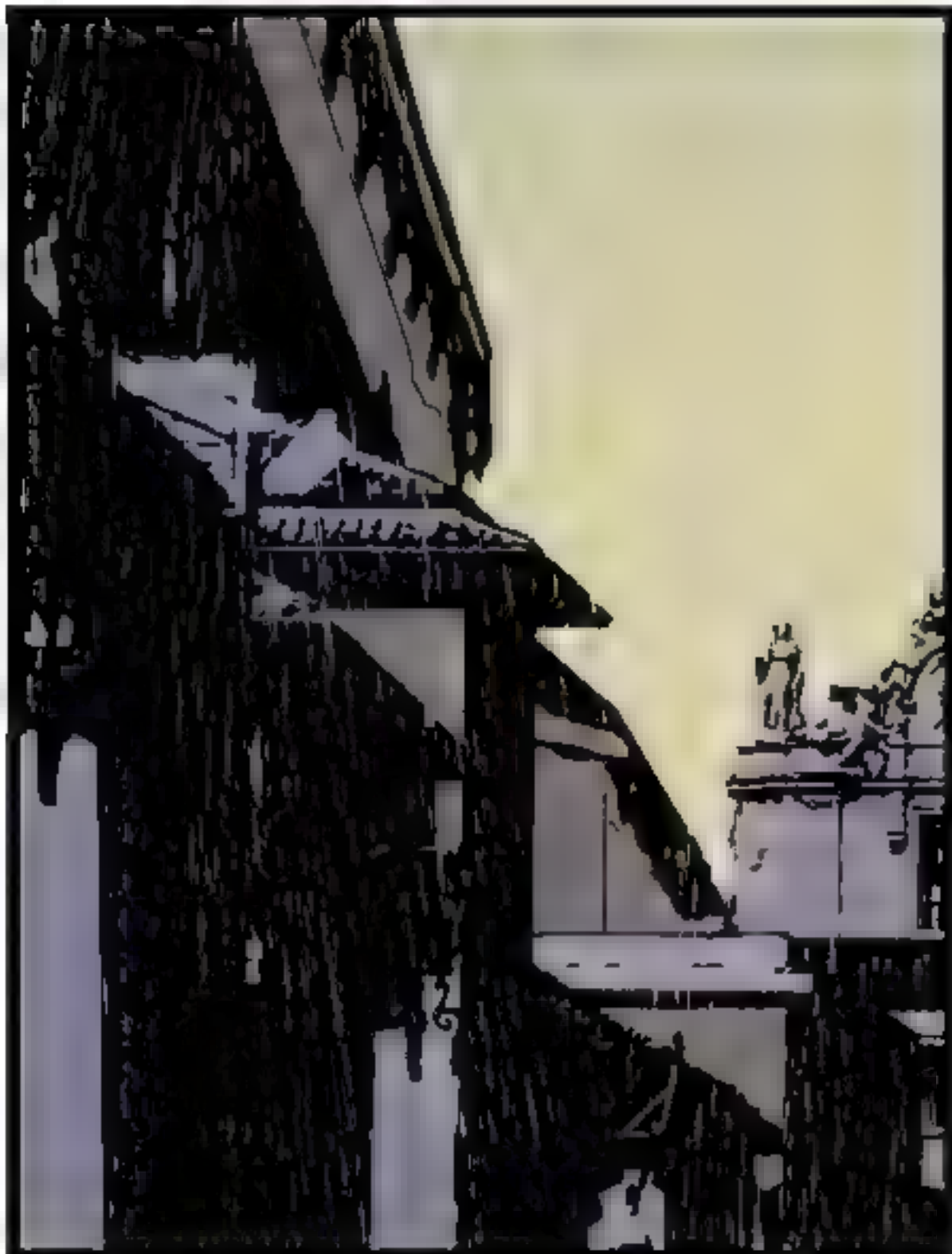
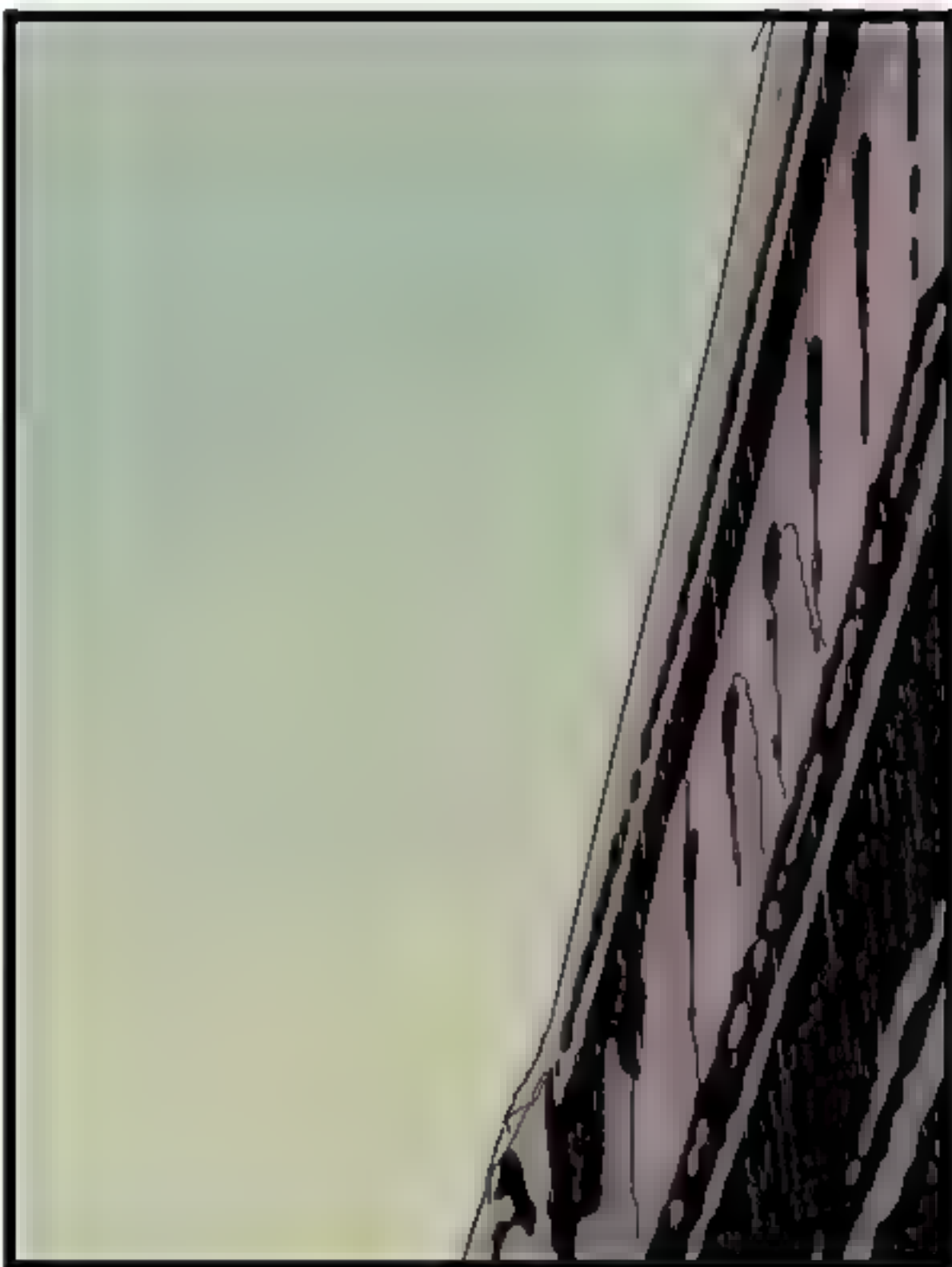
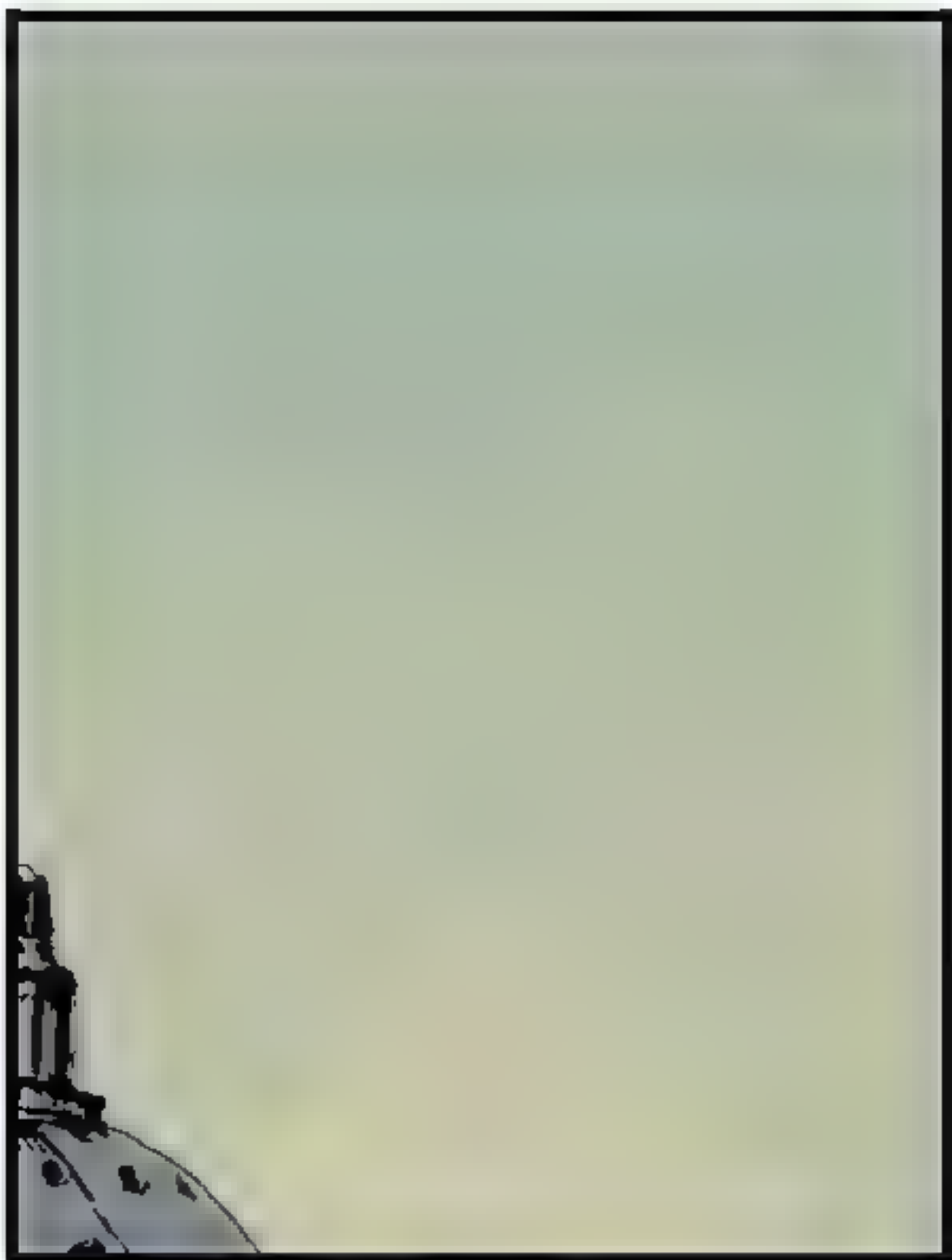
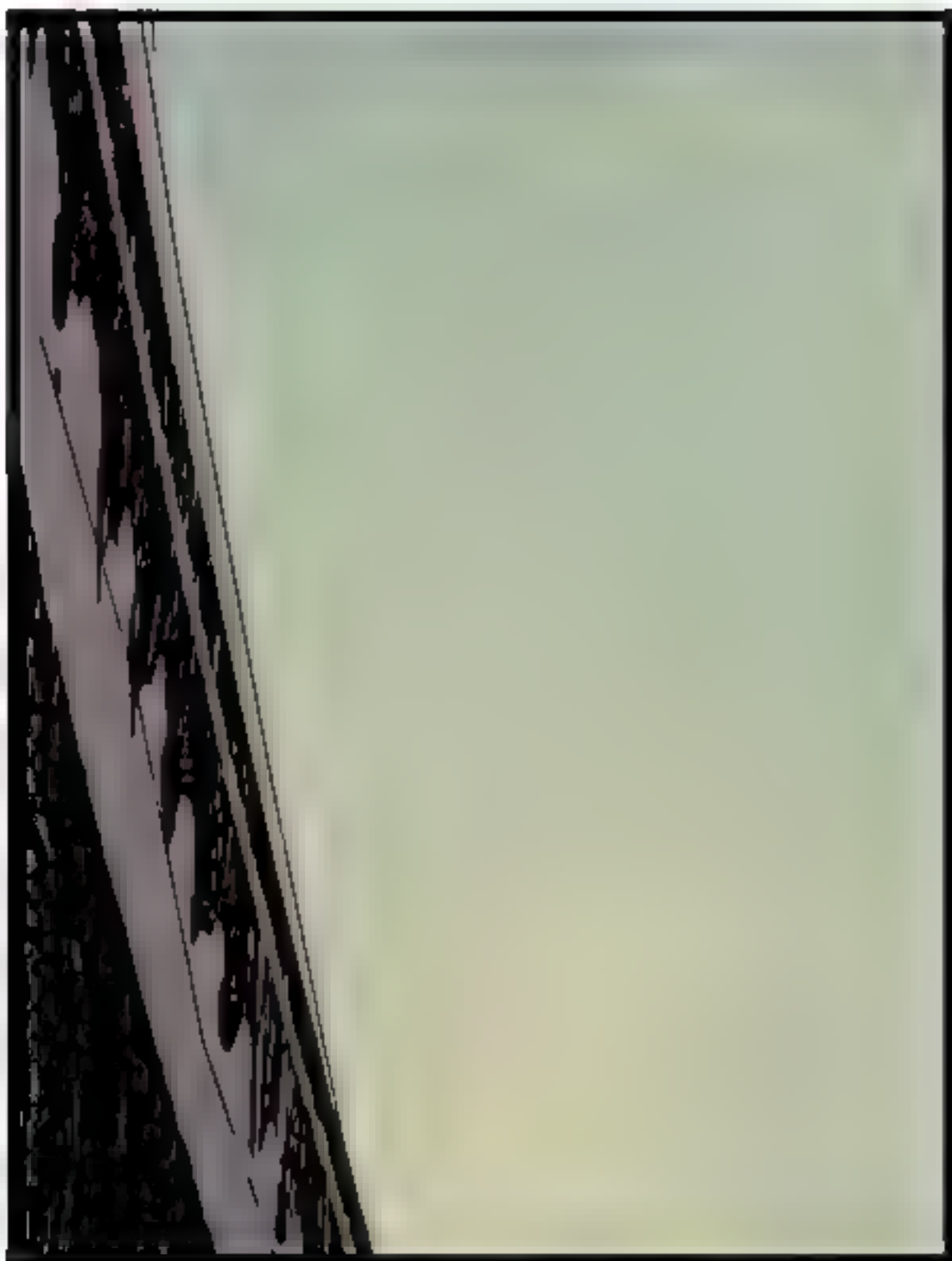
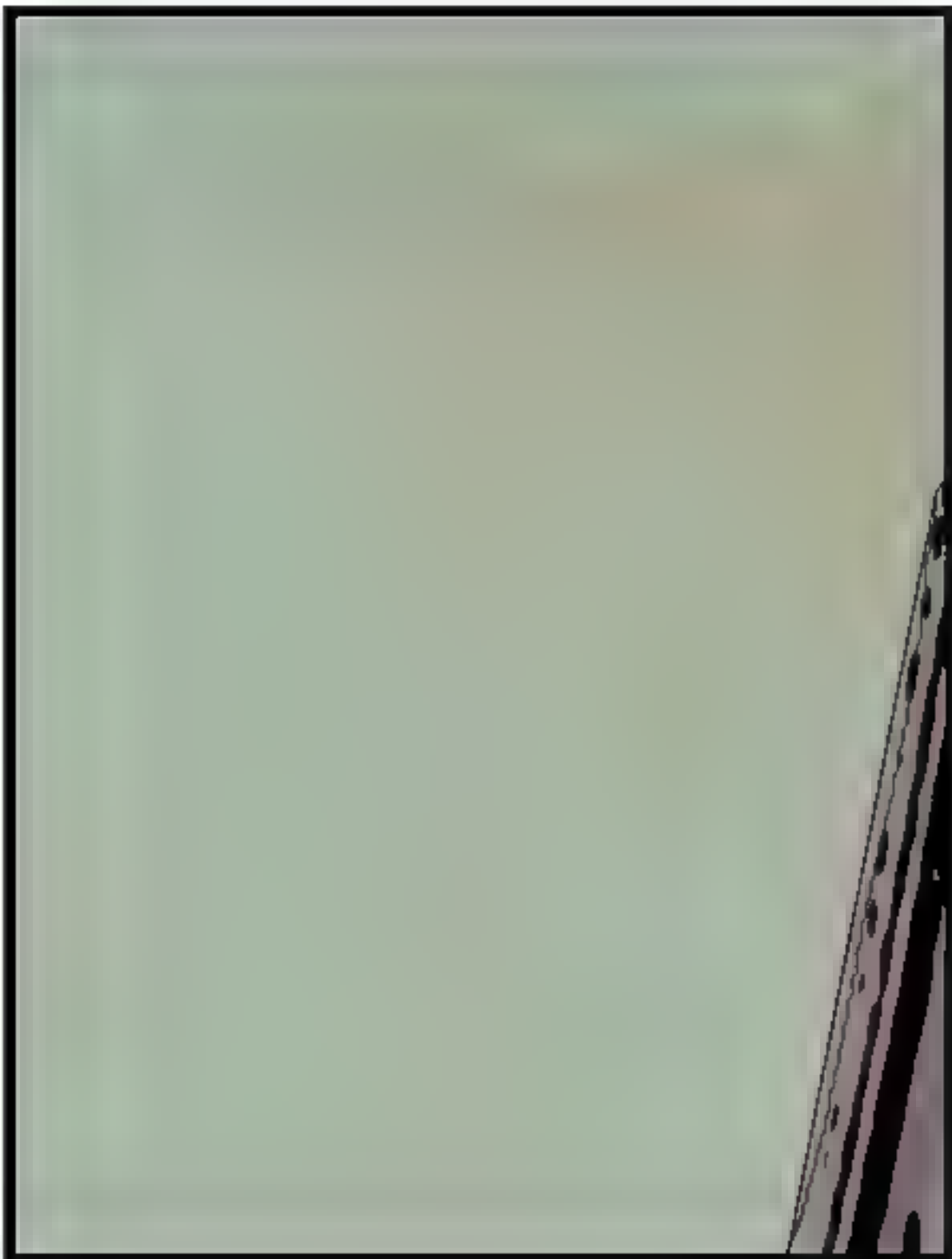
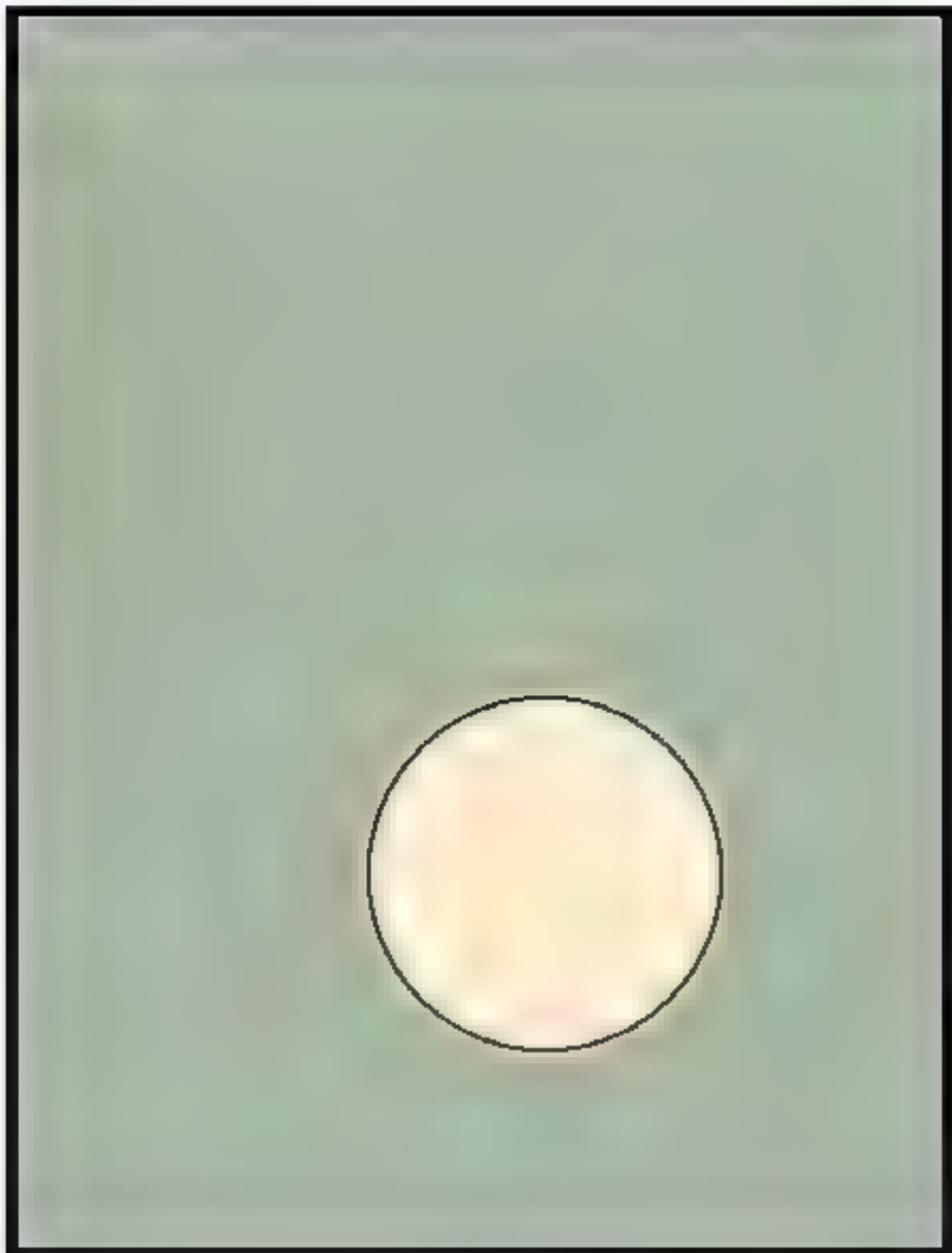


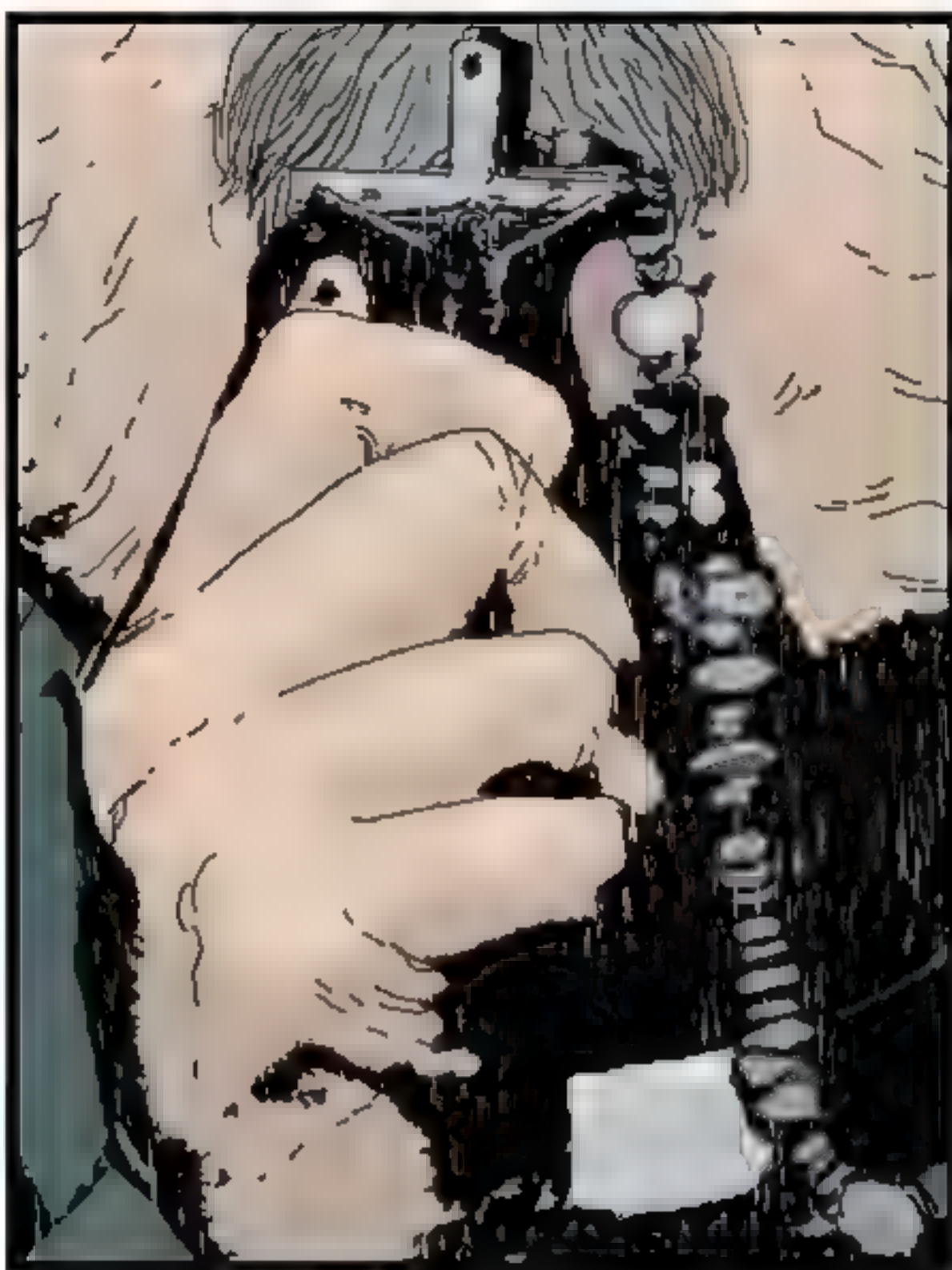
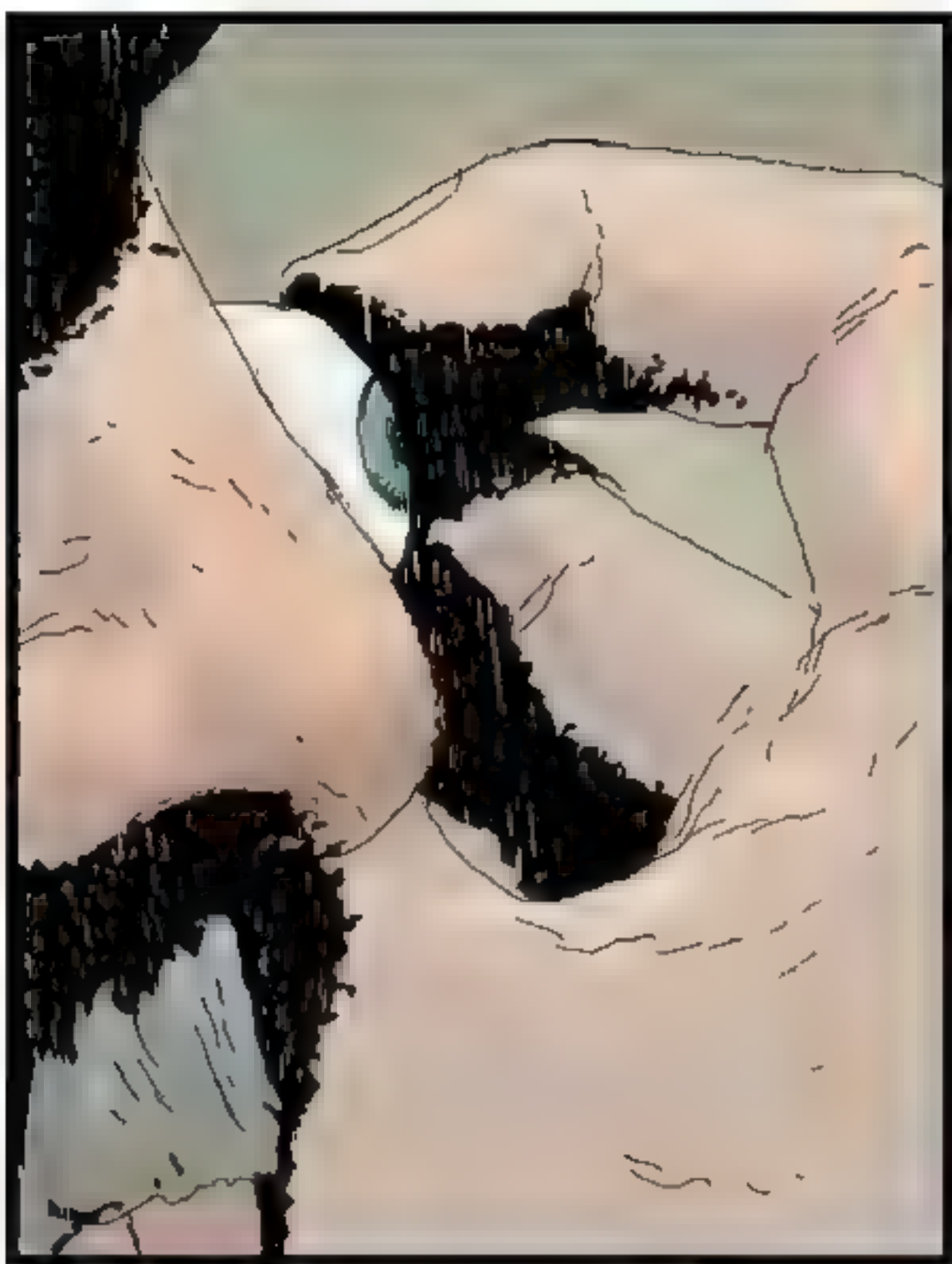
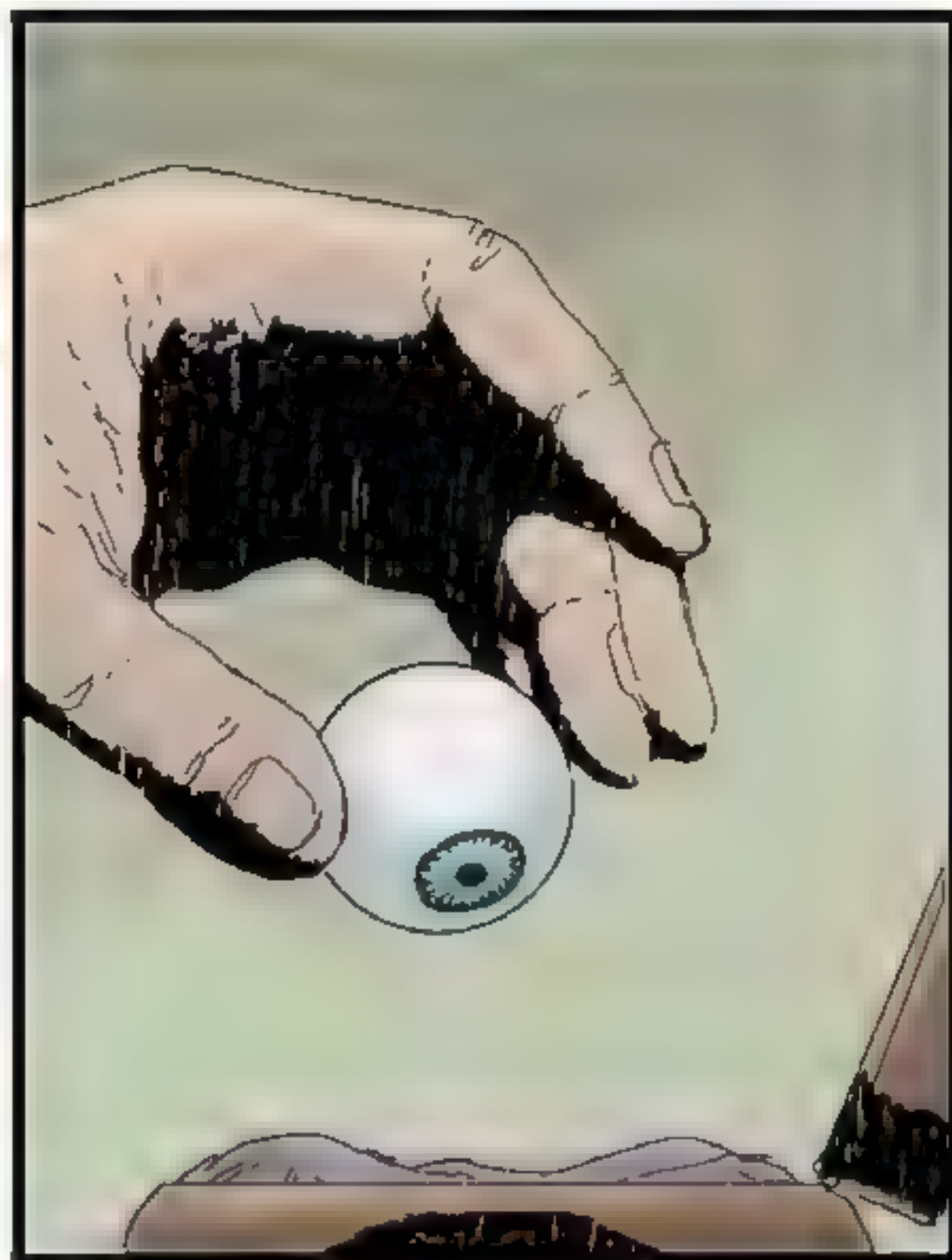
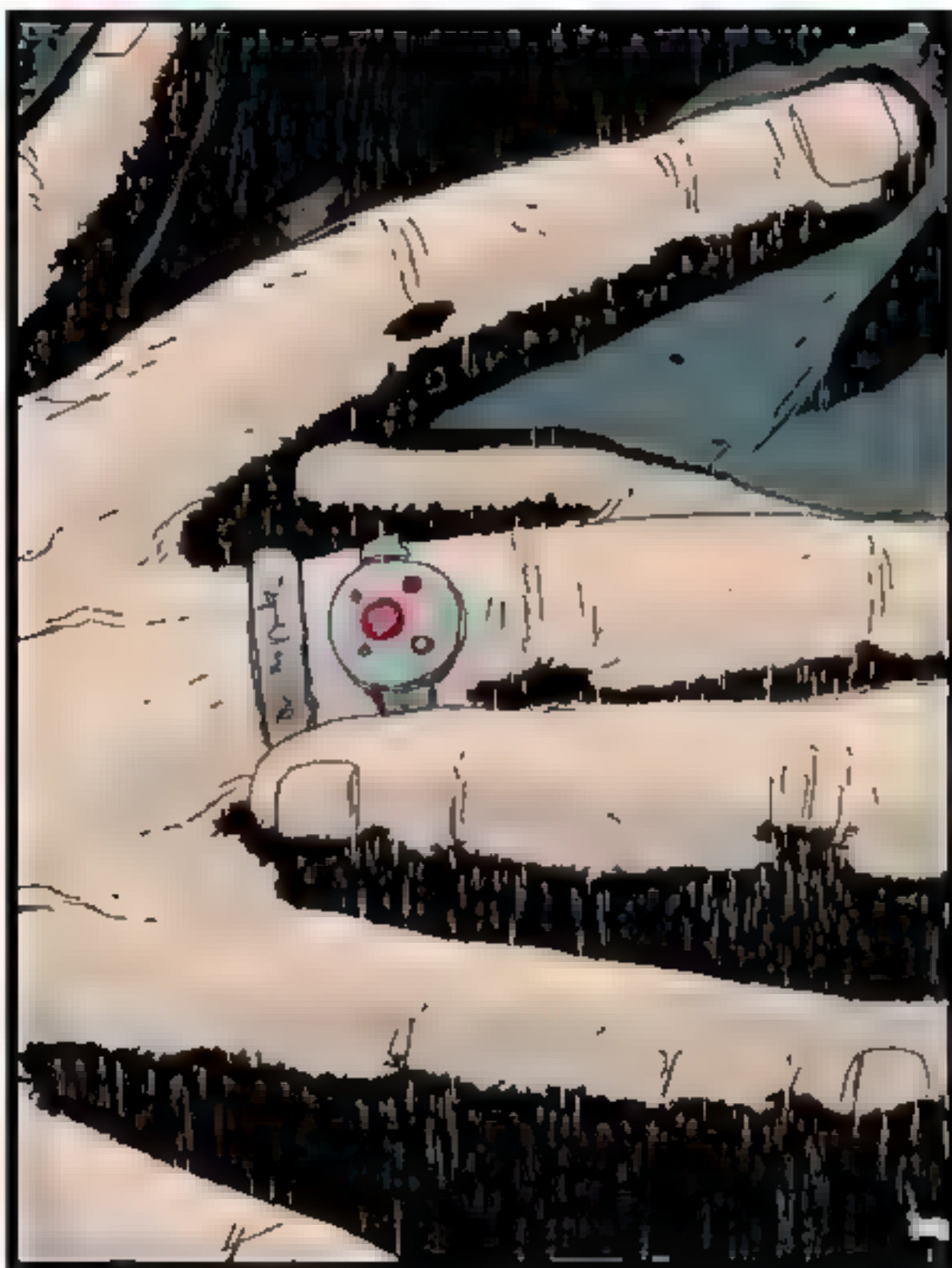
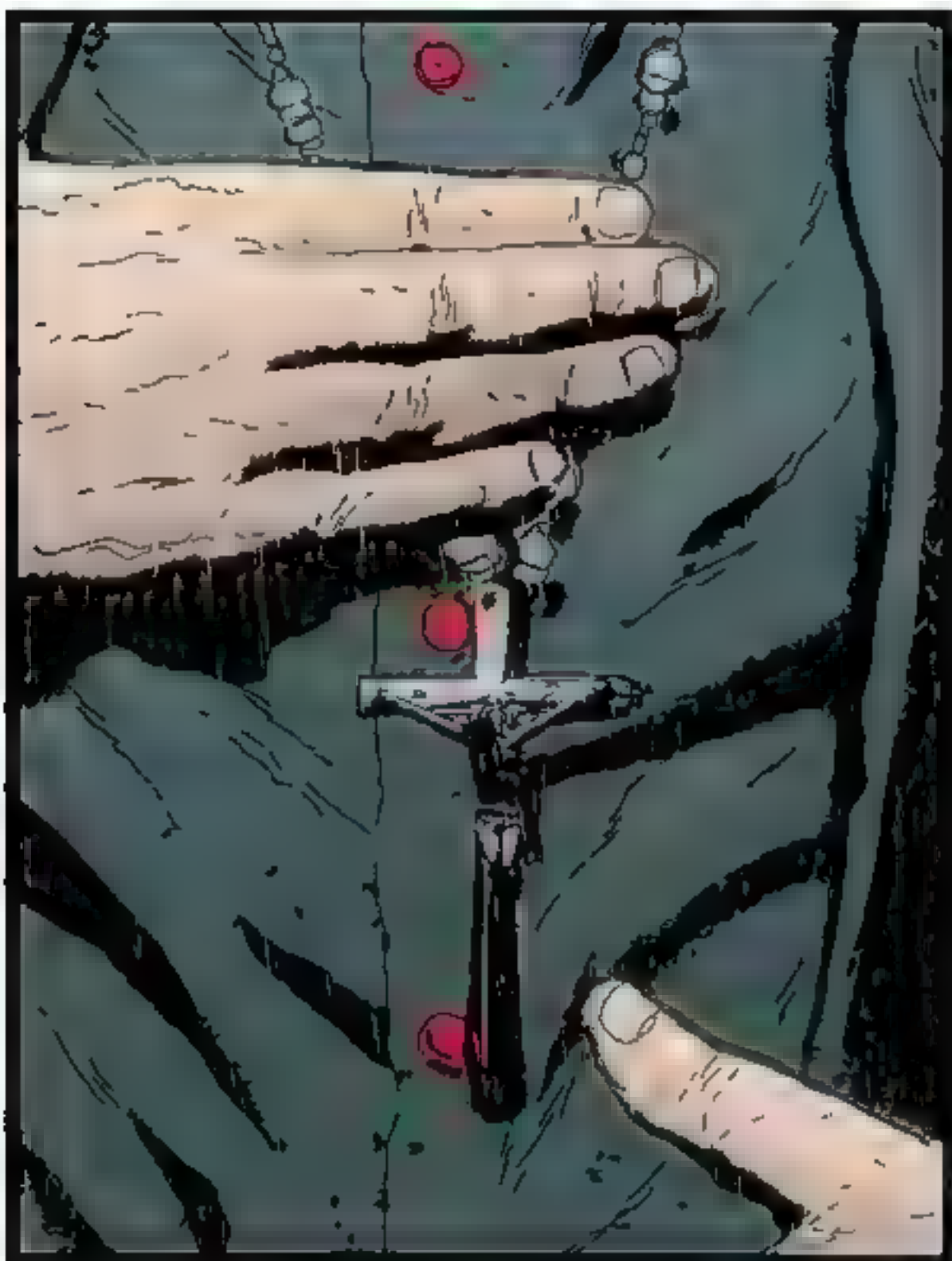
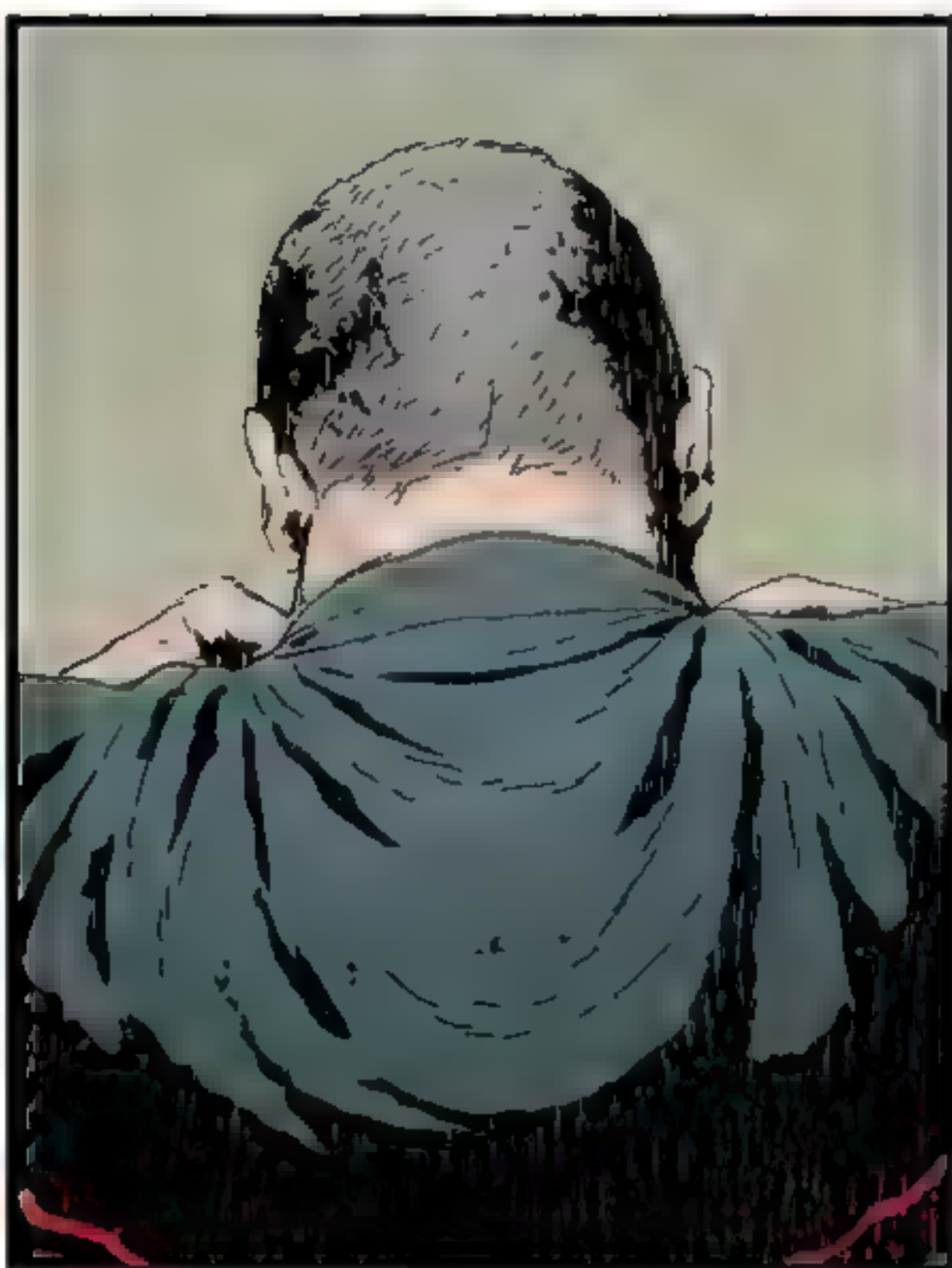
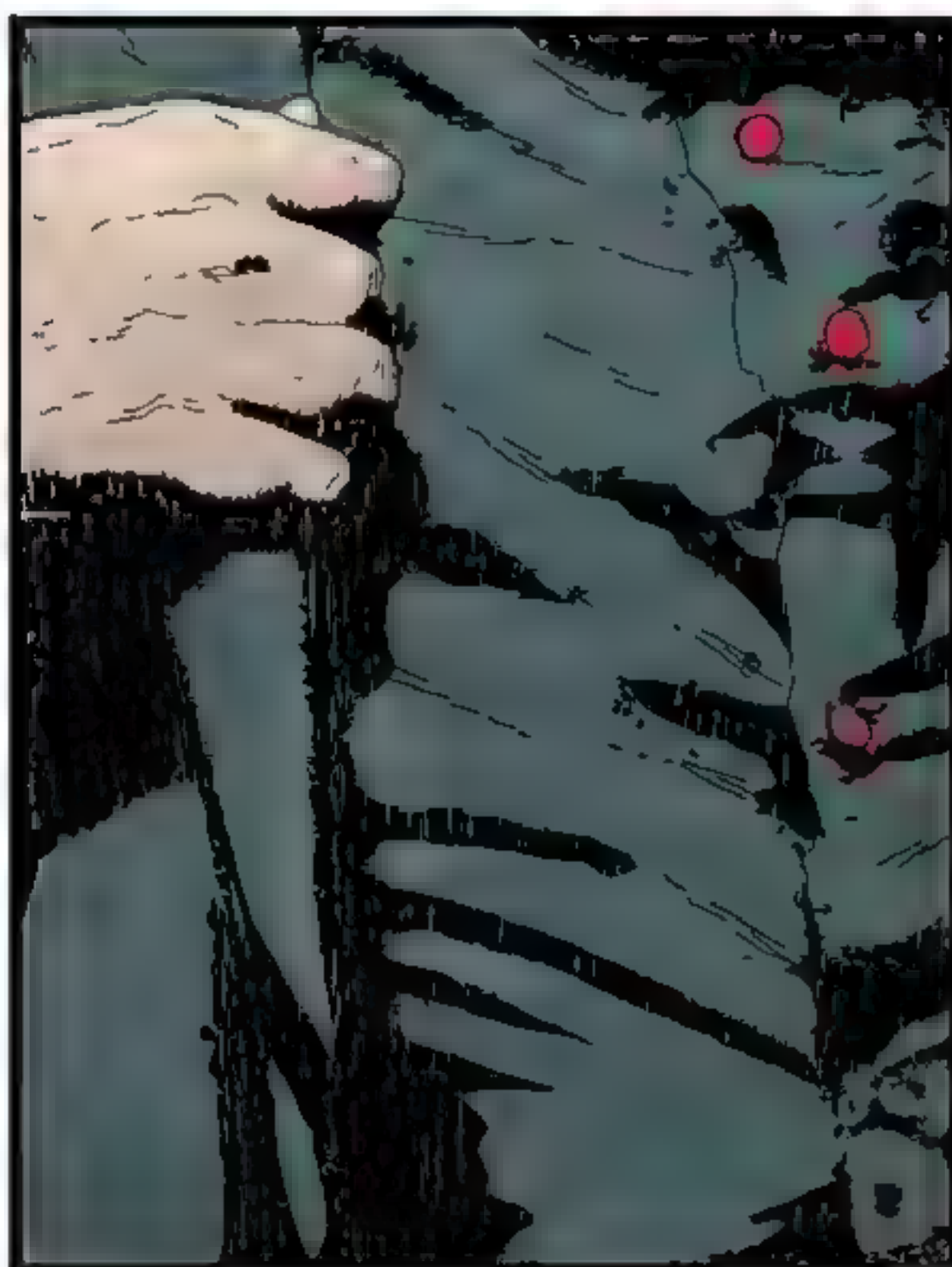
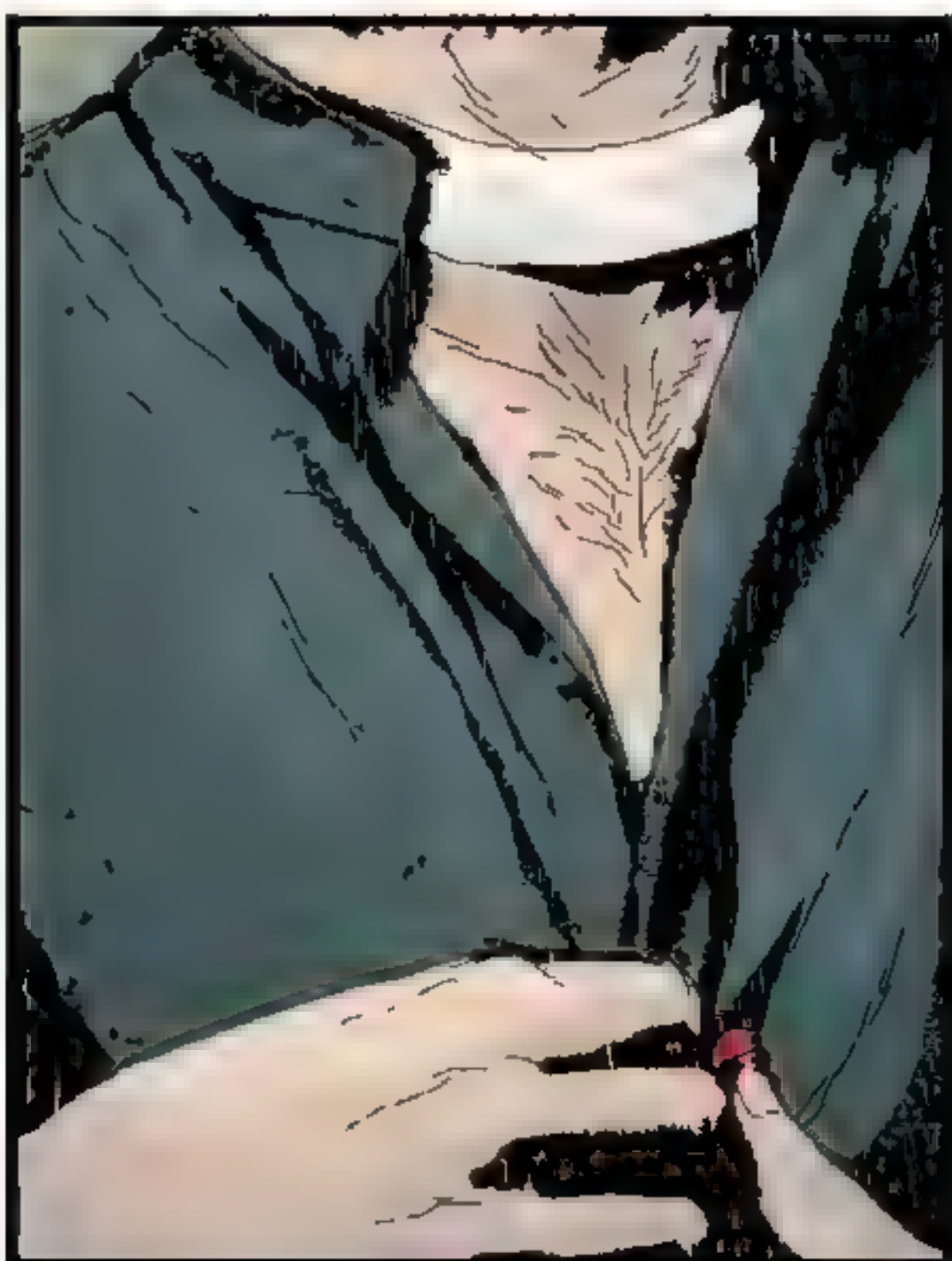
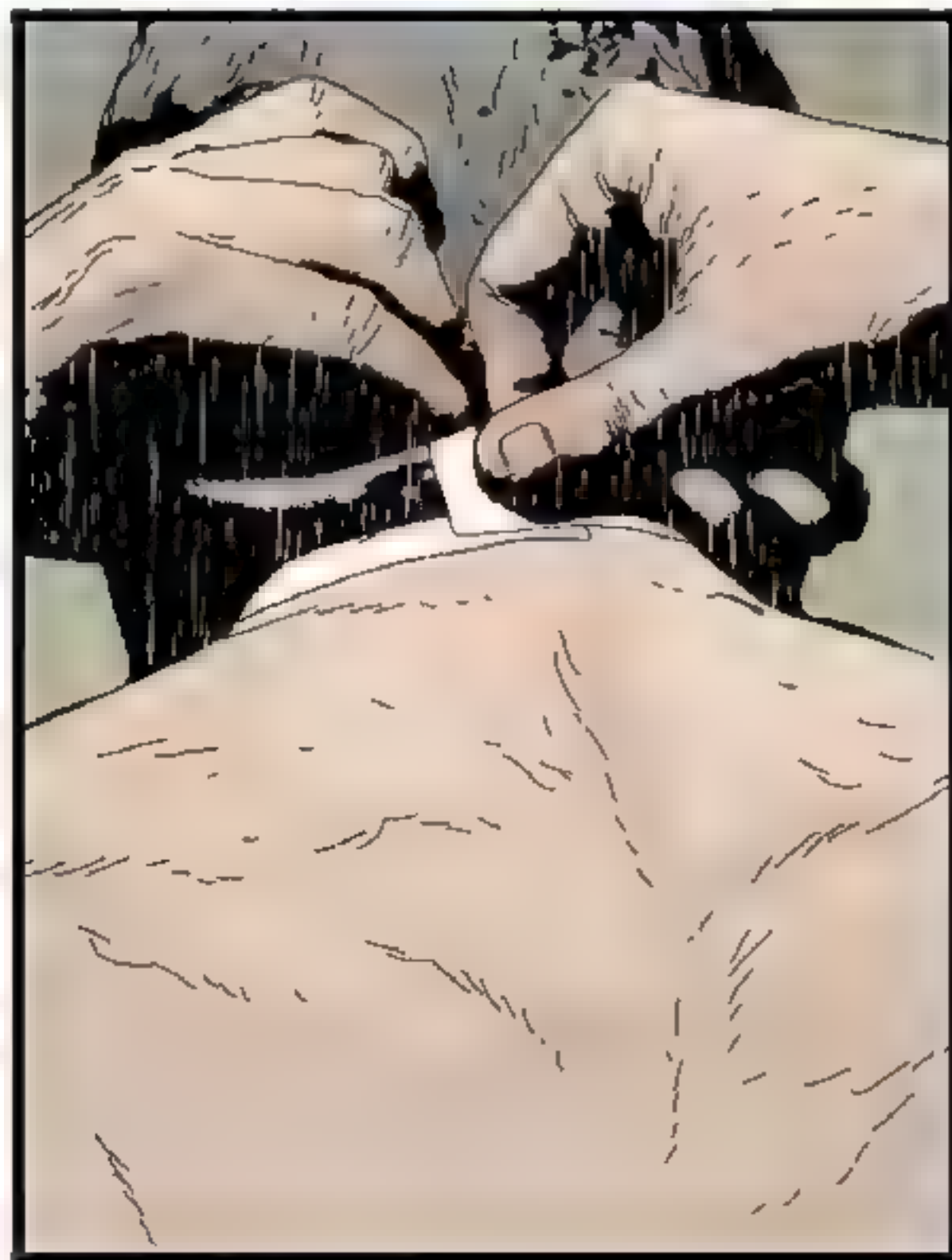
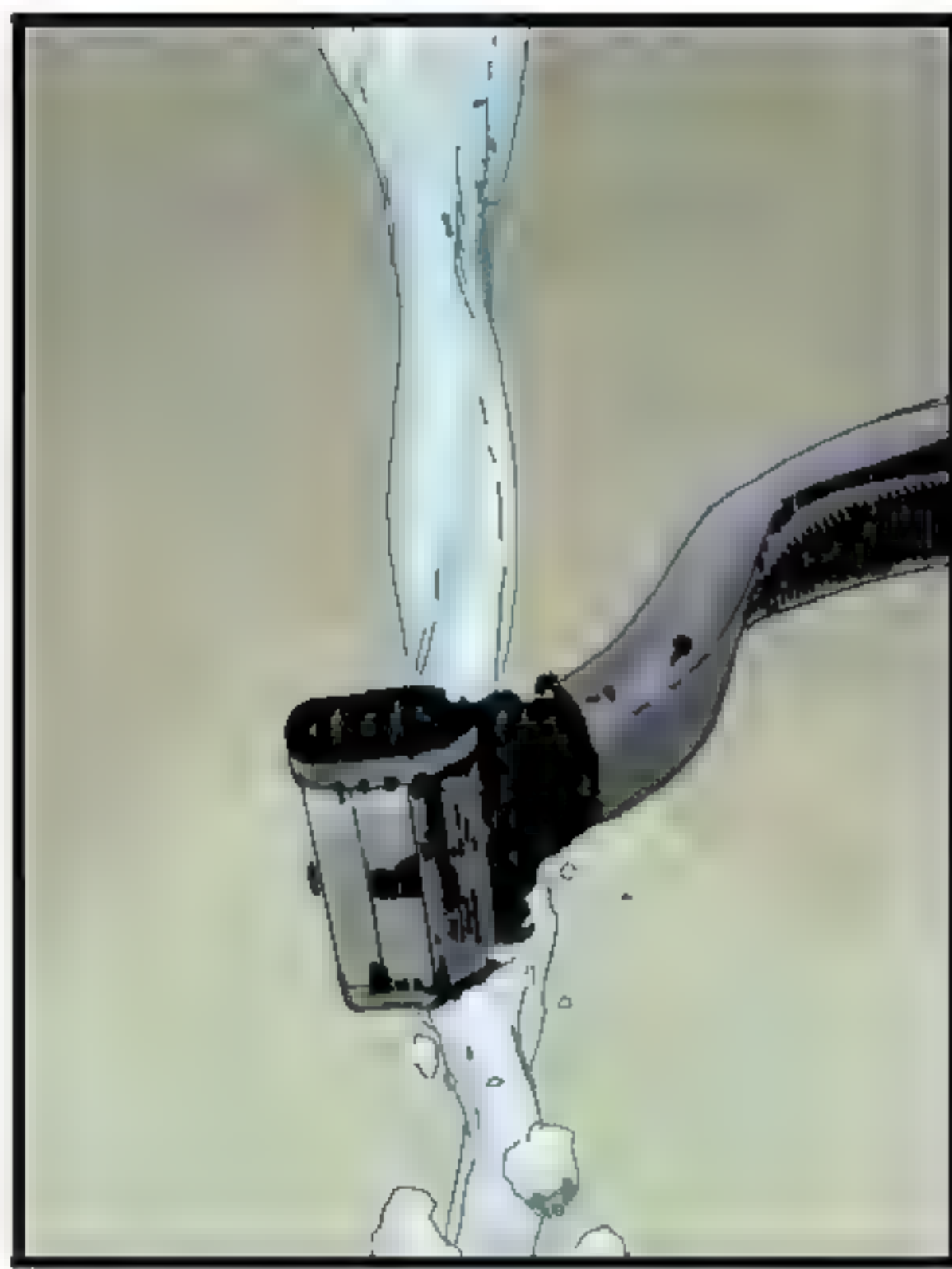
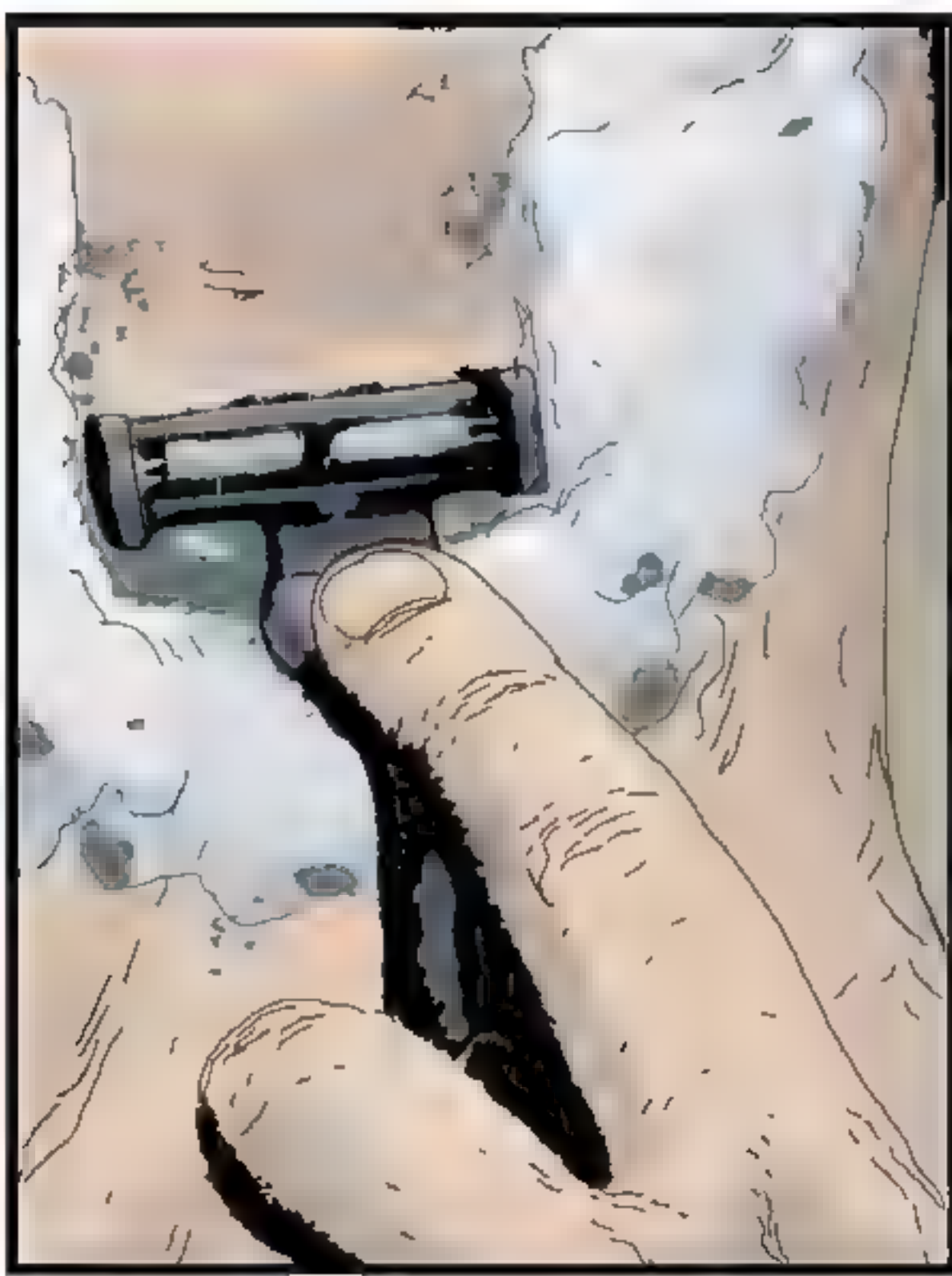
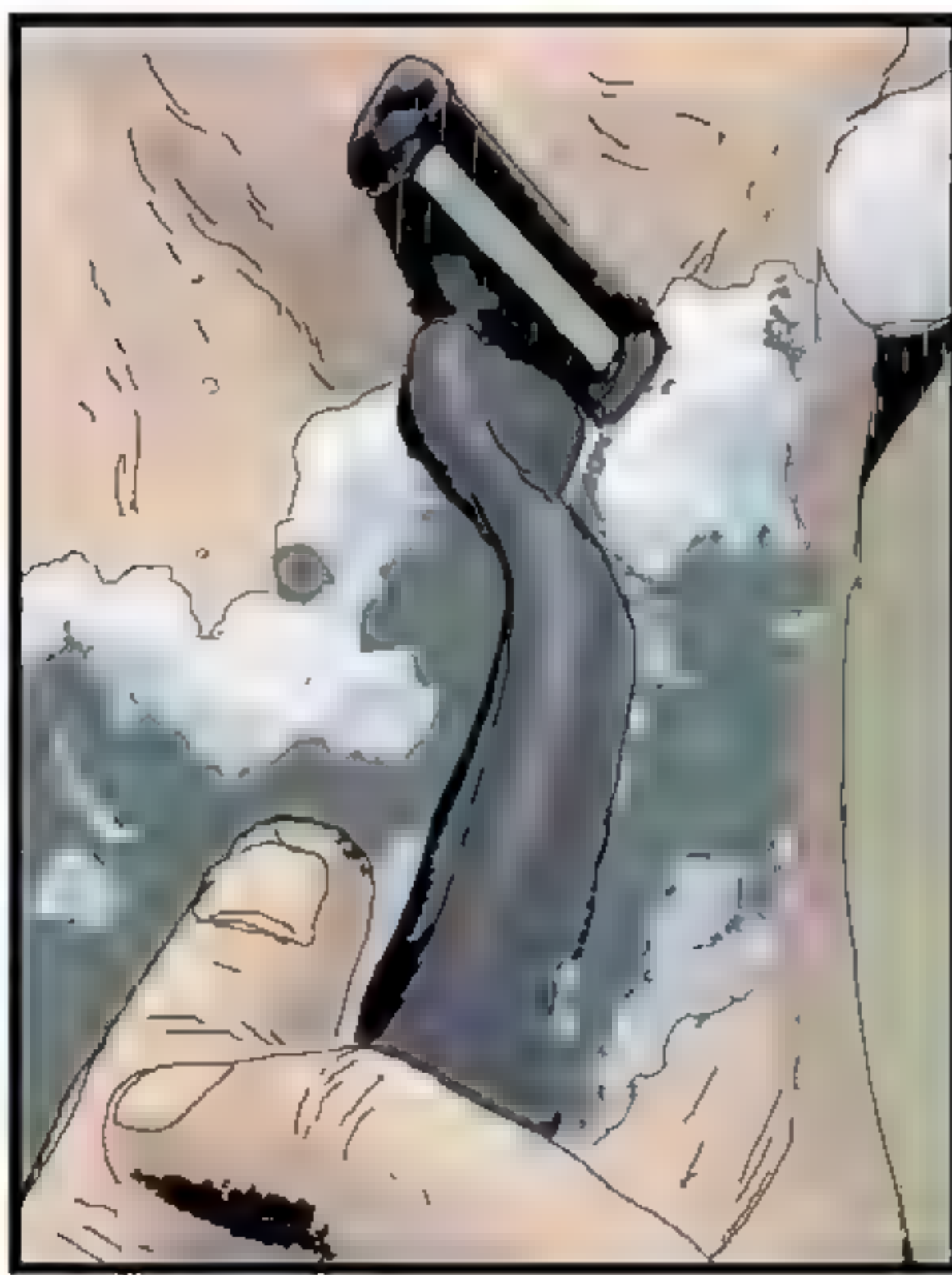
WHAT--
WHAT YEAR
IS THIS?

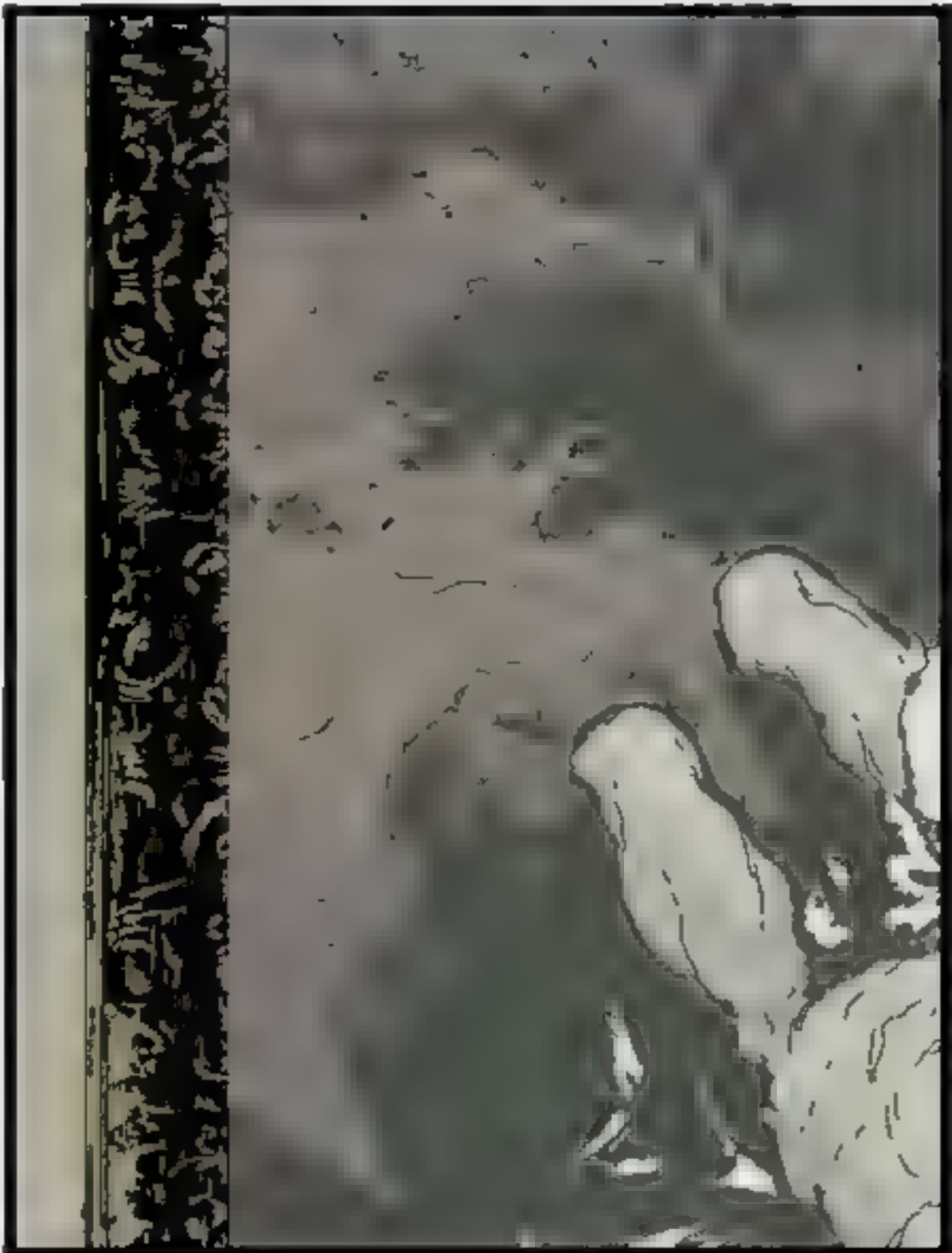


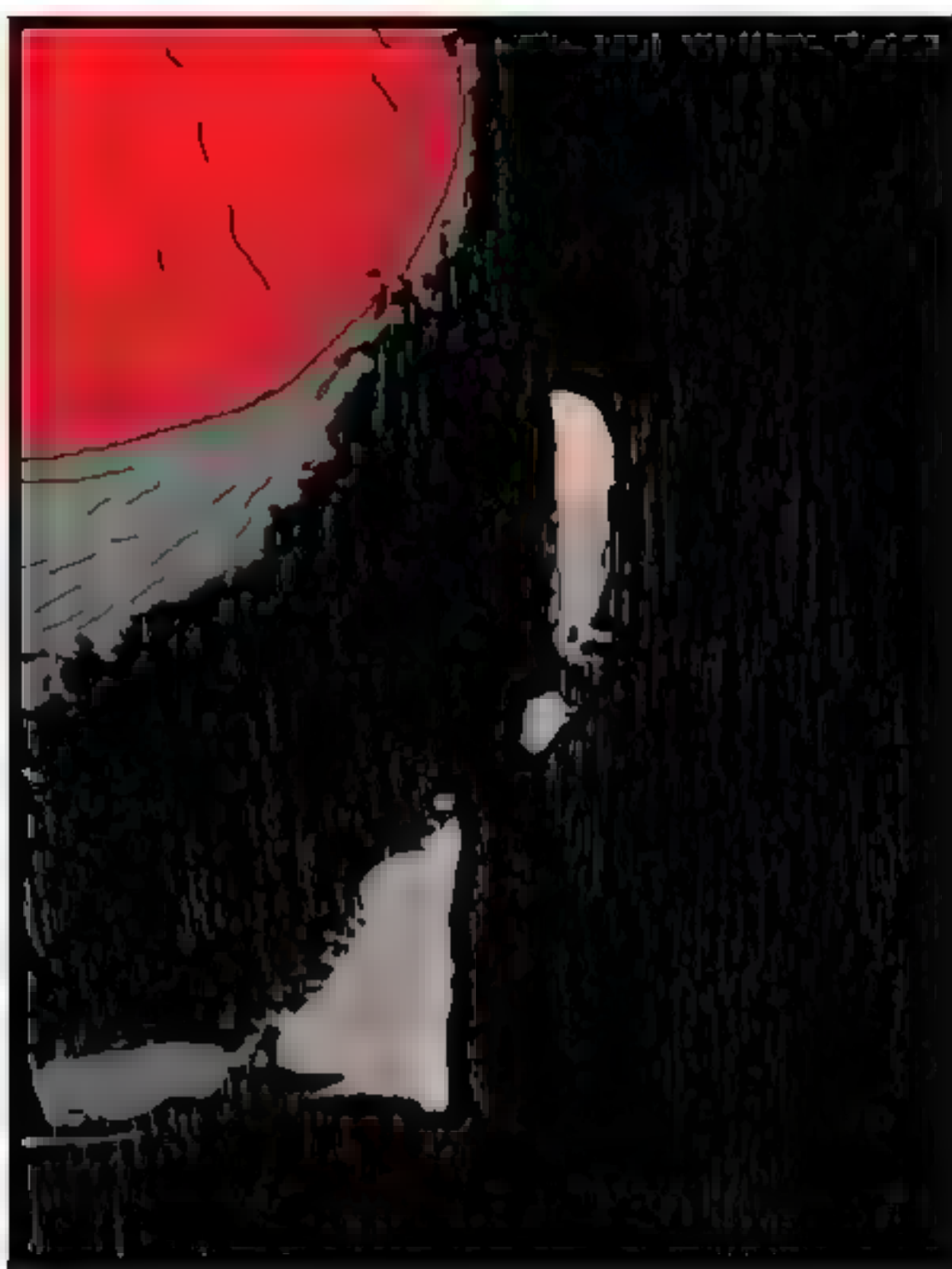
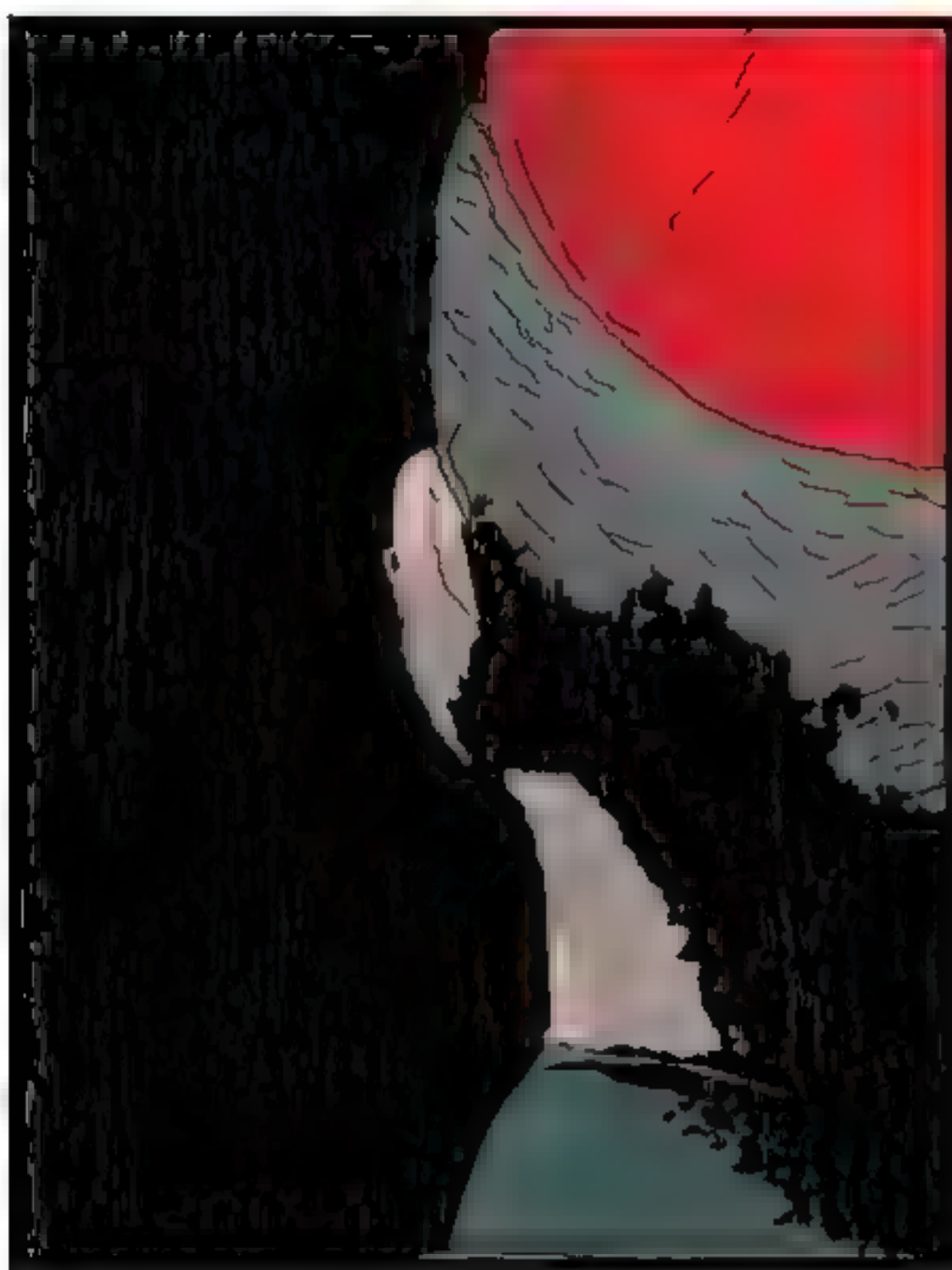
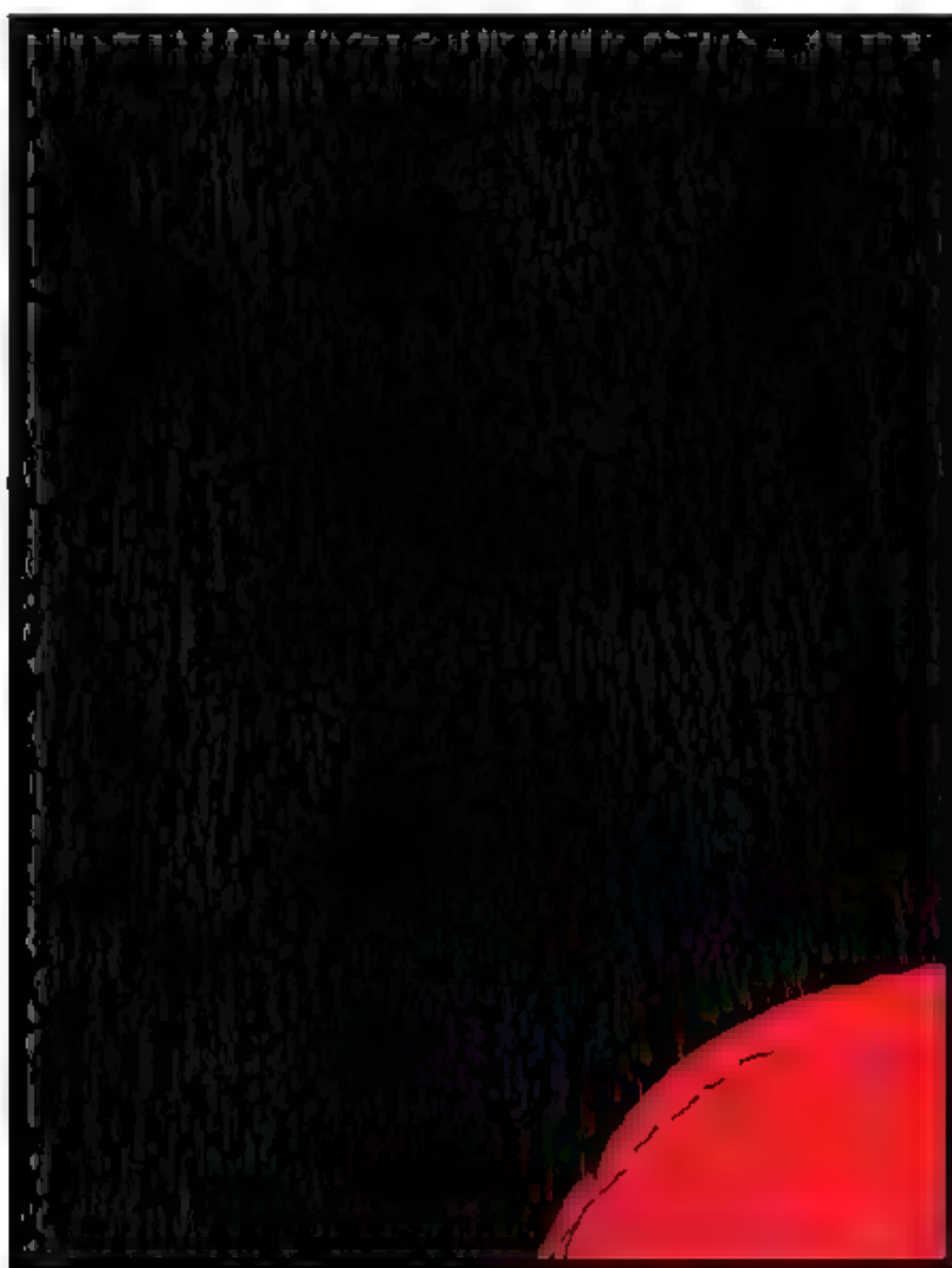
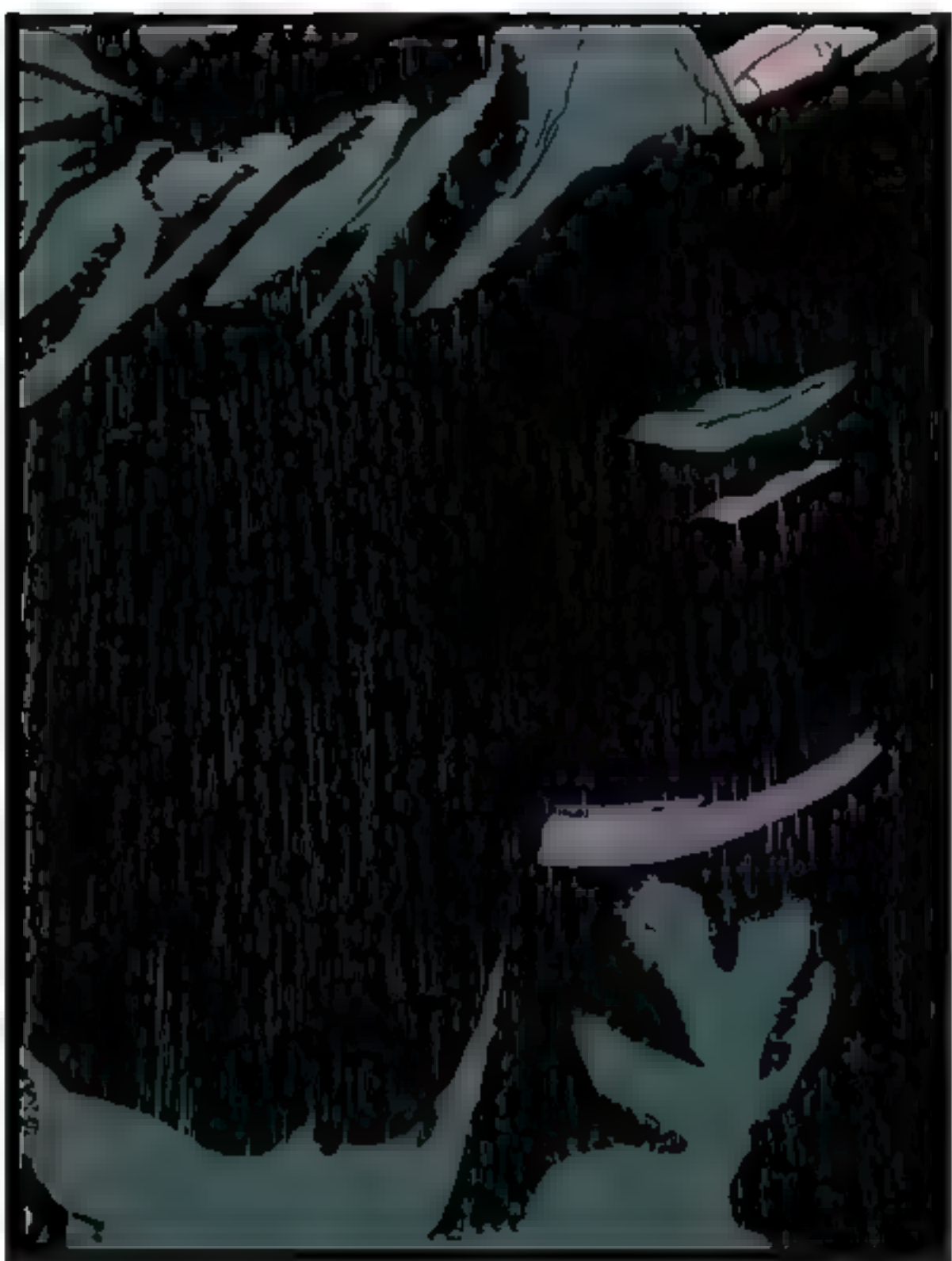
IT'S
NINETEEN
FIFTY-THREE,
FATHER.





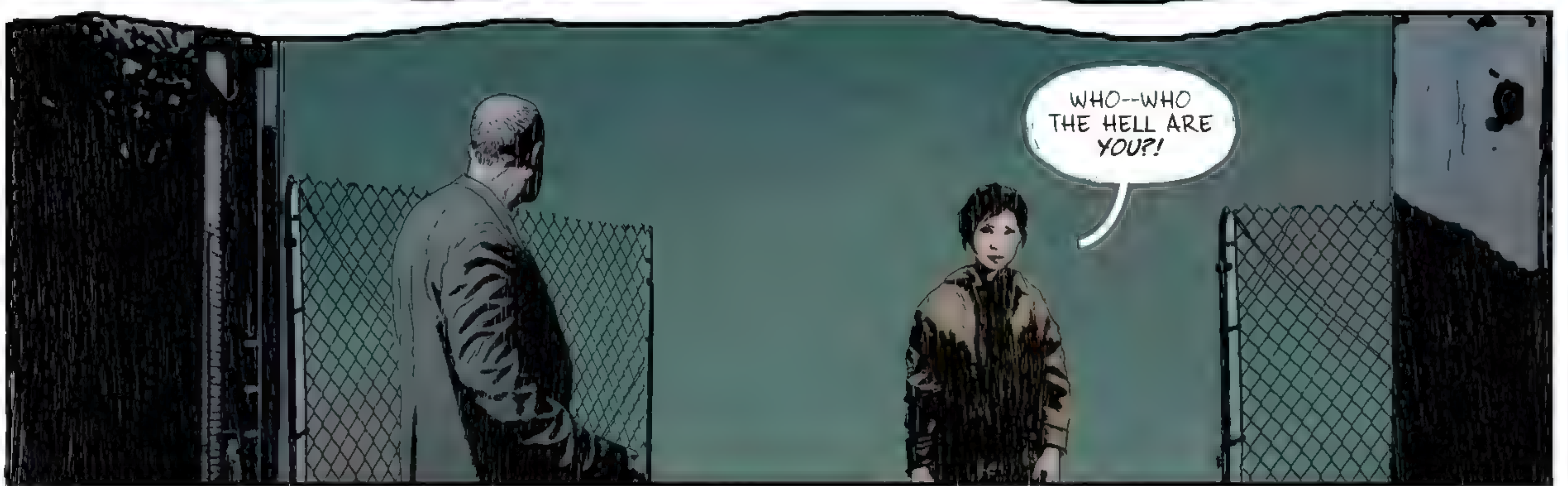
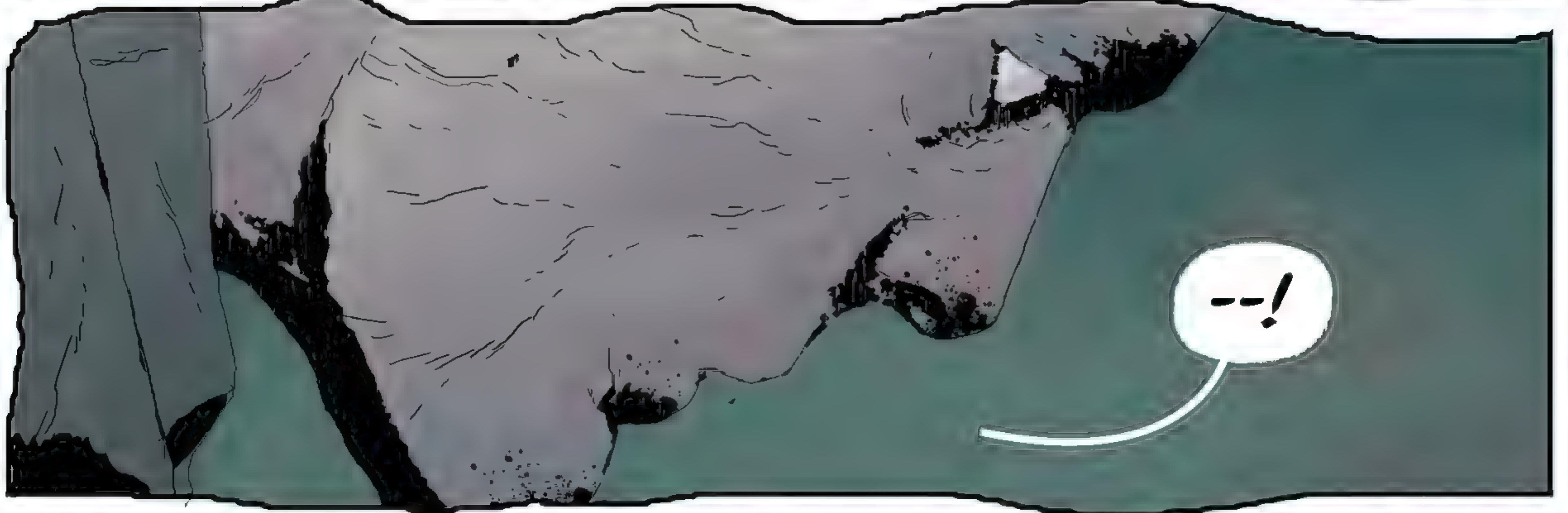
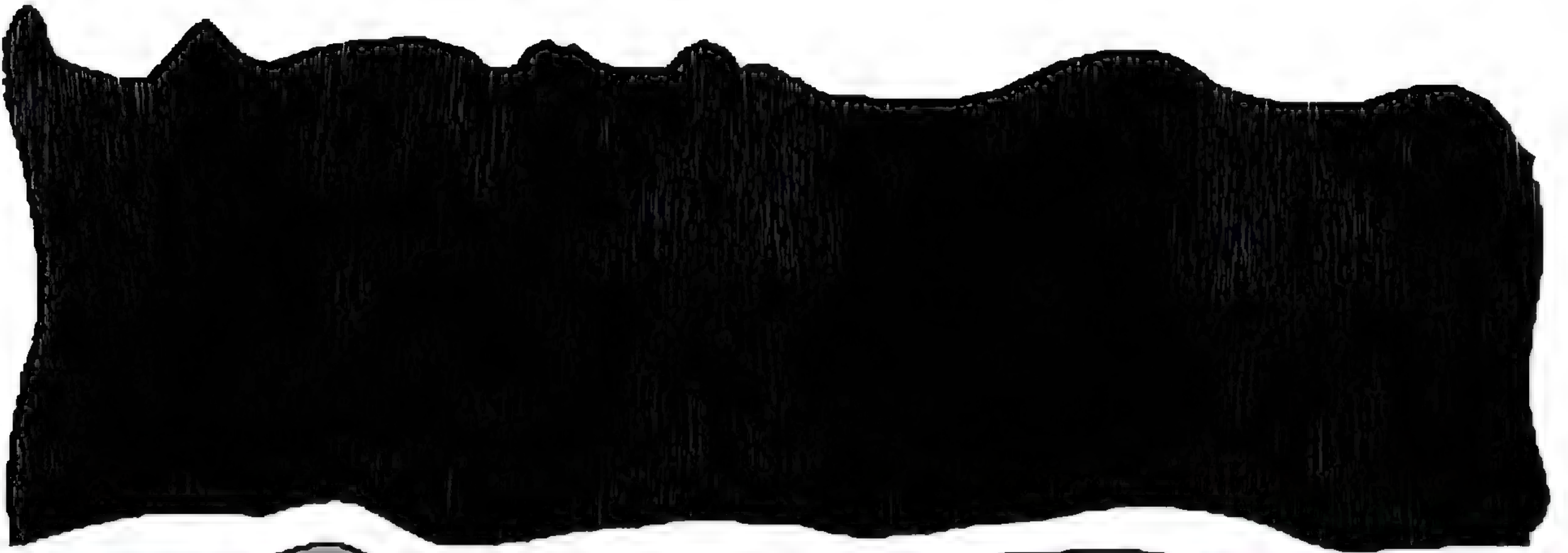


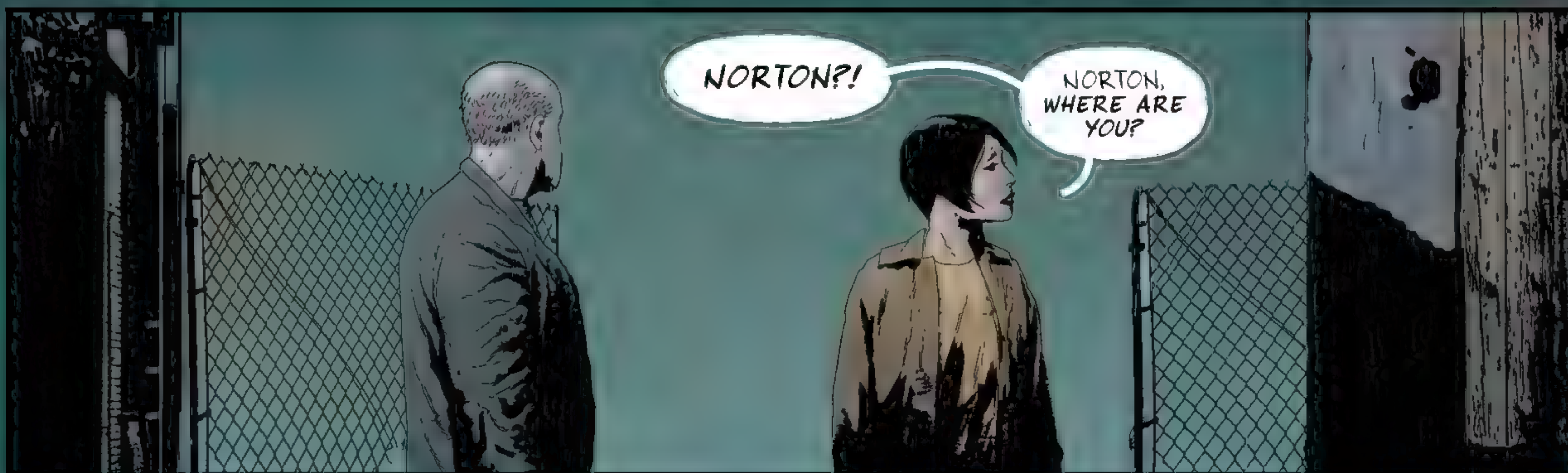


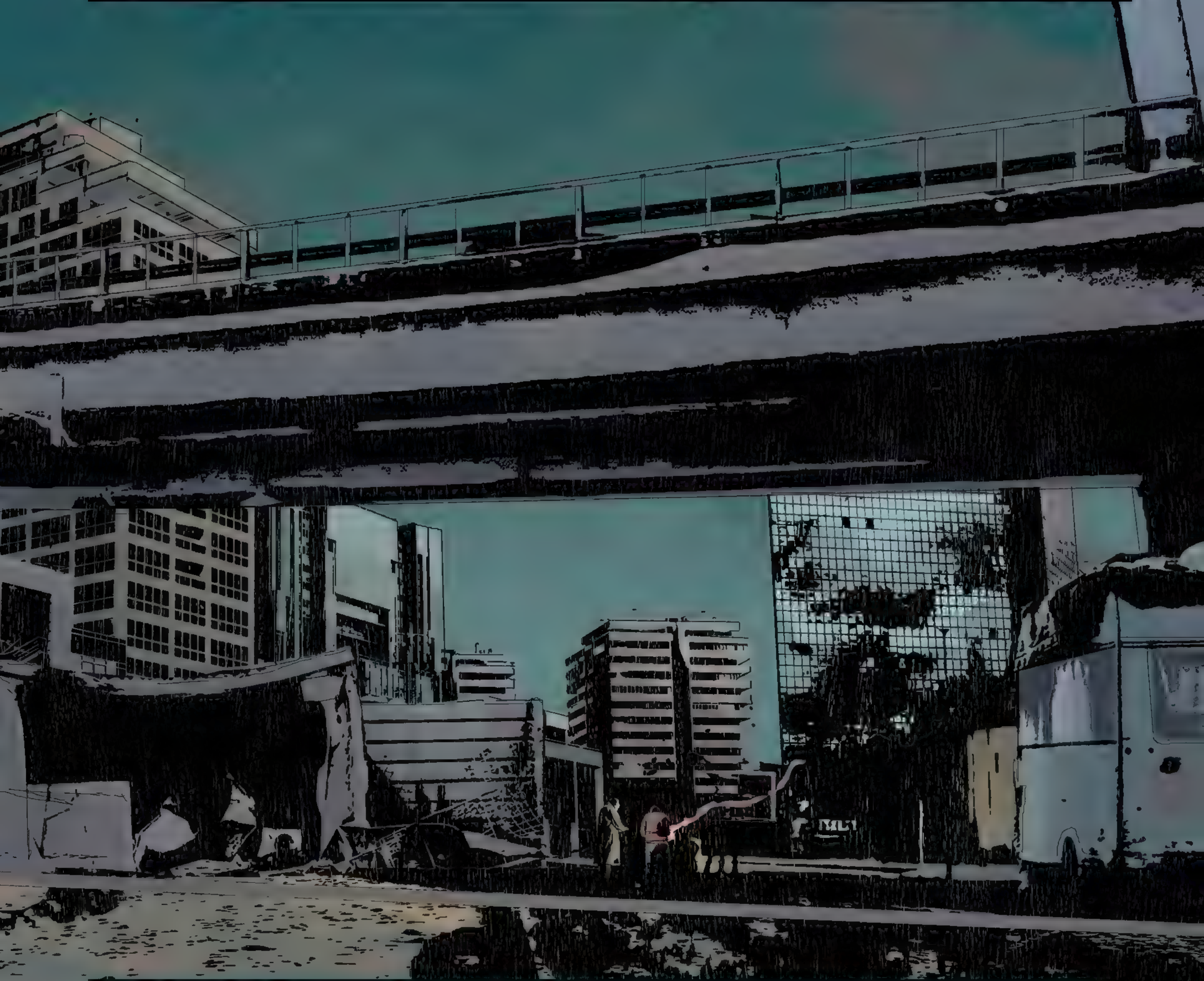


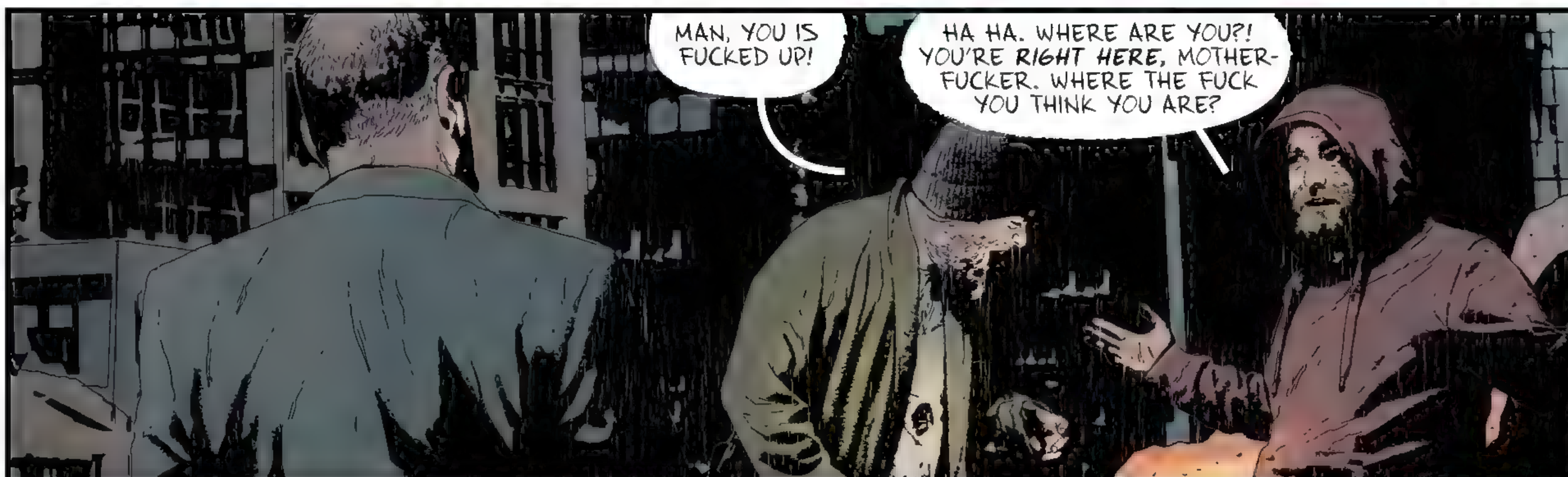
15

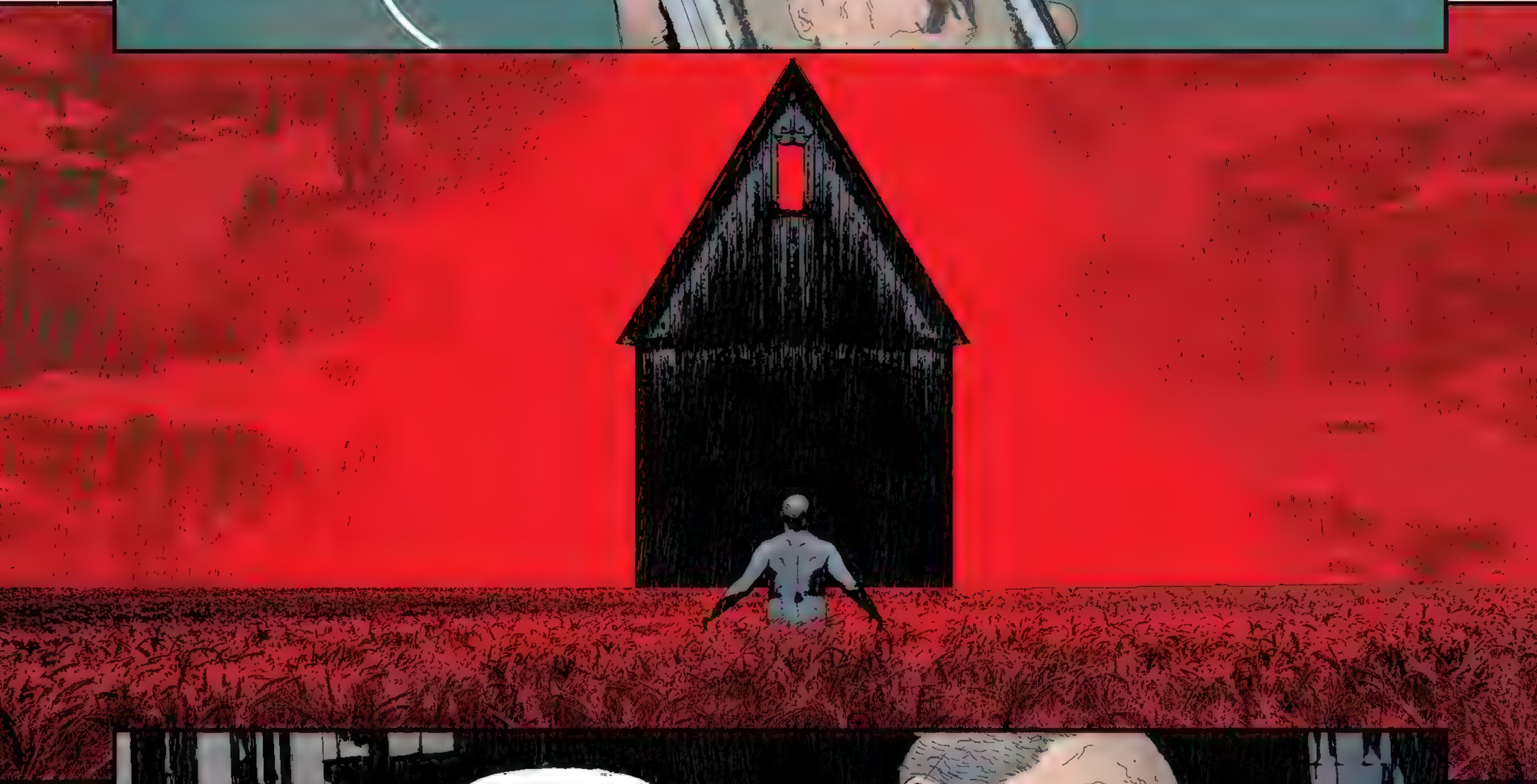




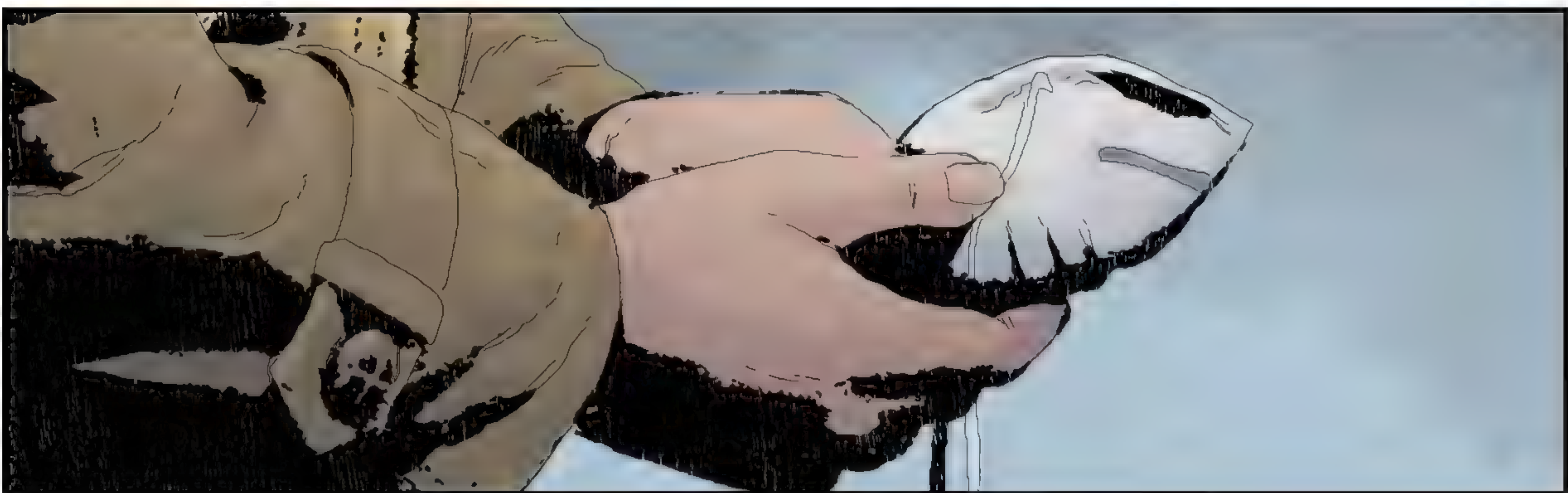
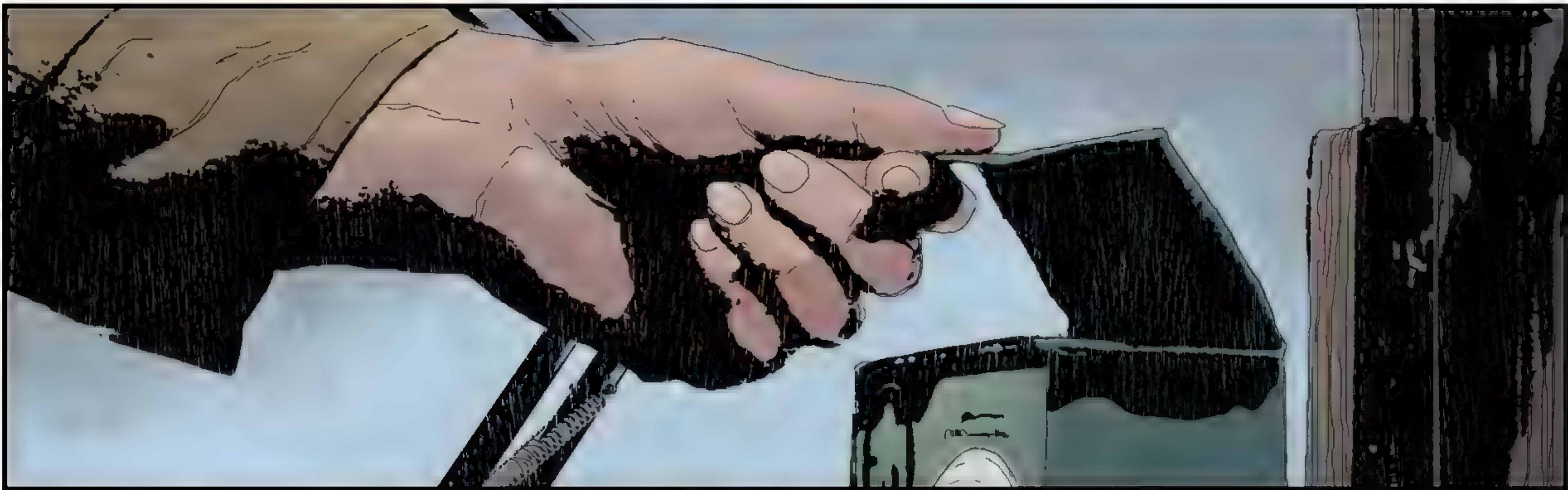


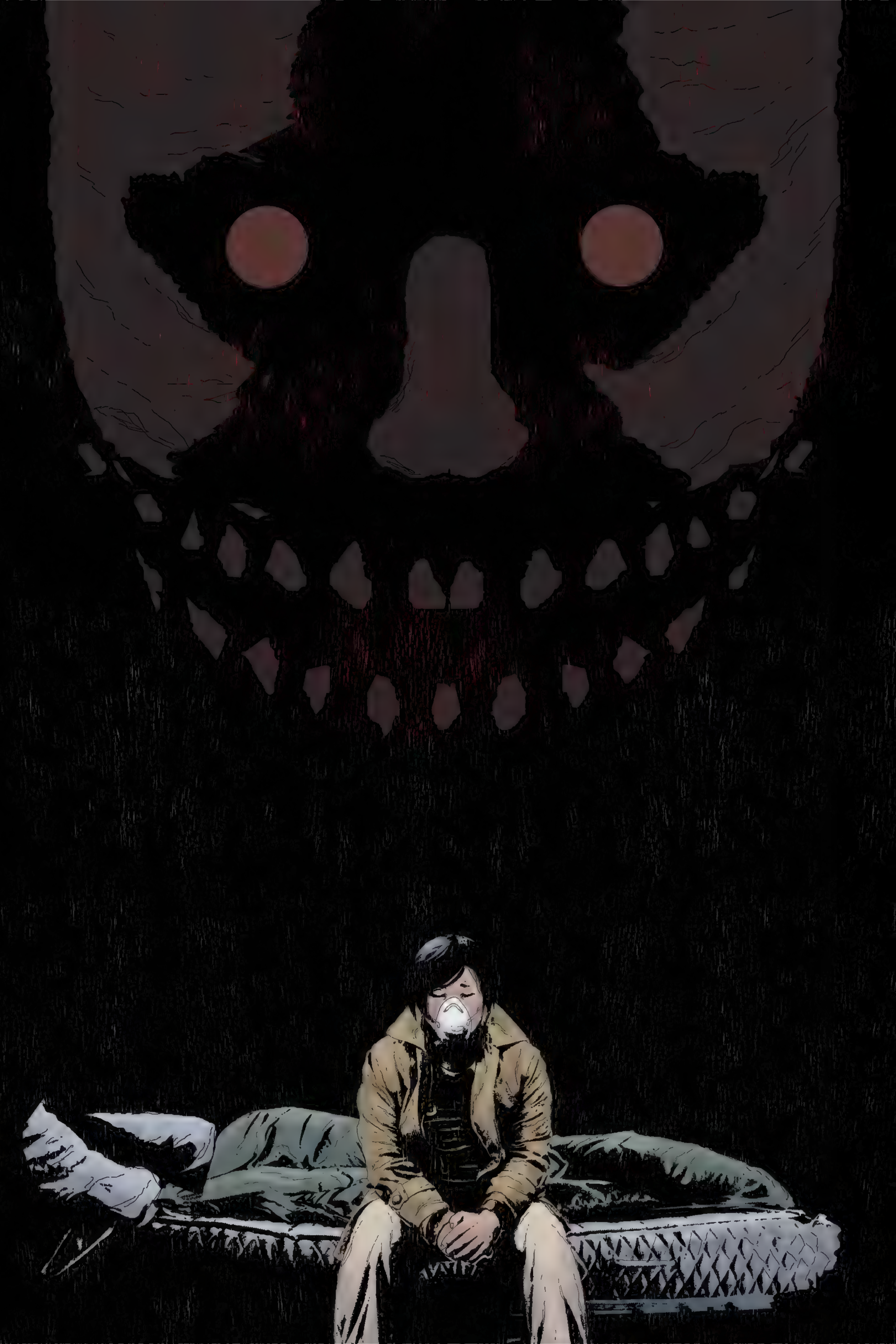


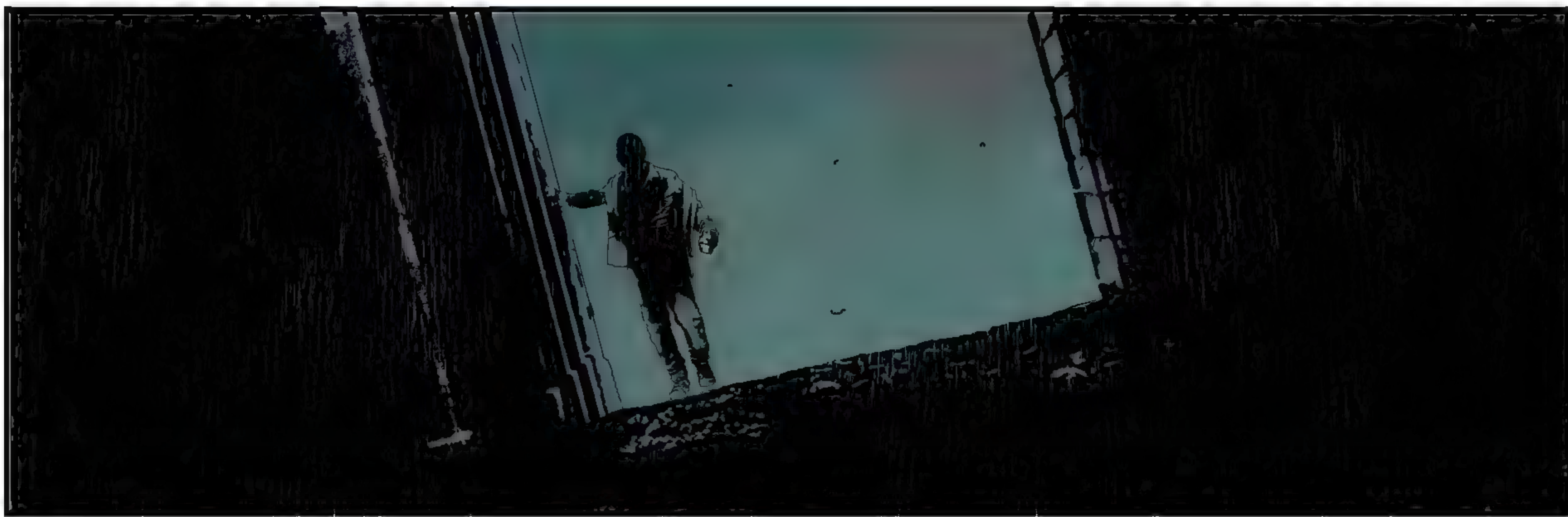














"I WASN'T SURE
YOU'D COME."



FRED! FRED,
LISTEN TO ME!

REBECCA?
WHAT'S
HAPPENED?
WHAT'S
WRONG?

HE KNOWS!
JESUS CHRIST,
HE KNOWS!

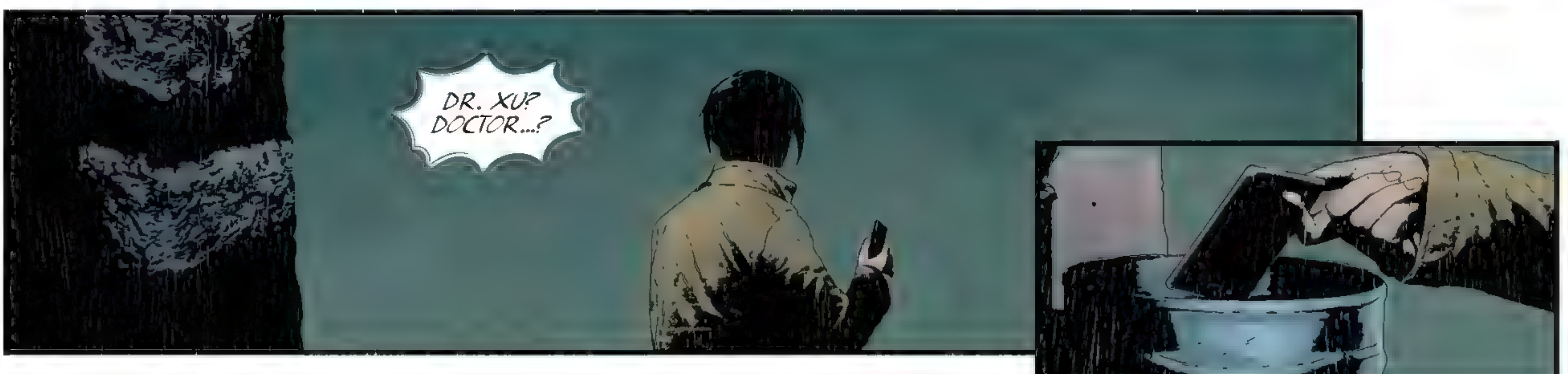
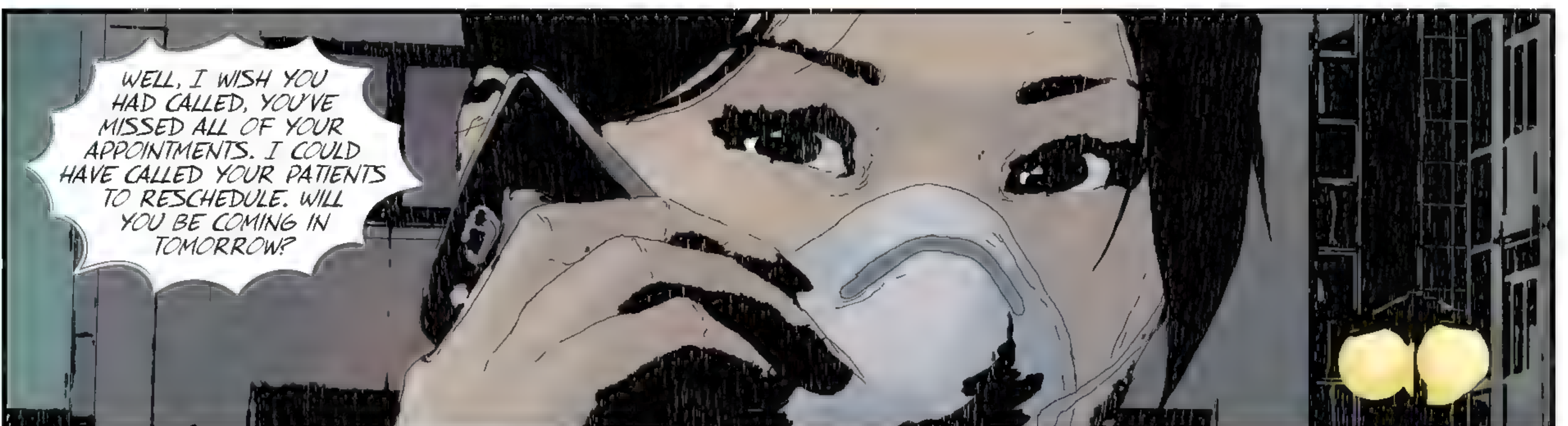
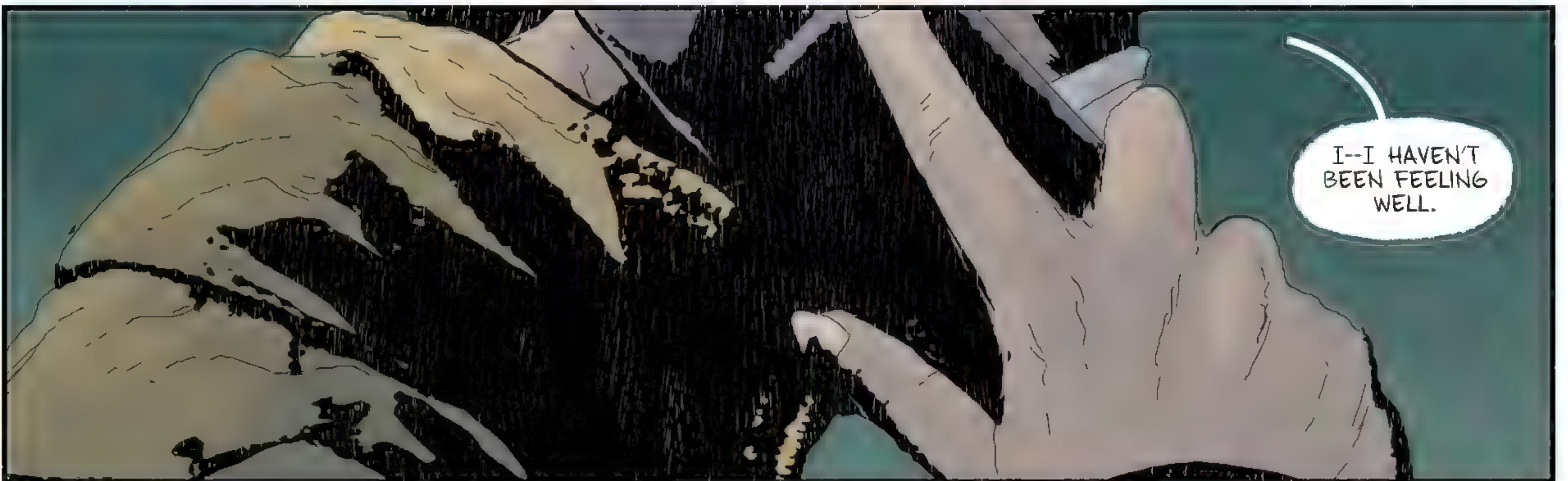


"CALM DOWN! I'M
SURE YOU'RE JUST
BEING PARANOID."



"...HE KNOWS
GODDAMNIT!"







SCREEECH
HONKHONK





REBECCA?



HE FOUND OUT. HE FOUND OUT WHAT WE DID.

I KNOW-- I'M SORRY. I'M SO SORRY.

REBECCA?



REBECCA? HA! REBECCA?!

OH GOD-- OH JESUS, NO.

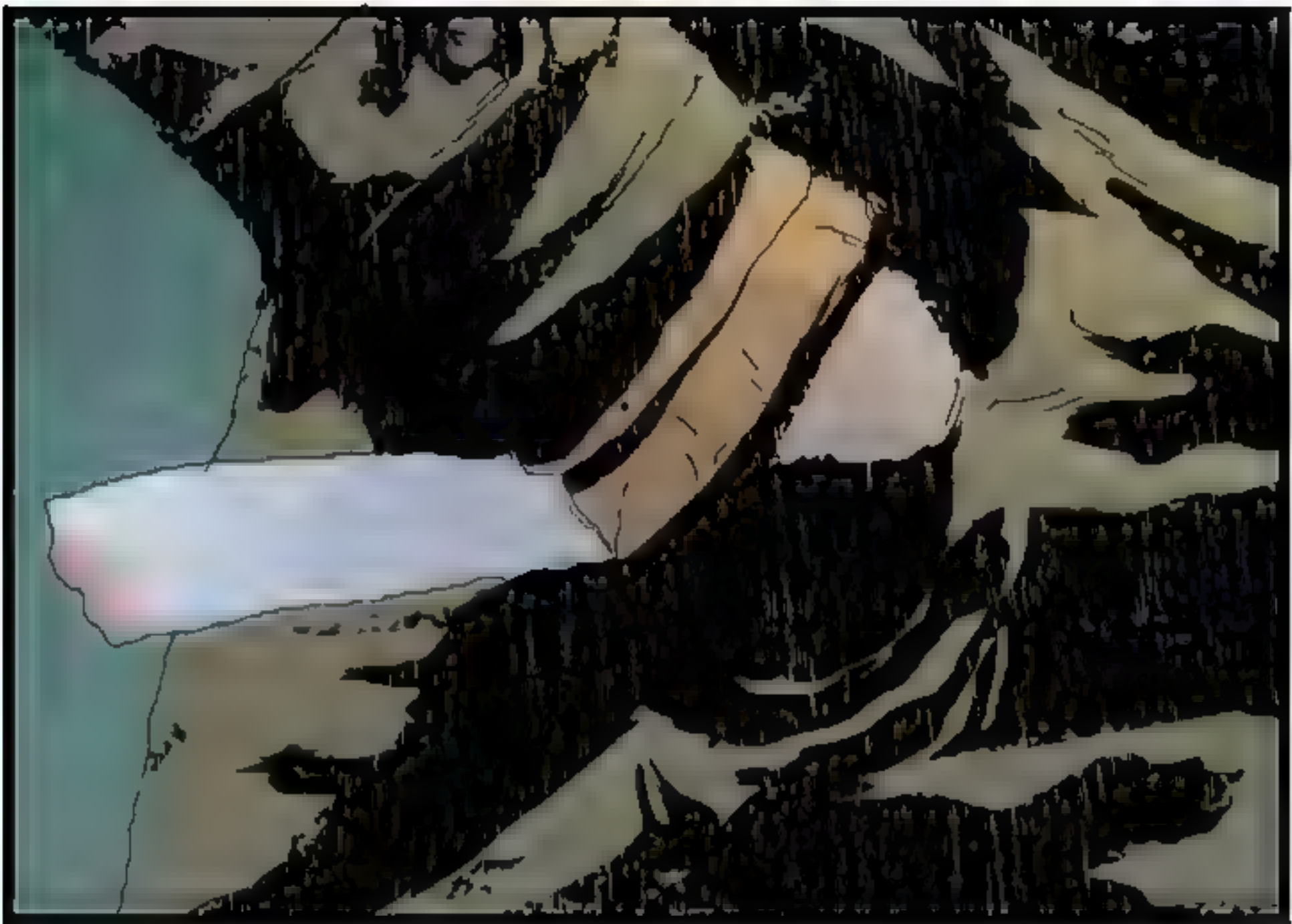




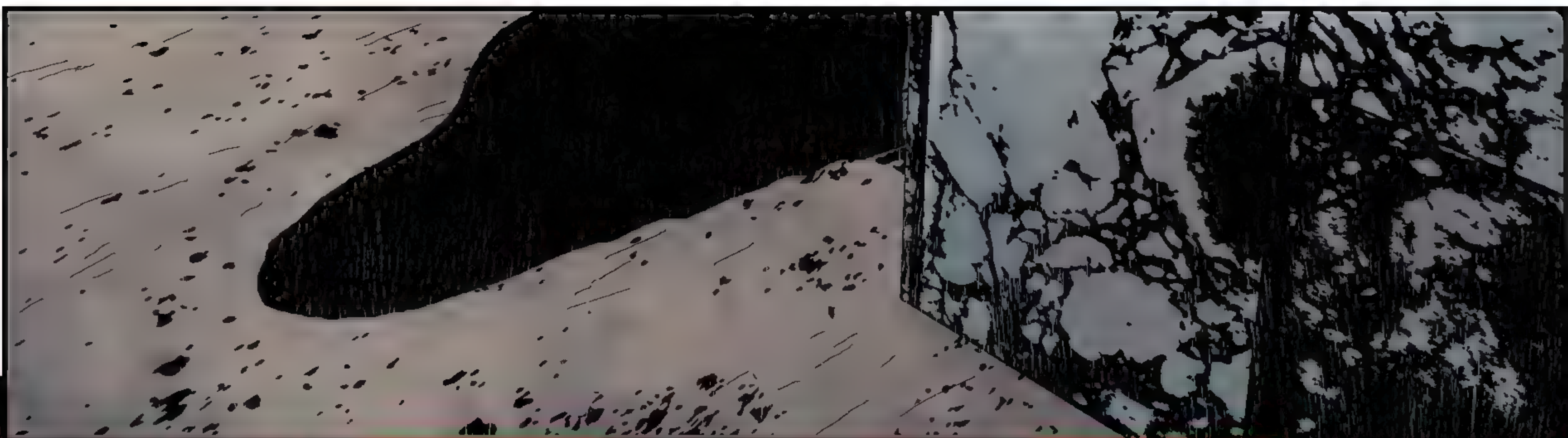
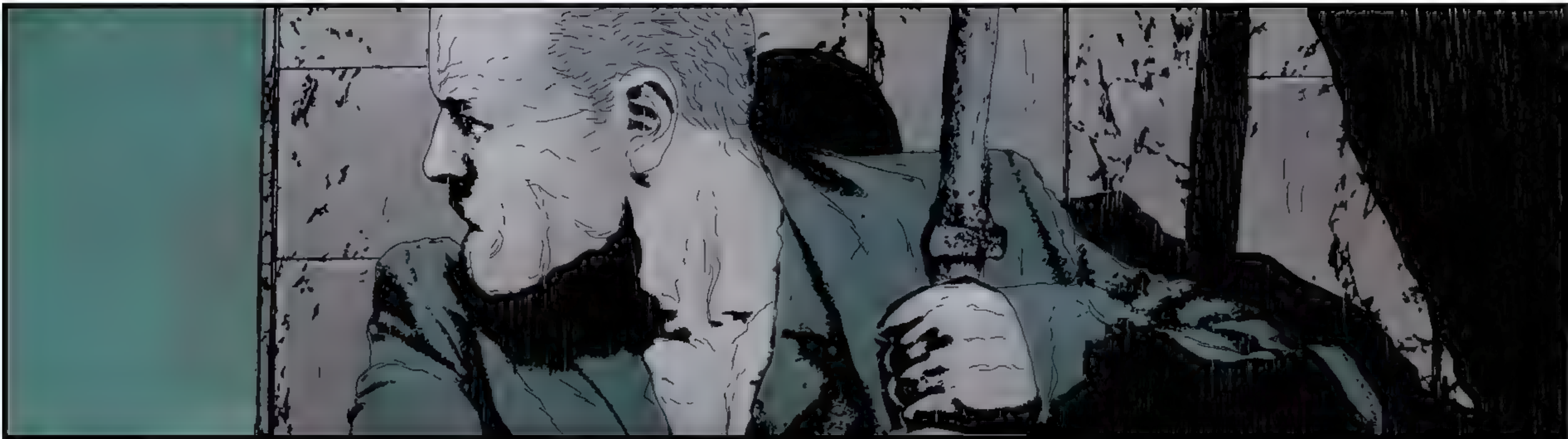
I'LL MAKE
YOU SORRY,
FRED.

I'LL MAKE
YOU SO
SORRY.

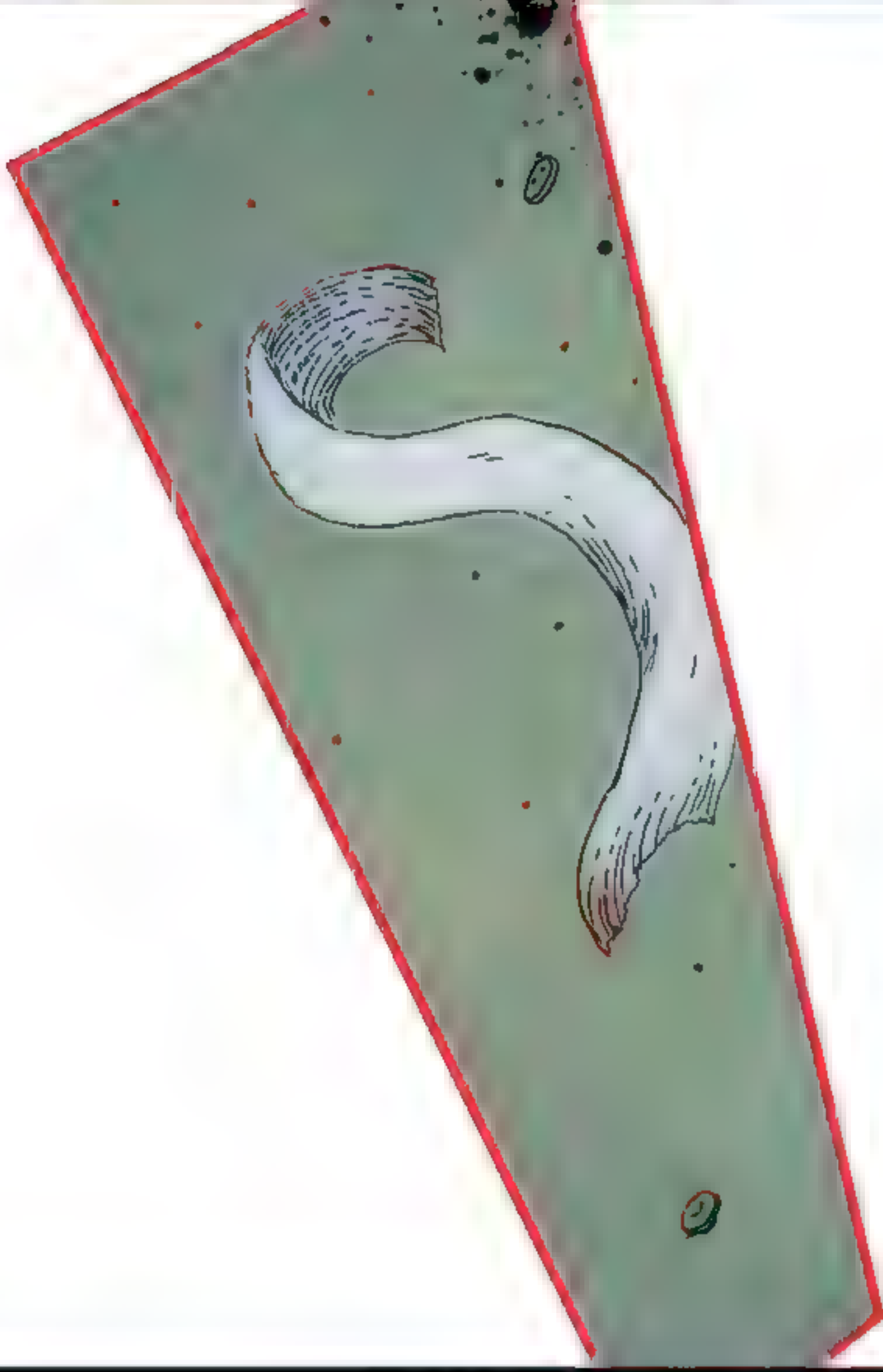
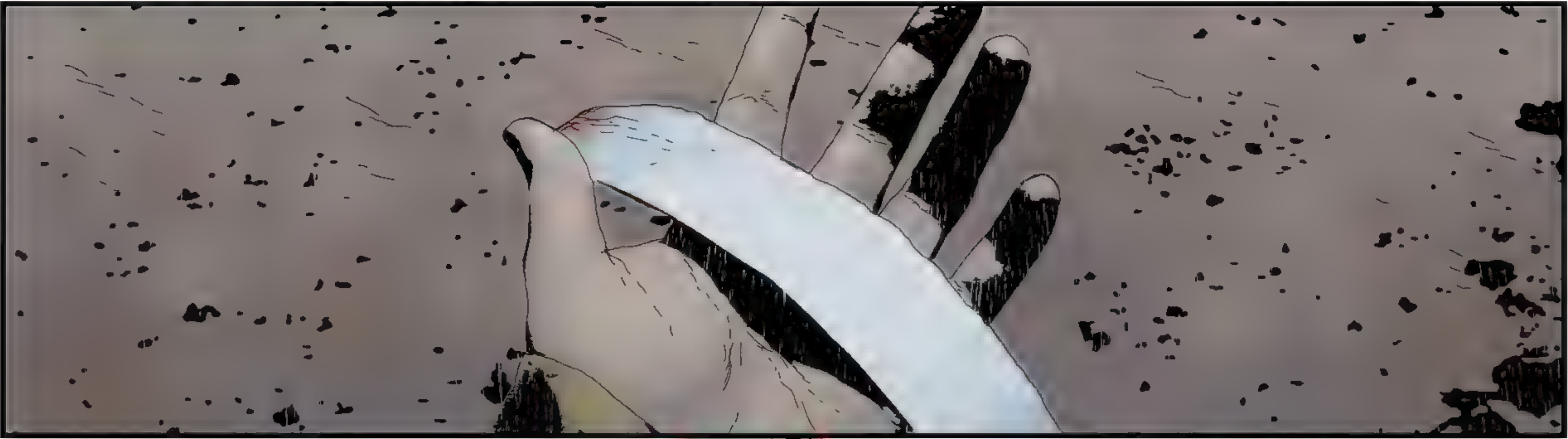












WHAT
DO YOU
KNOW ABOUT
THE BLACK
BARN?



16

8/22/09
JES





STOP!
SLOW DOWN,
CLARA!

NO
WAY!

WE'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO
BE BACK HERE.
DAD SAID.

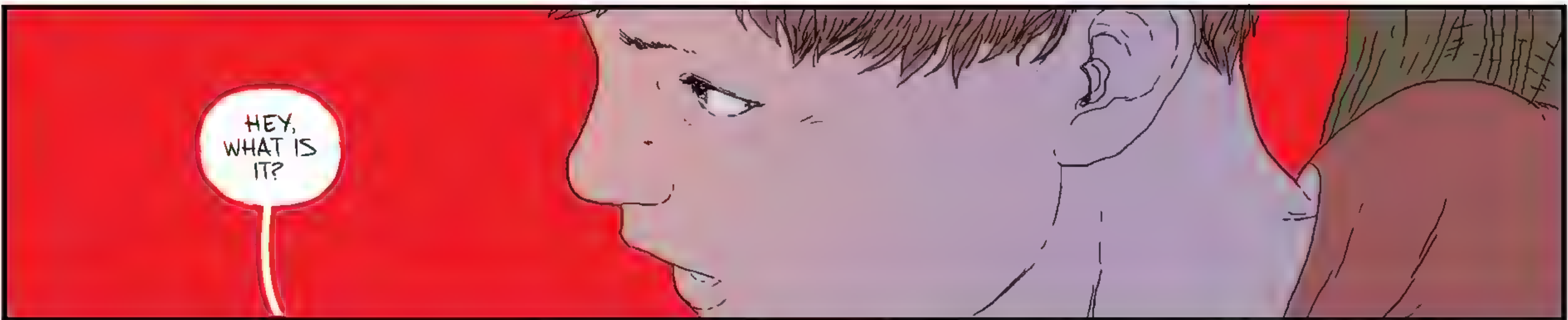
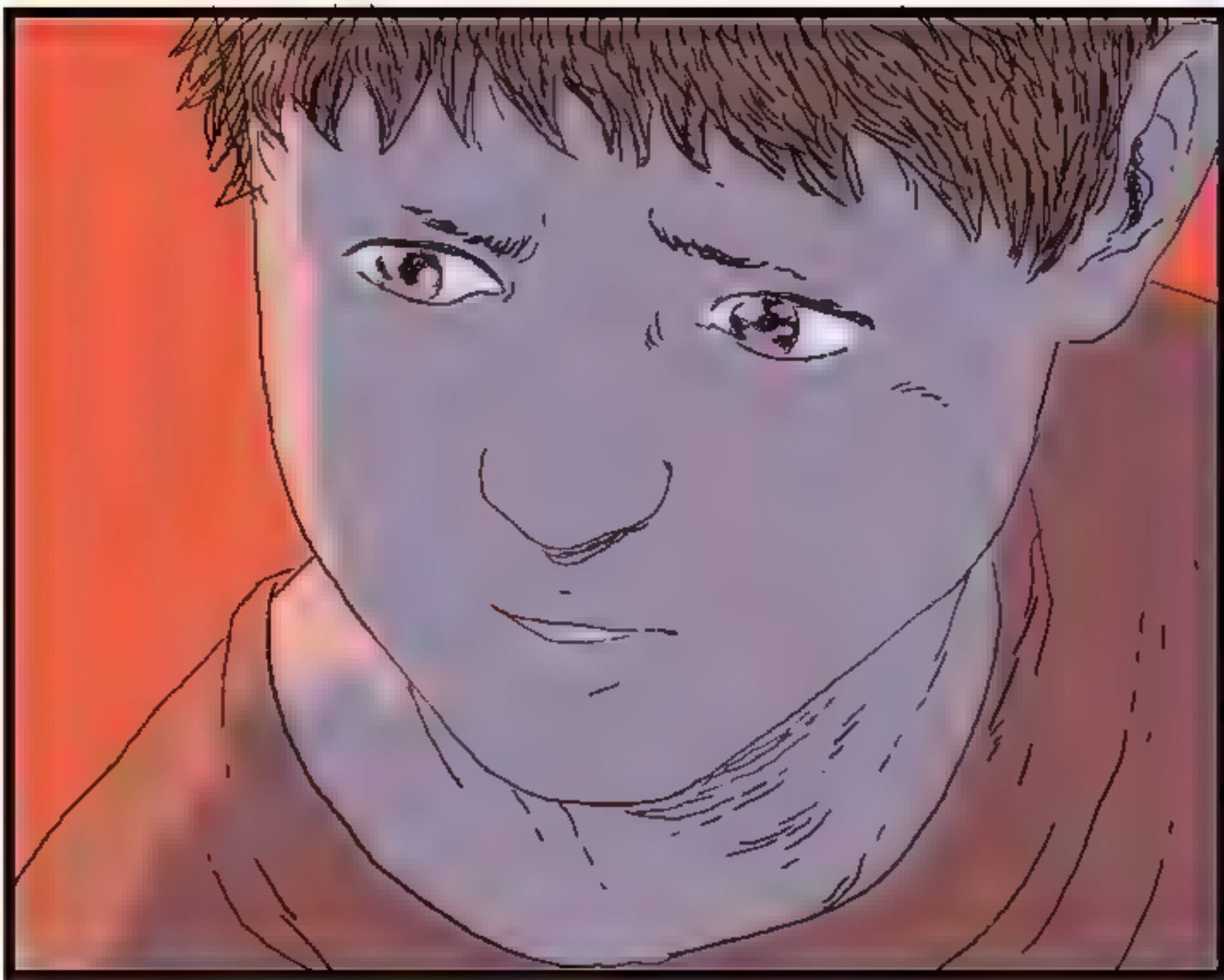
DAD SAID? YOU'RE
STARTING TO SOUND
MORE AND MORE
LIKE DAD ALL THE
TIME, YOU KNOW
THAT?

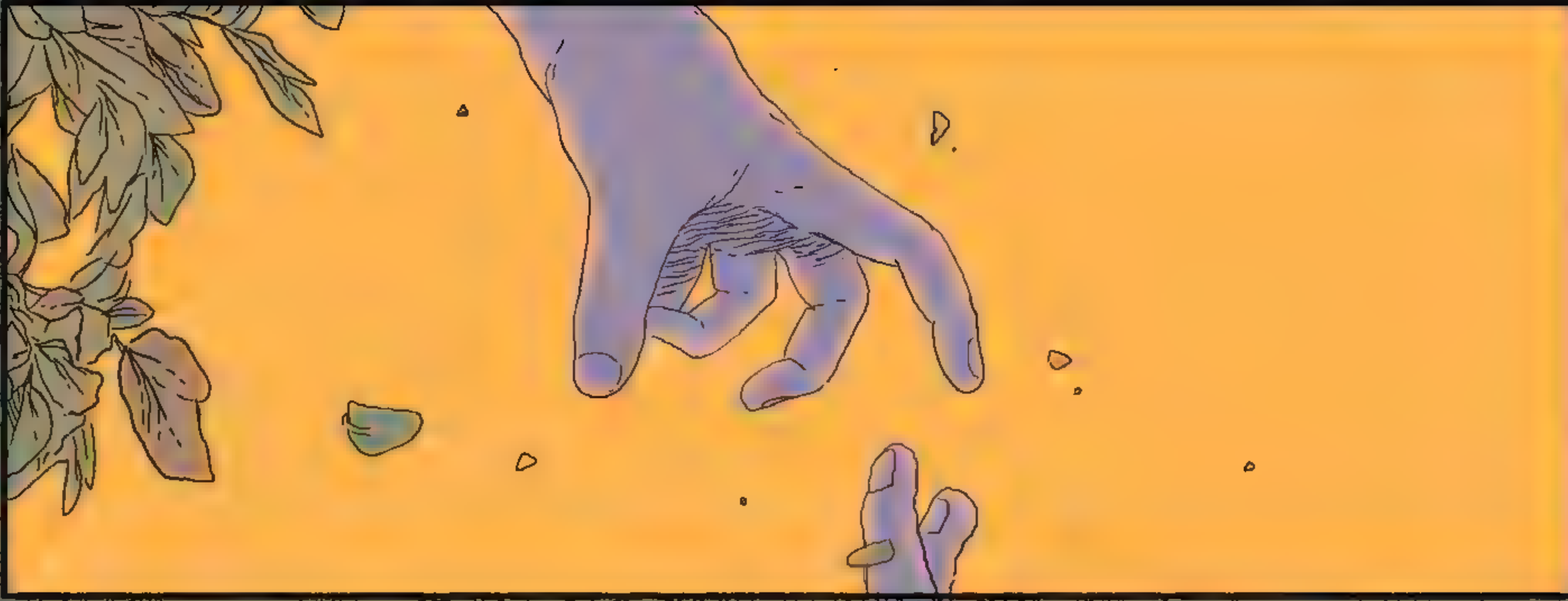
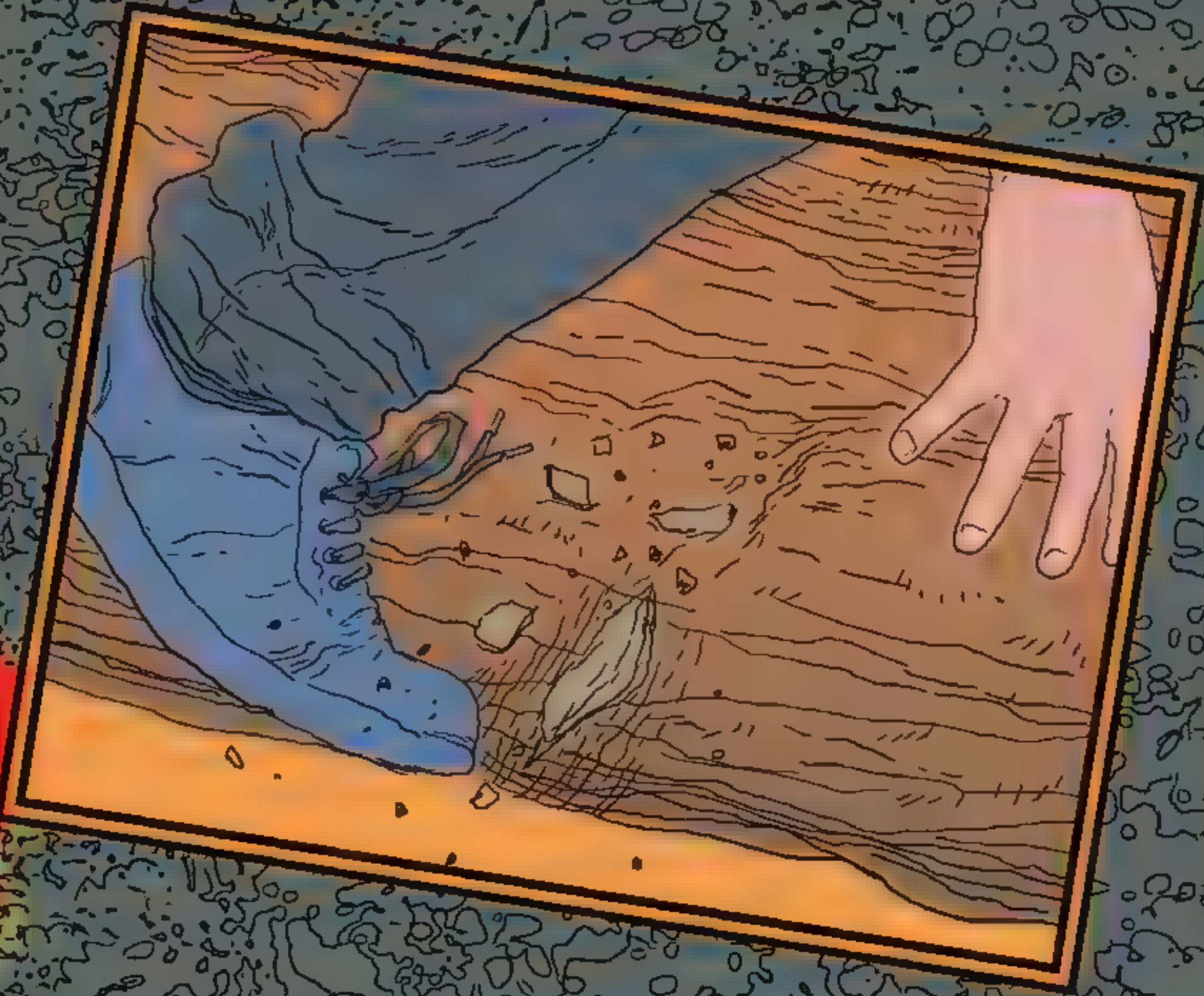
YOU DON'T
REALLY BELIEVE
ALL THAT WEIRD
STUFF DAD SAYS,
DO YOU? MOST
OF IT IS BULLSHIT,
YOU KNOW THAT
RIGHT?

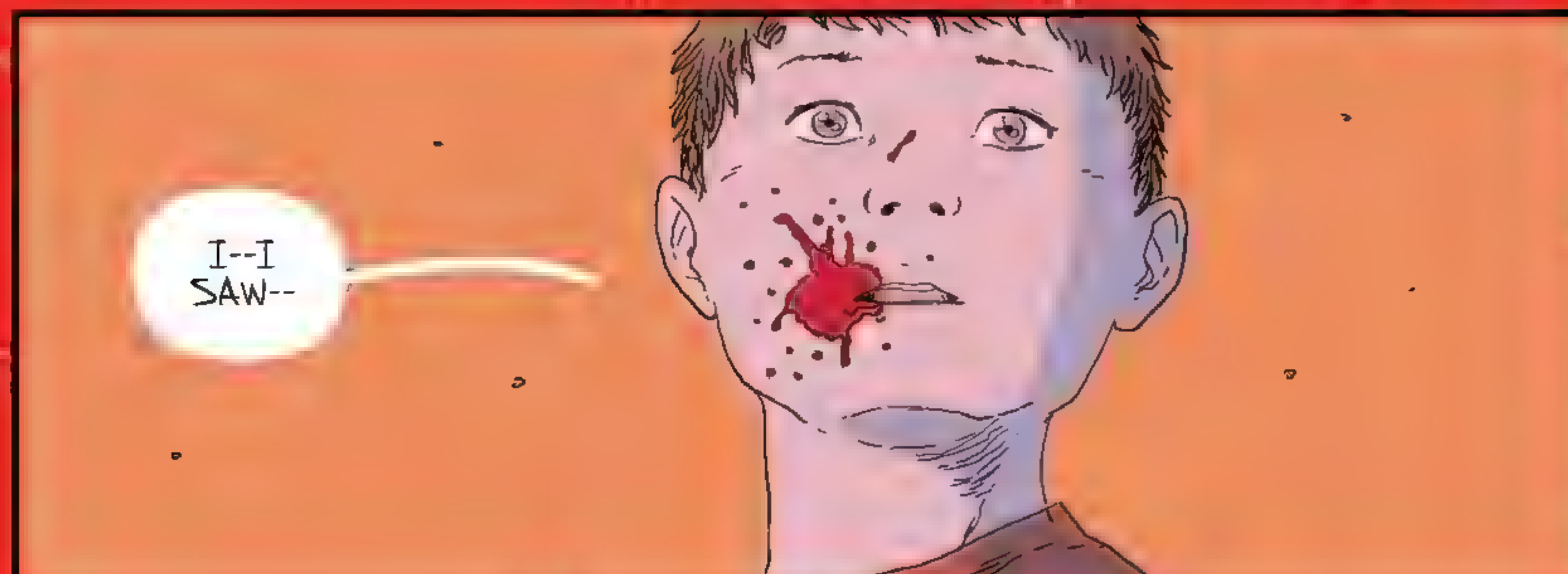
I
GUESS.

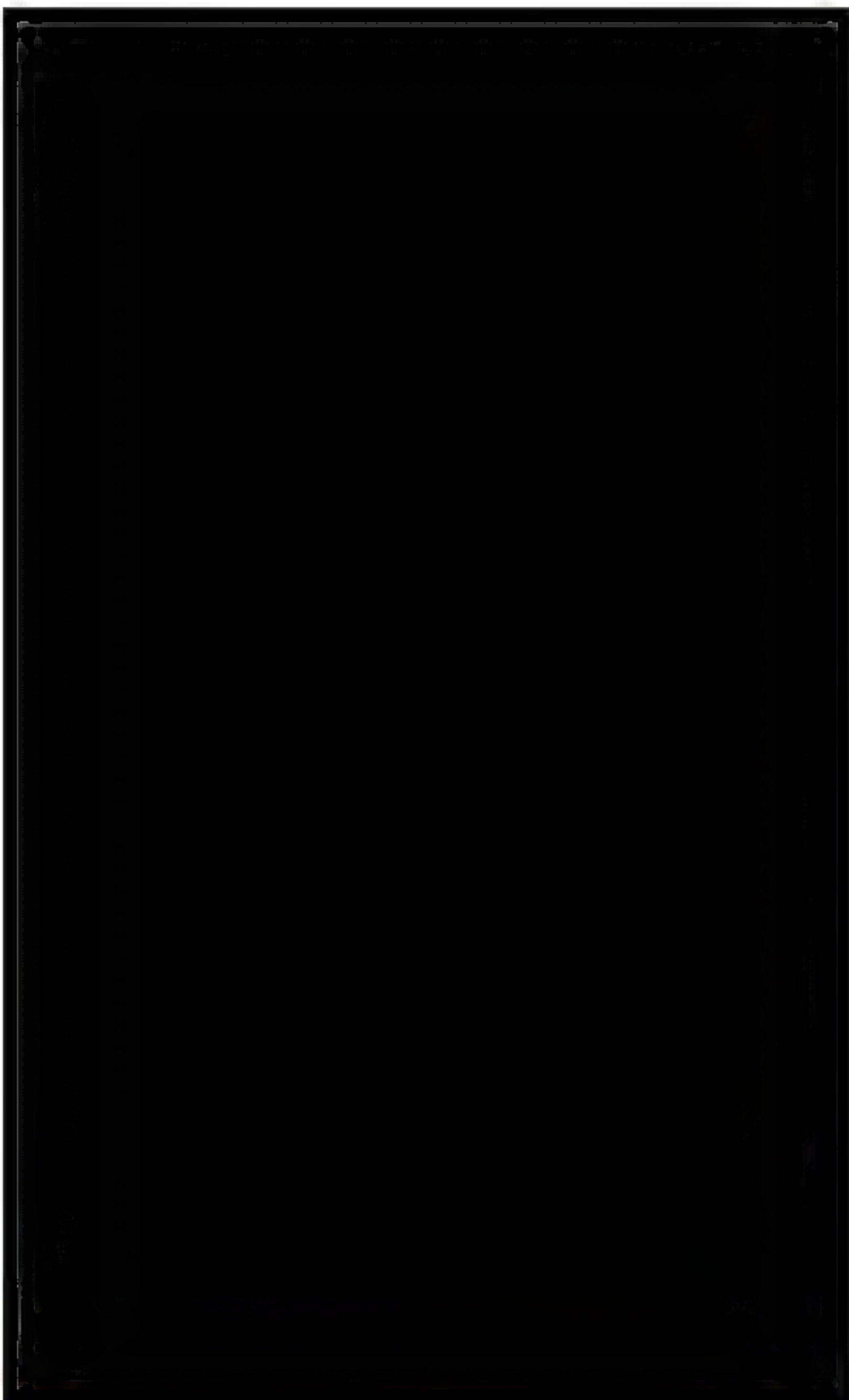
GOOD. NOW
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN
GET HIGH ENOUGH TO
SEE THE HOUSE
FROM HERE!

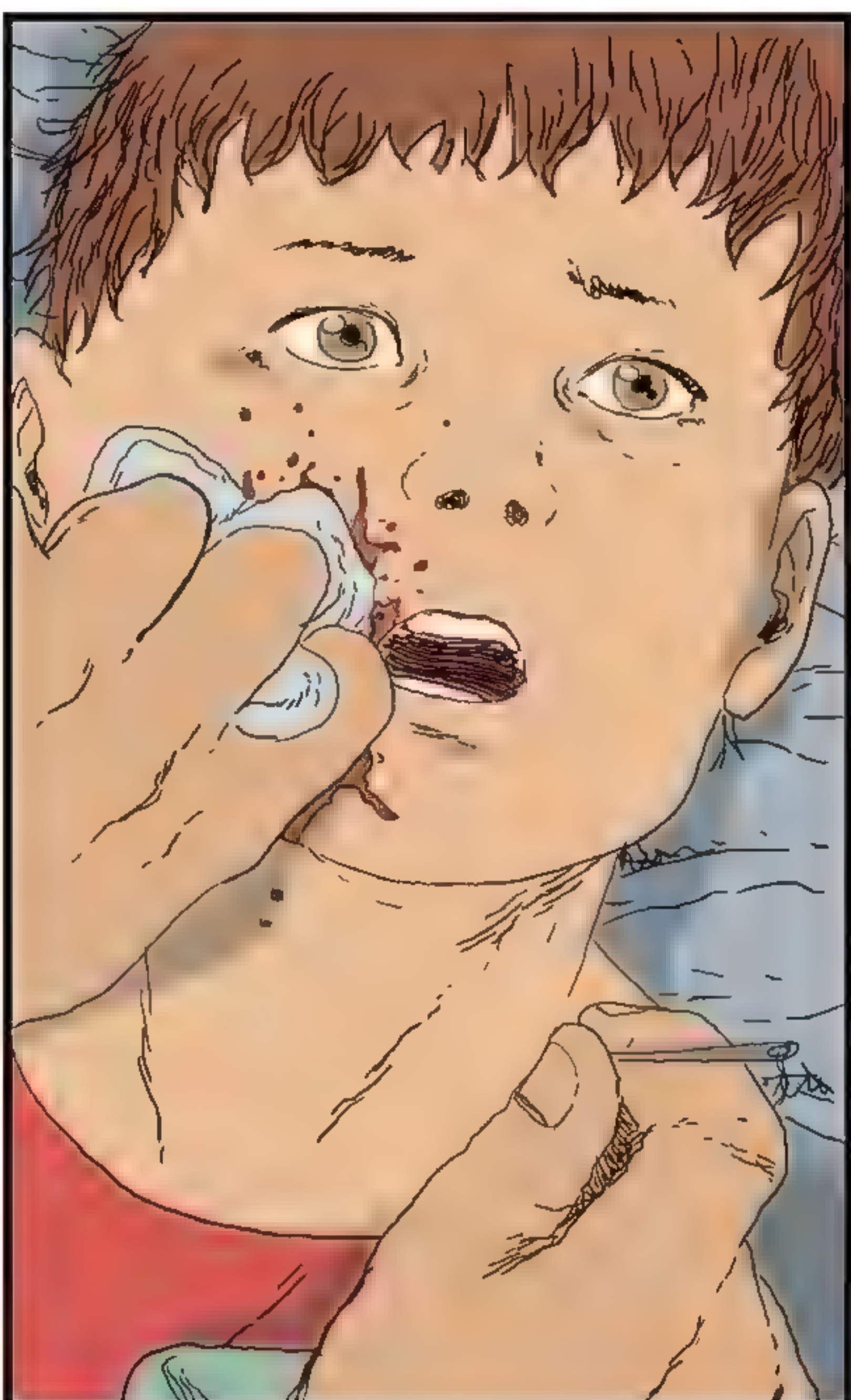
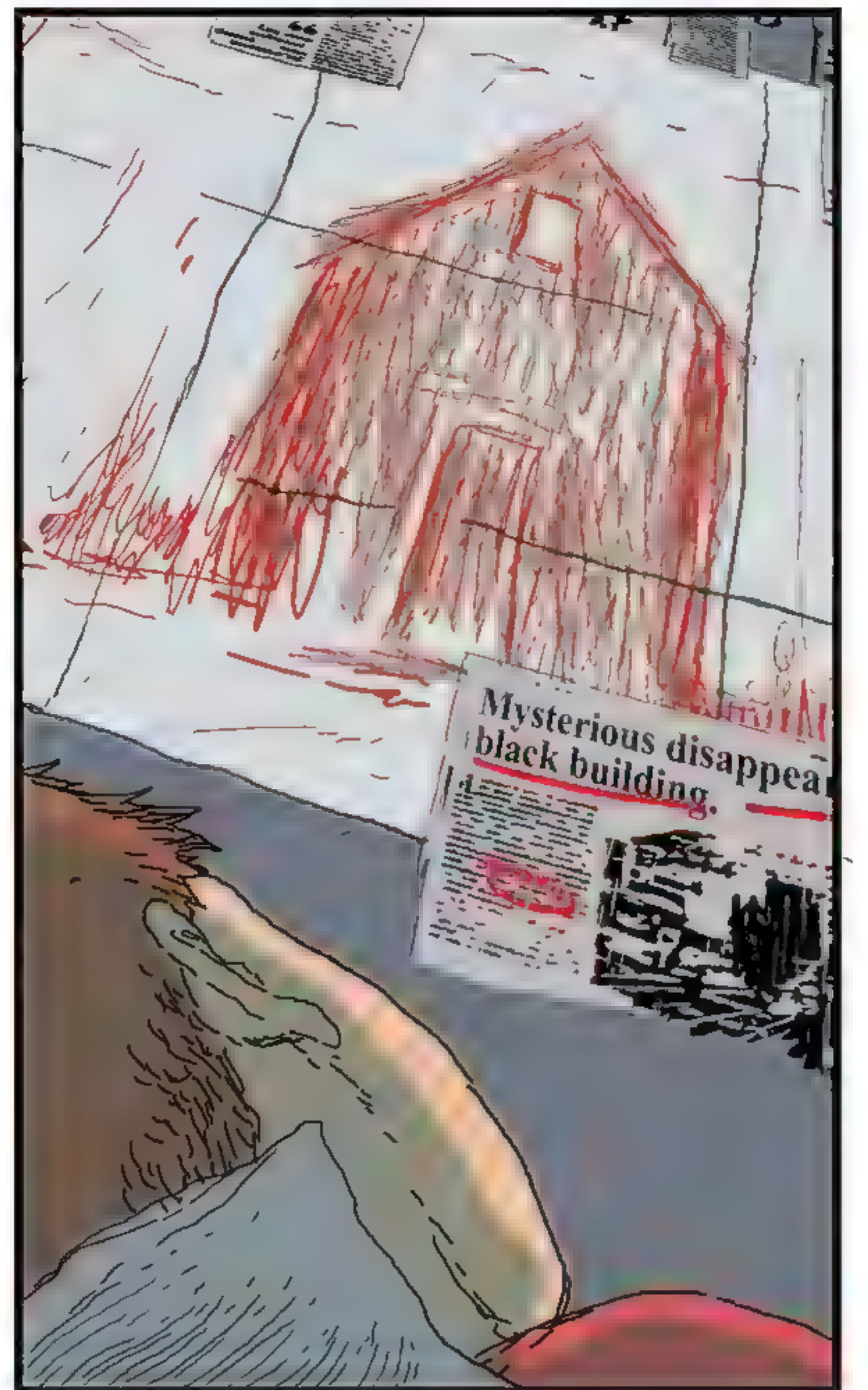
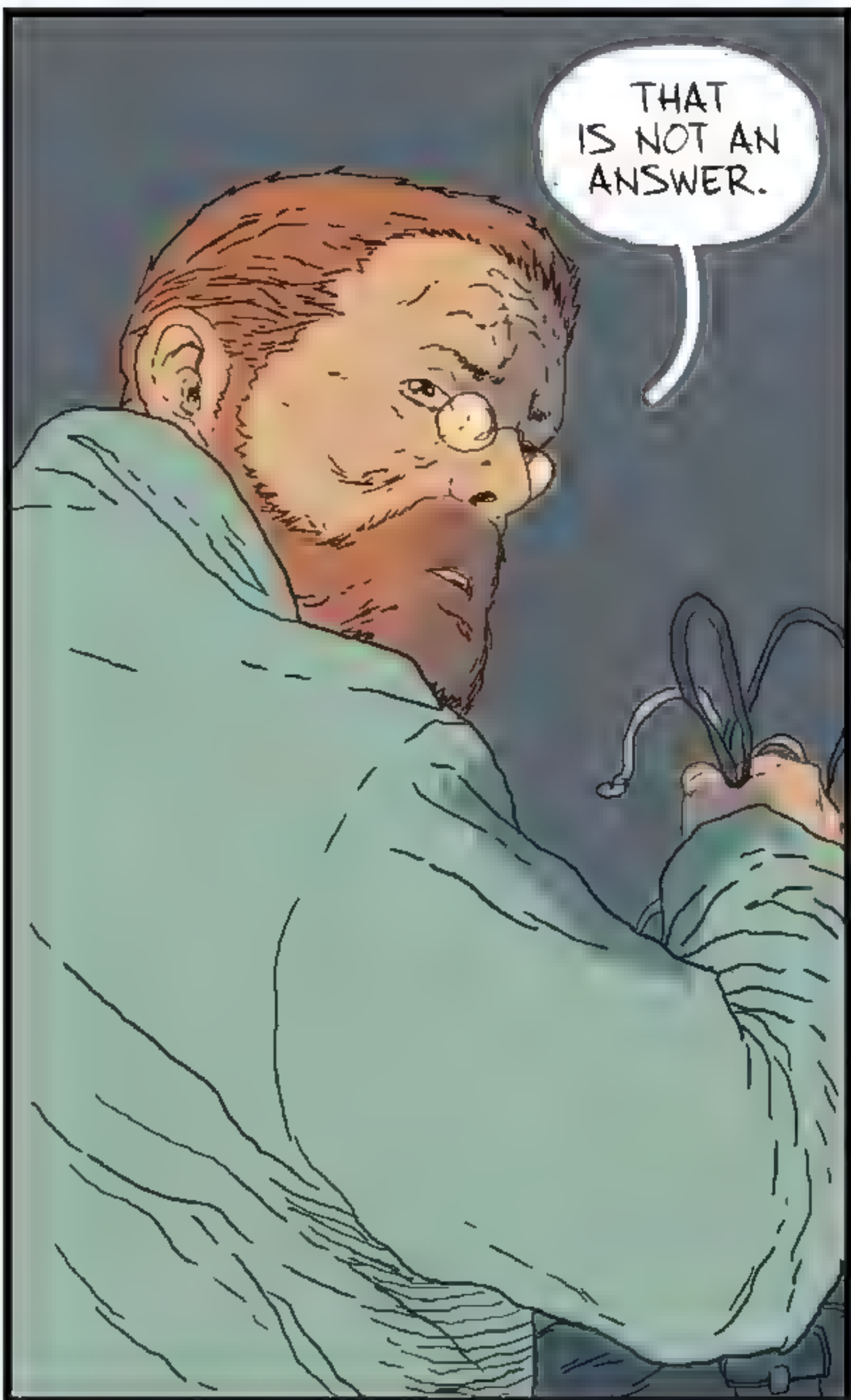
WAIT!









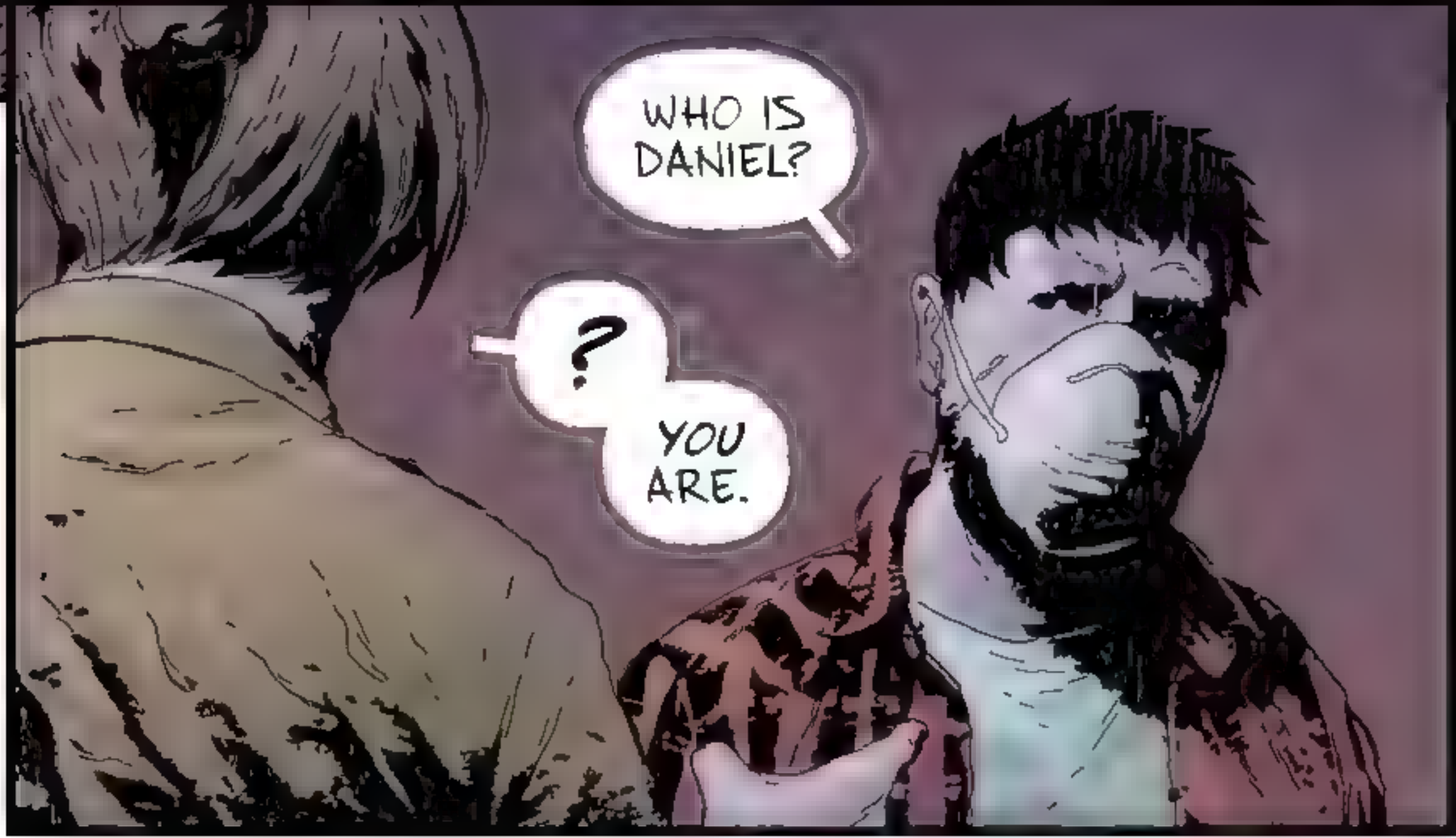






YOU'RE HOME, DANIEL.

DANIEL?



WHO IS DANIEL?

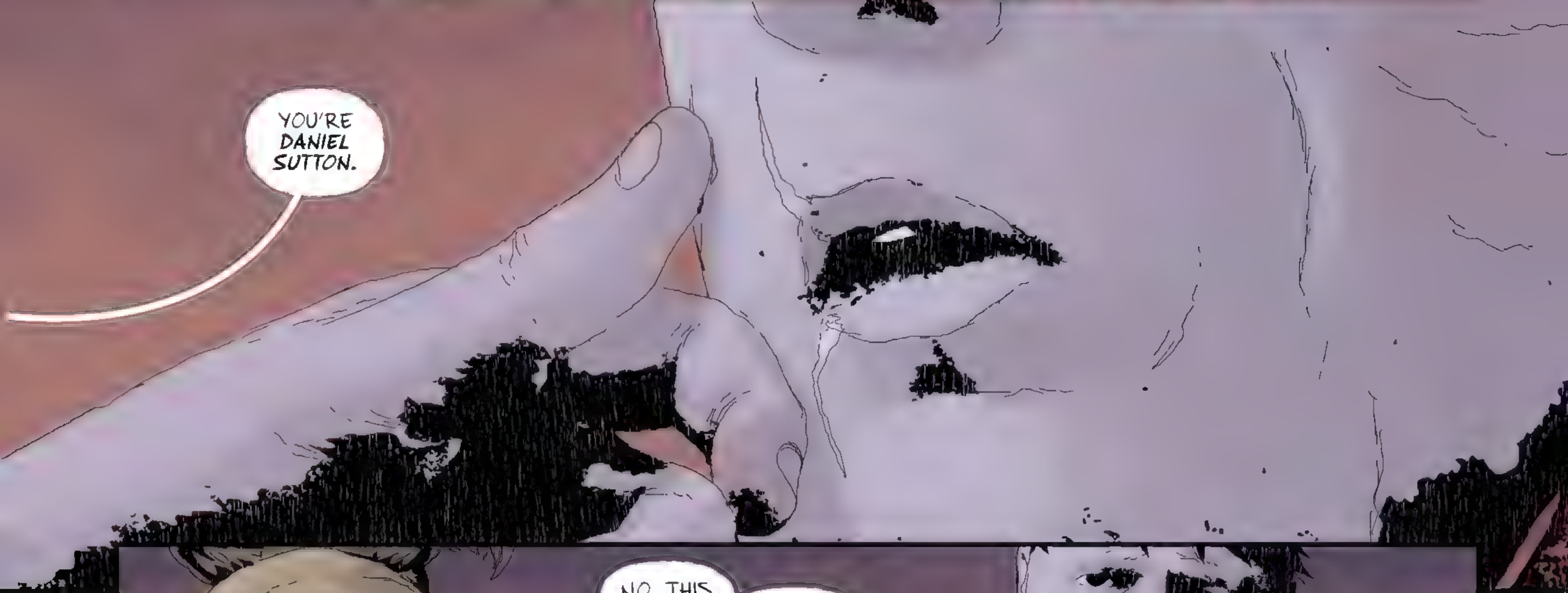
?
YOU ARE.



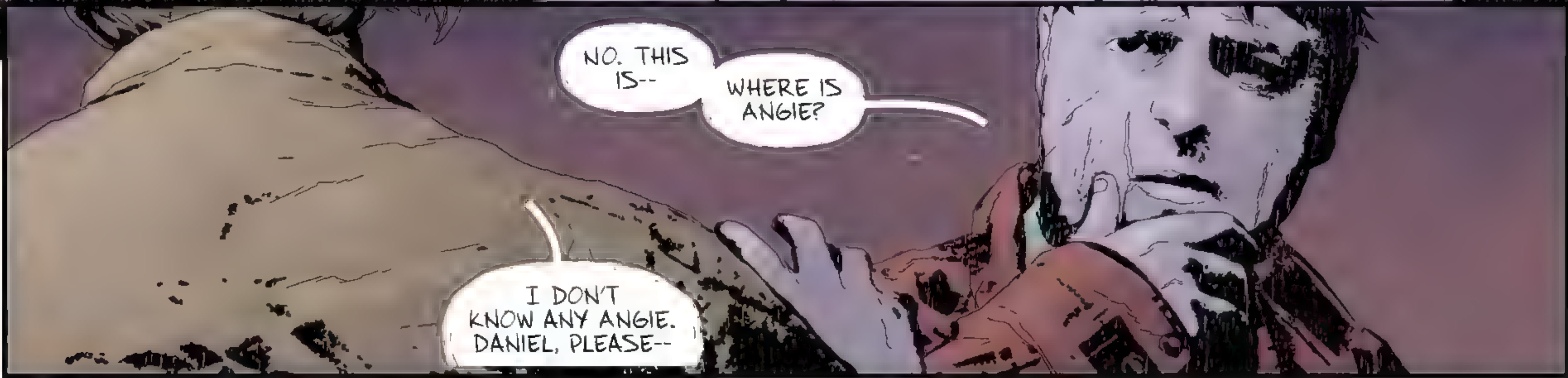
NO, MY NAME IS NORTON. NORTON SINCLAIR.



NO...



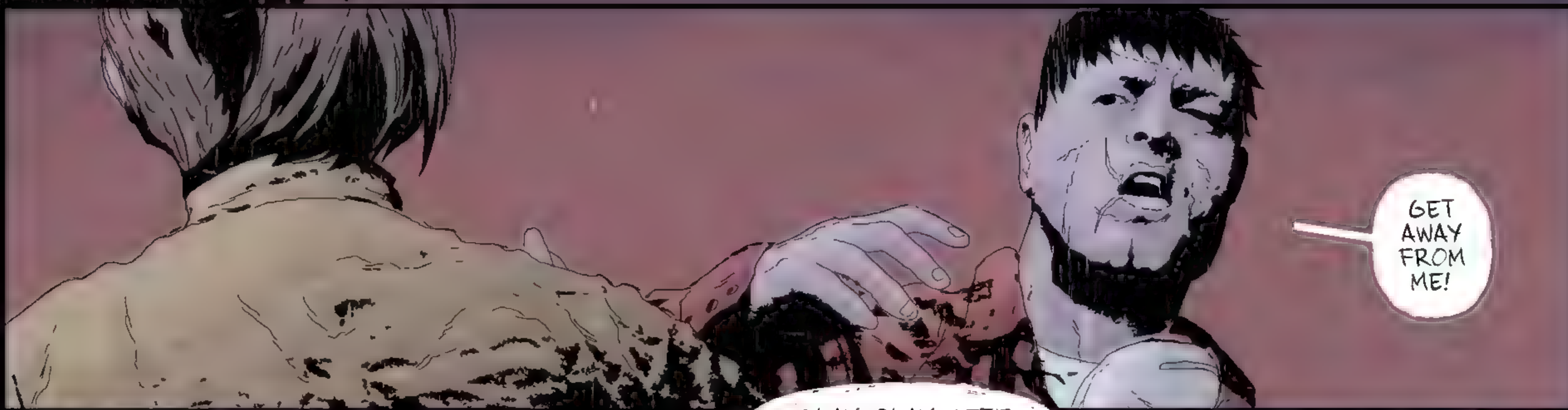
YOU'RE DANIEL SUTTON.

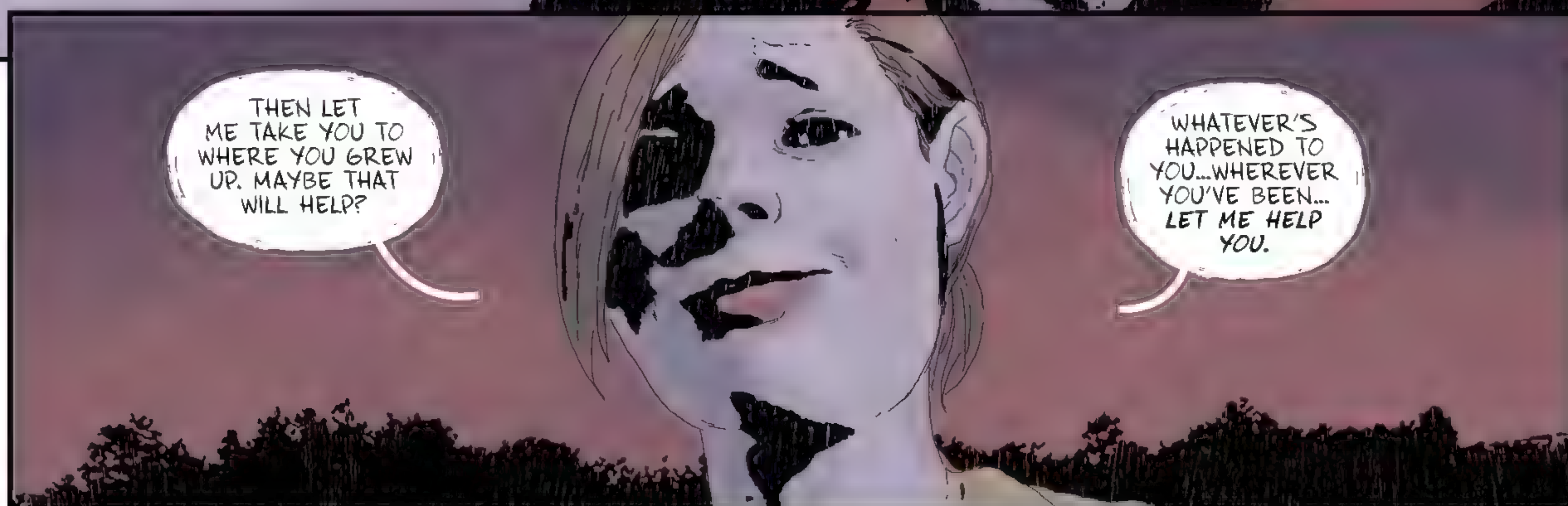


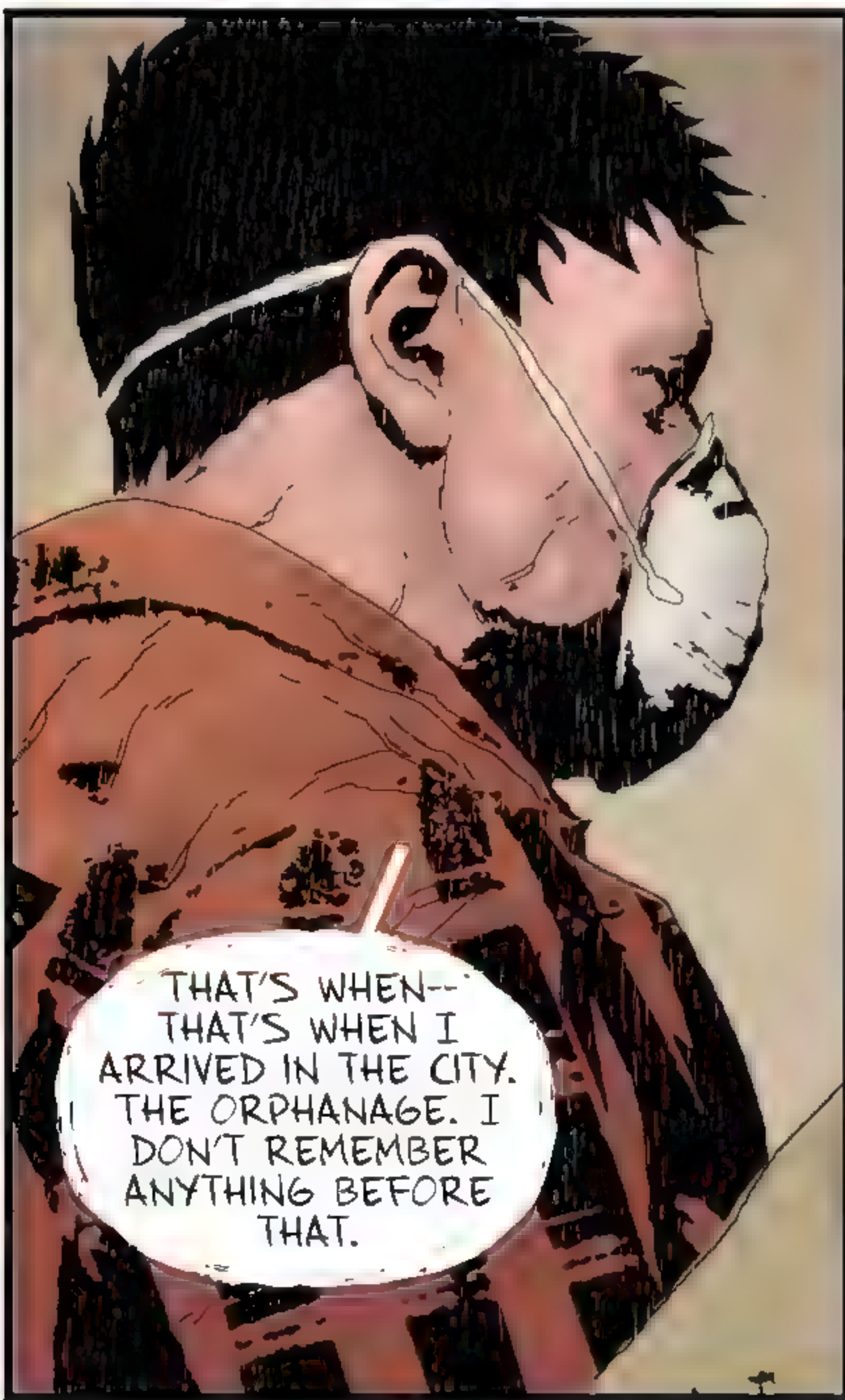
NO. THIS IS--

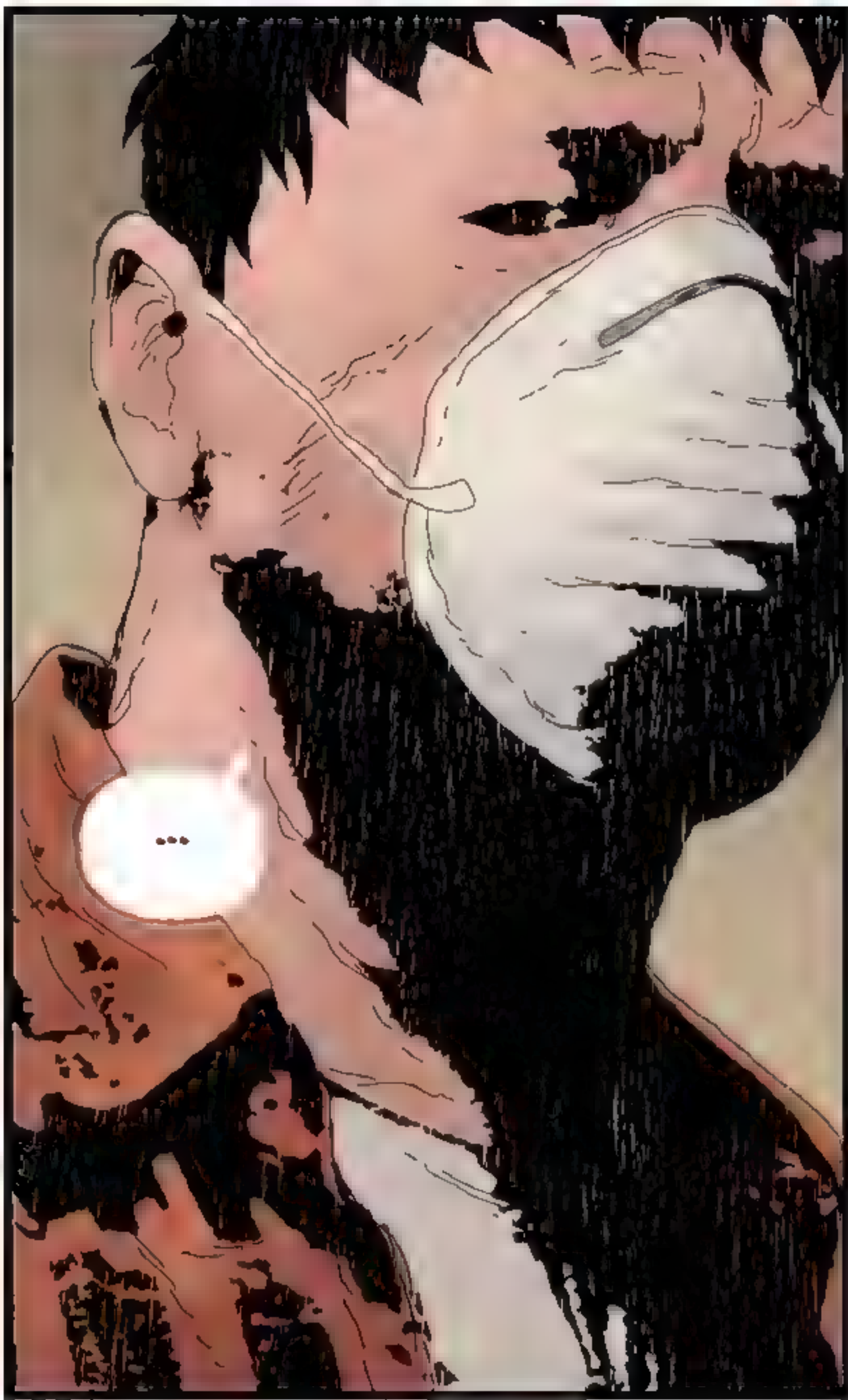
WHERE IS ANGIE?

I DON'T KNOW ANY ANGIE. DANIEL, PLEASE--











THE
BARN...



I
REMEMBER
THE BARN.

Mysterious disappearing
black building.

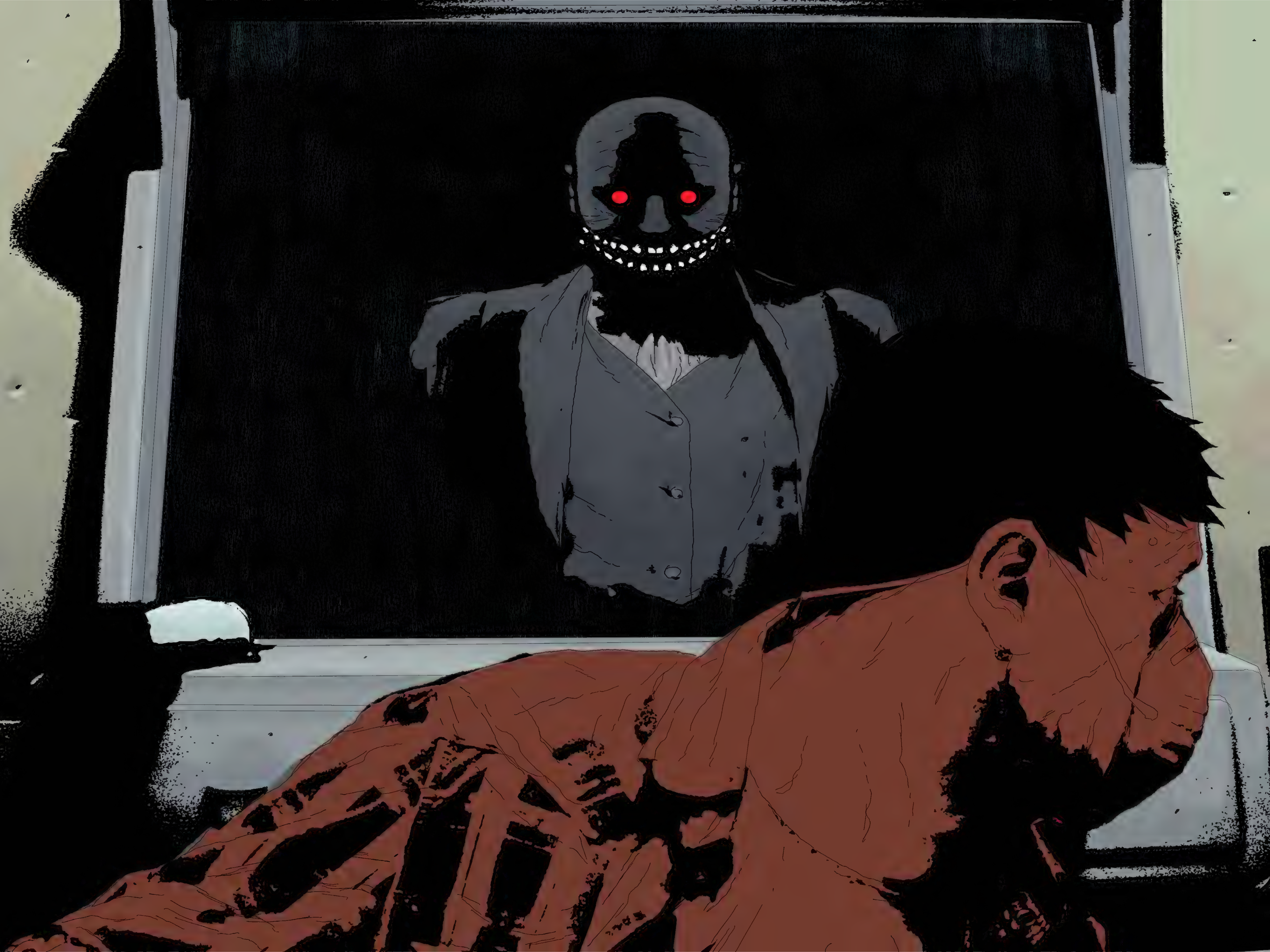
rist attraction

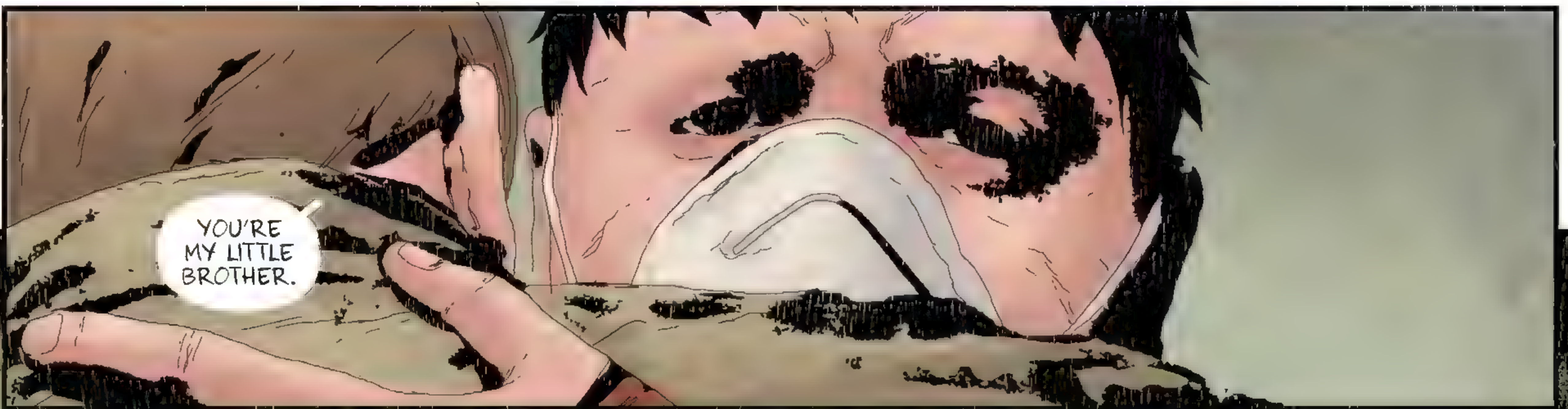
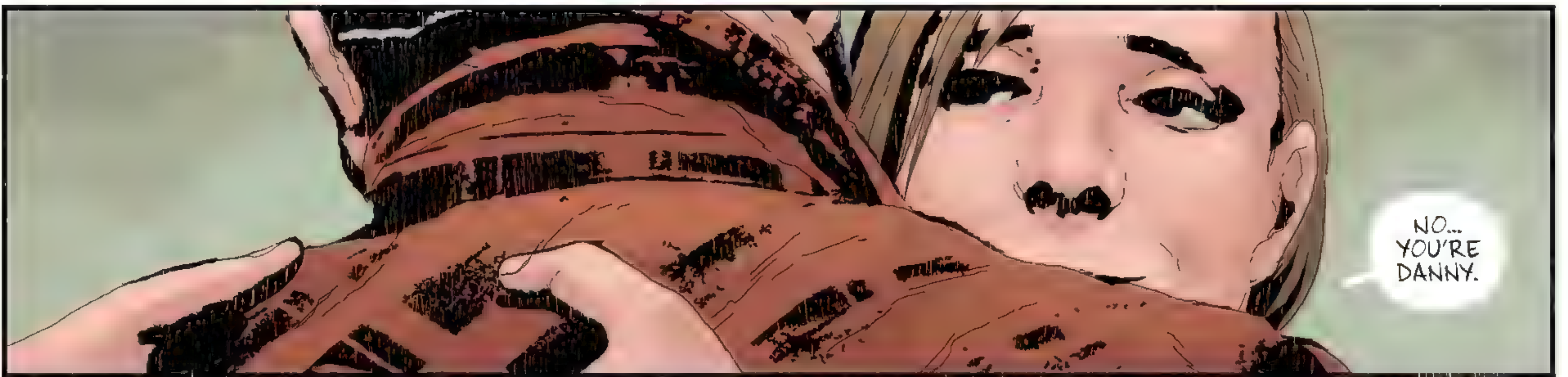
DANNY?!

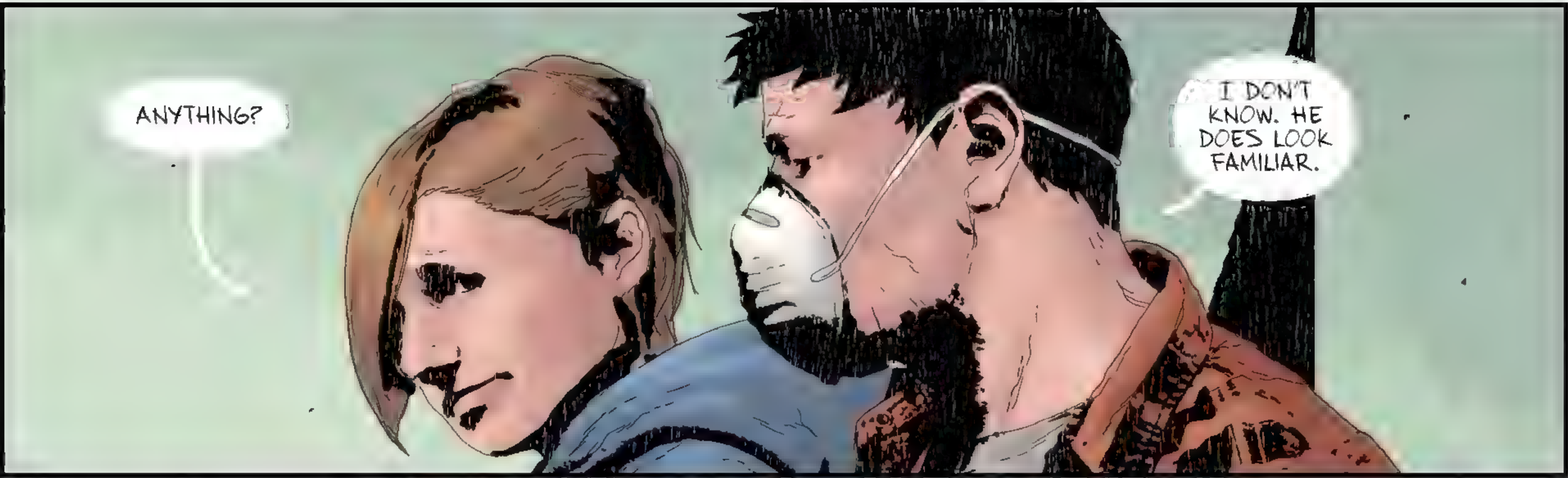
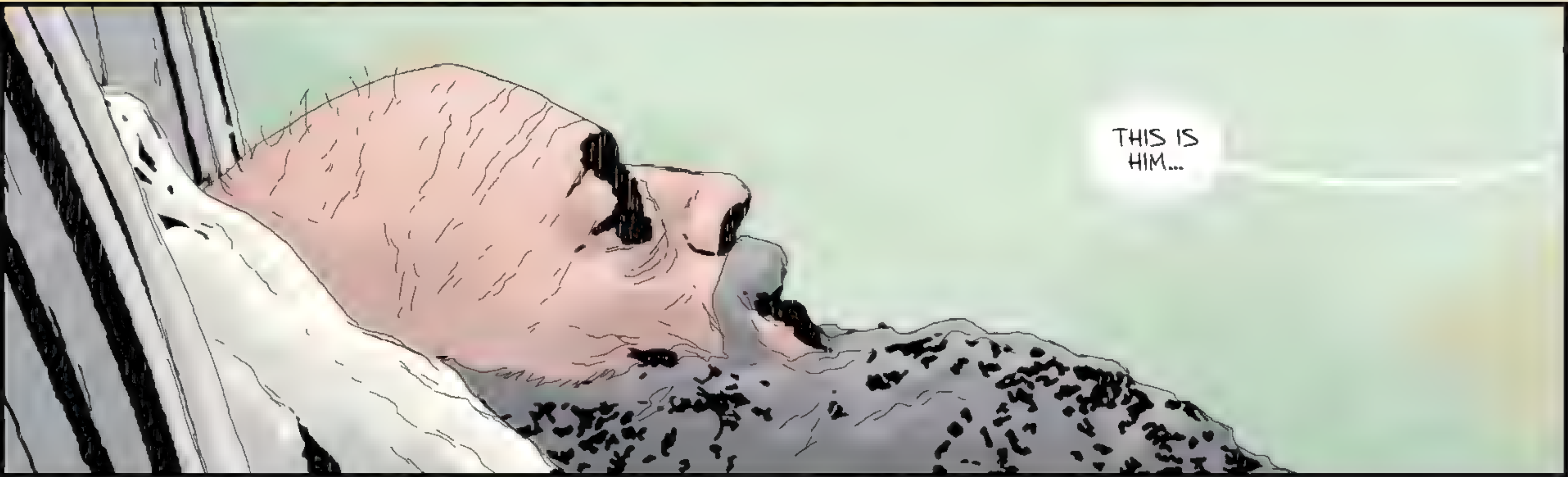
DANNY?!

--HURK!











WHAT
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

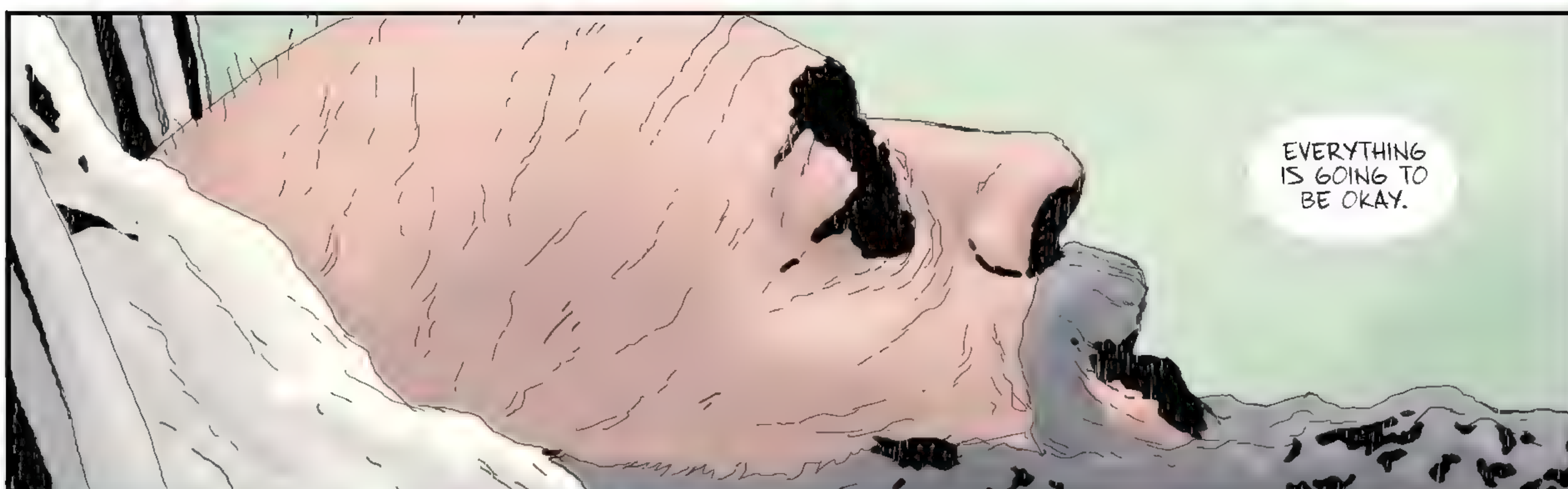
HEART
ATTACK.



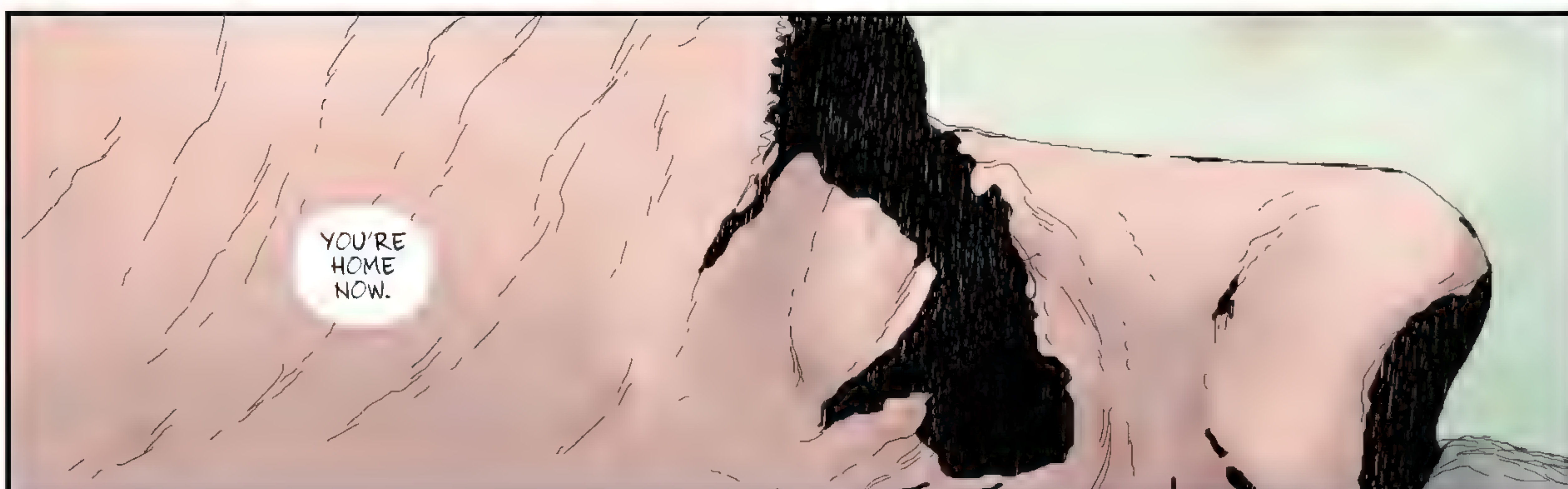
I KNOW THIS
IS HARD. I KNOW
THIS IS ALL REALLY
MESSED UP. IT IS
FOR ME TOO.



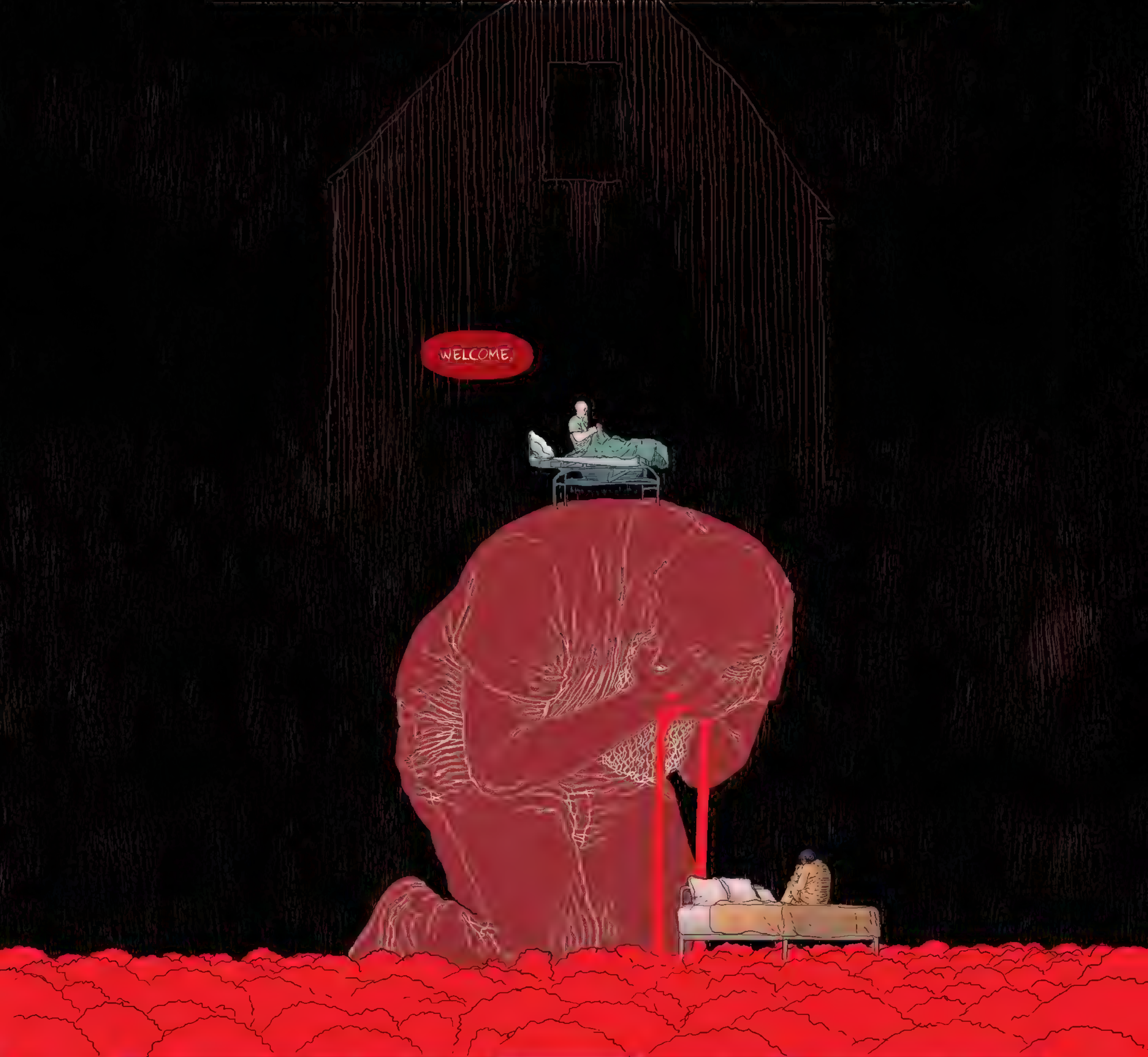
BUT I
PROMISE YOU,
I WILL HELP YOU
FIGURE IT
OUT.

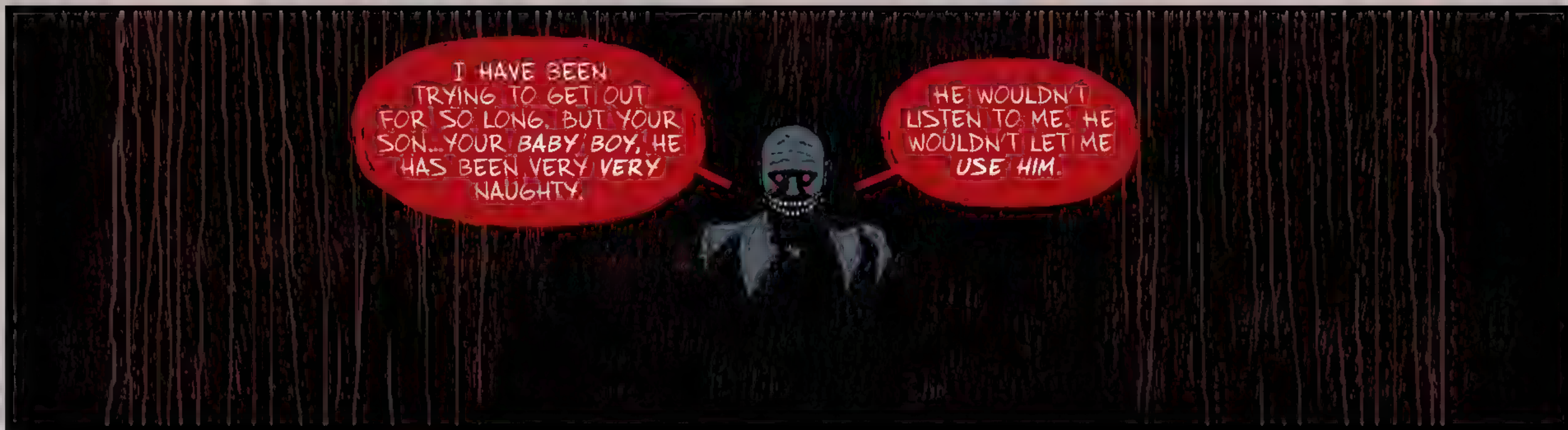
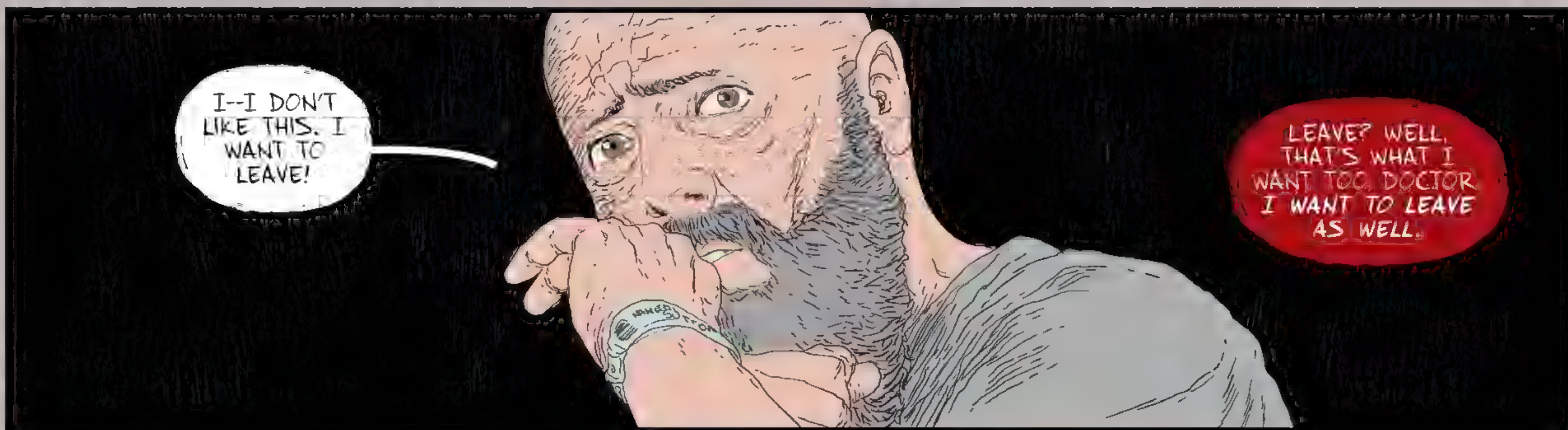


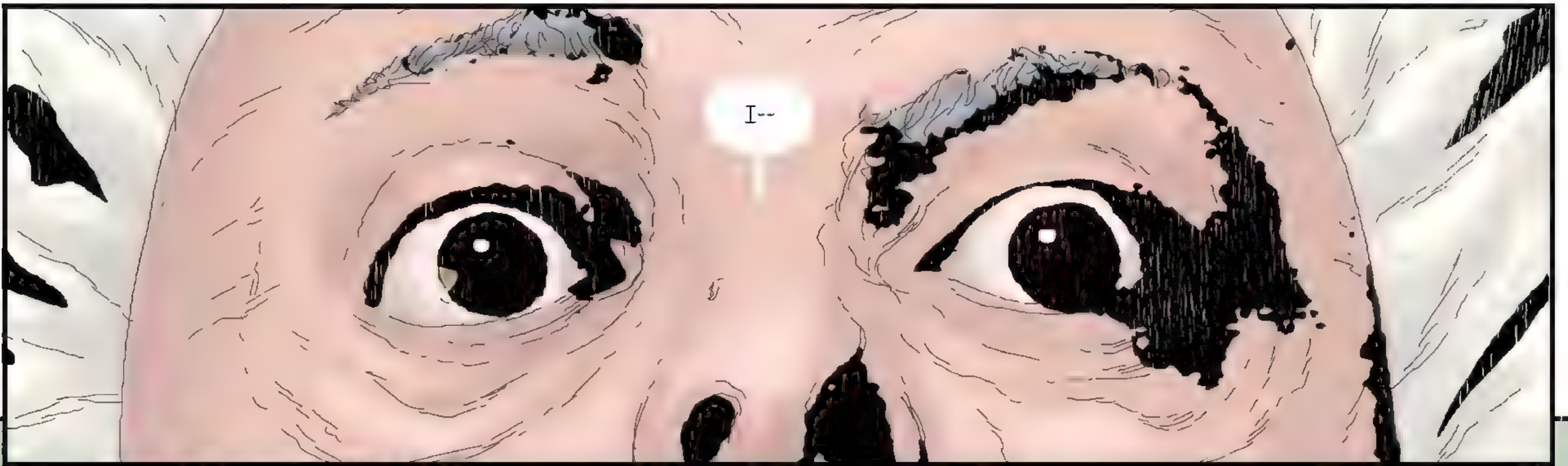
EVERYTHING
IS GOING TO
BE OKAY.



YOU'RE
HOME
NOW.



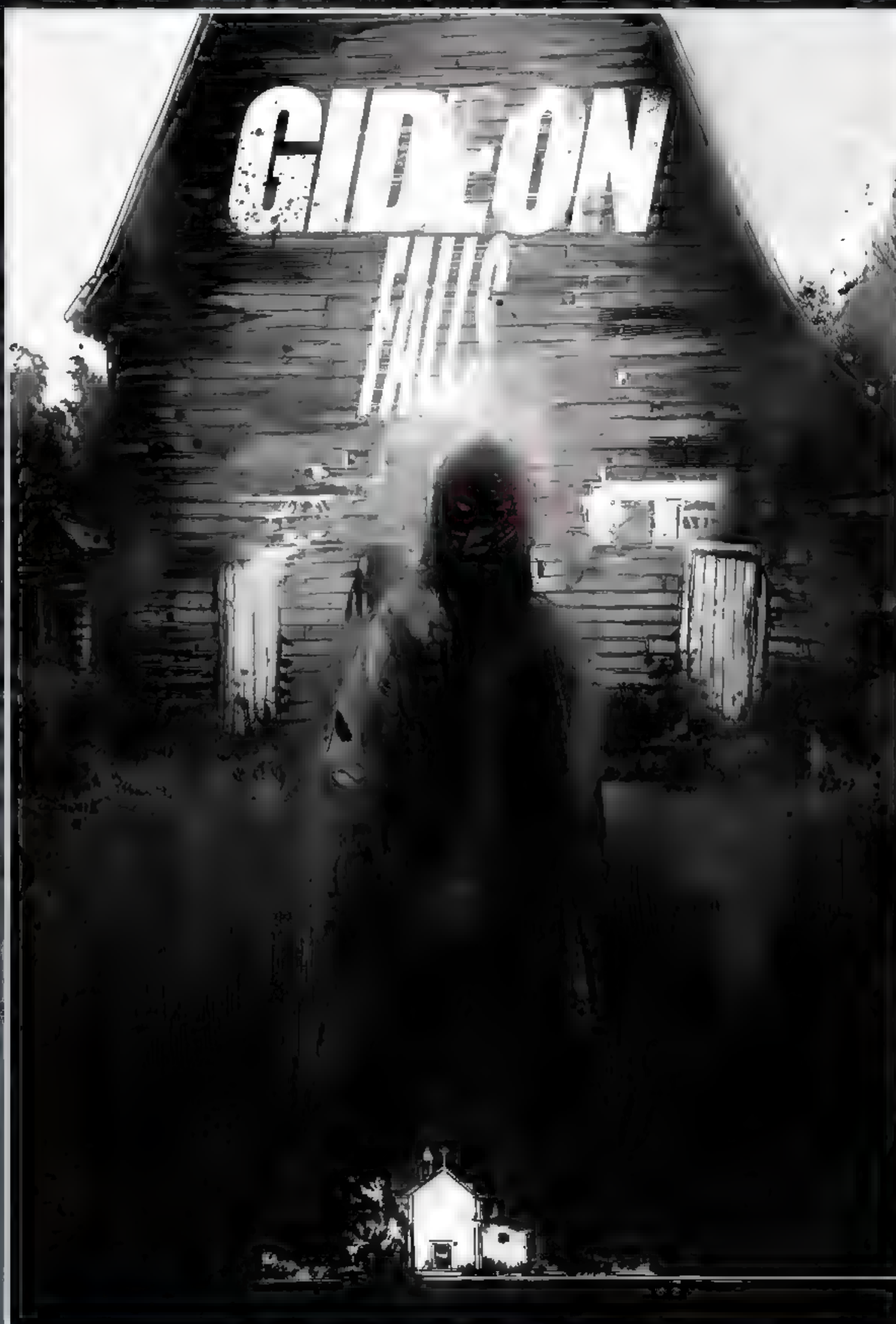








#1A | JEFF LEMIRE



#1B | JOCK



#1C | JEFF LEMIRE



#1D - TOM WHALEN



#2B - CLIFF CHIANG



#3B - GREG SMALLWOOD



#4B - DUSTIN NGUYEN



#5B - SKOTTIE YOUNG



#6B - JEFF LEMIRE



#7B - TULA LOTAY



#8B - JEFF LEMIRE



#9B - JAMES O'BARR



#9C - STEVE WANDS



#10B - CHRISTIAN WARD



#11B - MICO SUAYAN



#12B - MING DOYLE



#13B - GABRIEL WALTA



#14B - VERONICA FISH



#15B - ARIELA KRISTANTINA



#16B - RAY FAWKES

IT ALL STARTED IN THE TRASH

THE GENESIS OF **GIDEON FALLS**





By JEFF LEMIRE

I've made a lot of comics since 1996, but the first was *GIDEON FALLS*...sort of. This book and the story it holds has a longer gestation period and a longer origin story than any other comic I've ever made. I am often asked where a certain idea for one of my books came from, and the truth is I never really know. Most stories grow really organically, like a snowball, where one little idea meets another and another and it's hard to trace it back to what started the snowball rolling. But I can remember the exact day and exact moment that Norton Sinclair was born. It was 1997 and I was twenty years old. I had just moved from the farm in Essex County, Ontario, Canada to the big city of Toronto to attend film school. I was in my third year of the program and I needed to come up with an idea for a short film project that we had been assigned. I was walking the streets one day and racking my brain for an idea. I remember passing an alley heaped with garbage bags and trash and I got this little spark of an idea: a guy obsessed with the city's garbage who collected things from it and studied them in his tiny apartment that he had converted into a laboratory. And thus, Norton Sinclair was born.

I shot that short film later that year with the help of friends and fellow students. I turned my own apartment into Norton's "lab" and my fellow student and friend Alex Grunwald played Norton. I wish I had stills from that short film to share (though I also cringe to think how bad it probably is). Norton in my short film wasn't exactly like the character who would star in *GIDEON FALLS* twenty years later. That prototype Norton certainly had the paranoia of his more sophisticated counterpart, but his mission was different. There was no Black Barn yet. Instead, this Norton was looking for some undefined "conspiracy" hidden in the city's trash, and the film ended with him dissecting a cigarette butt that he had found and looking at it under a microscope. Inside that cigarette butt he found a weird alien baby that we pulled off using crude claymation at the time.

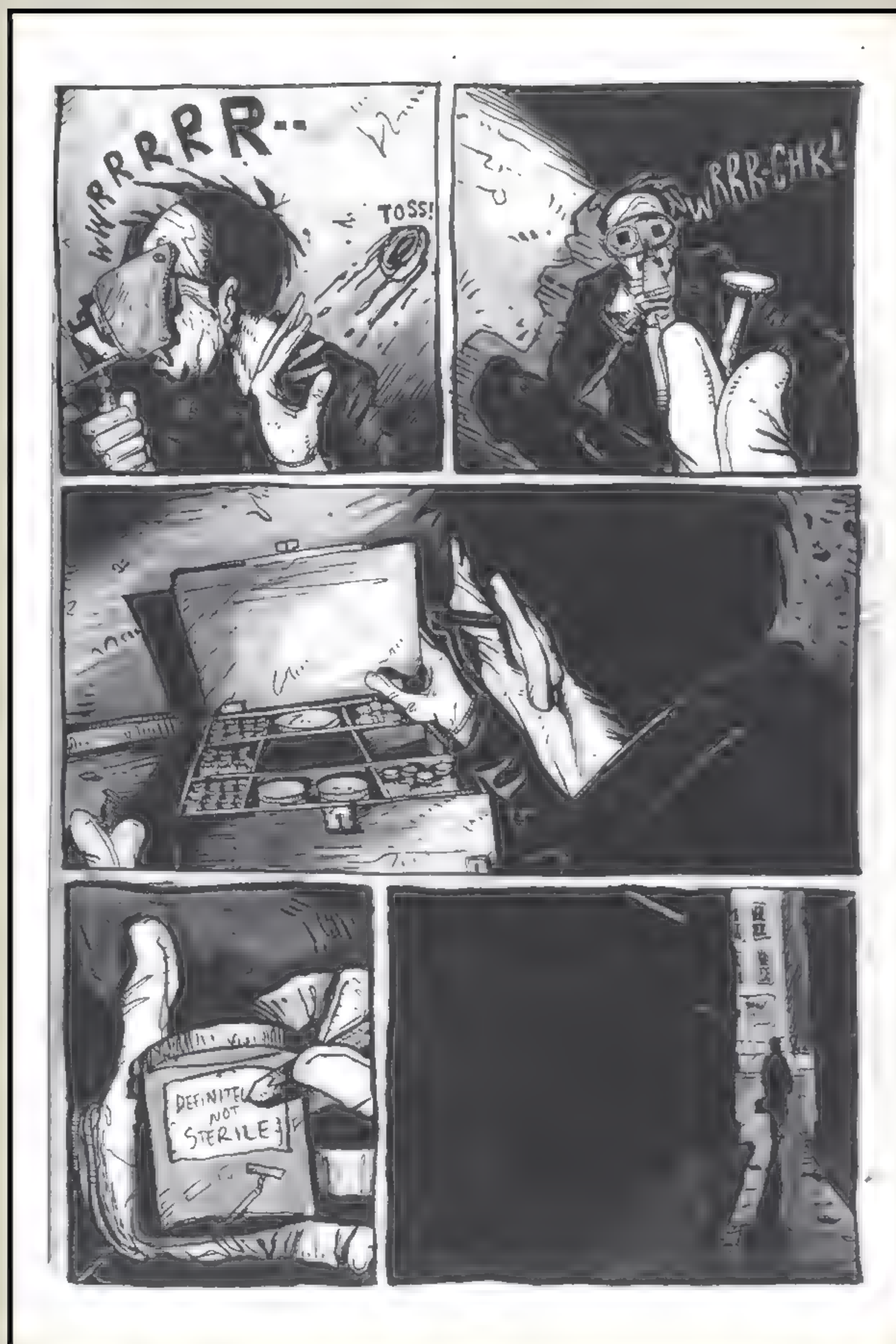
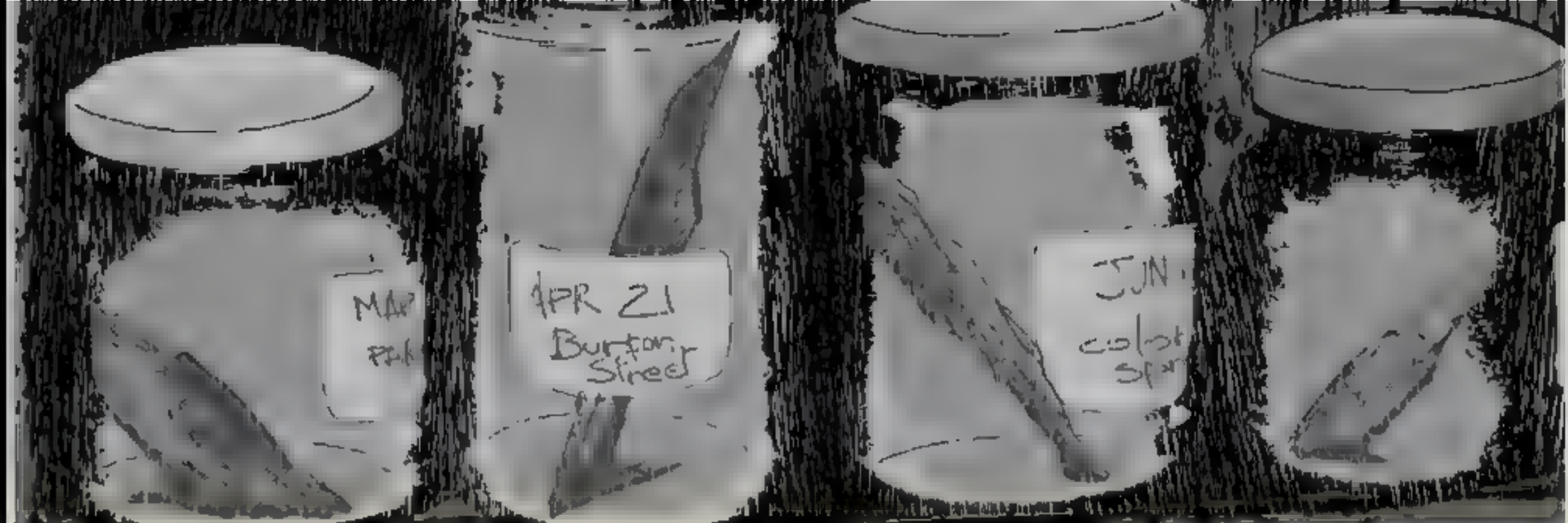
I moved on to other projects, but Norton's story didn't go away. A year or two later, I was almost finished with the film program but was disillusioned with the prospects of a career in the film industry and had really rediscovered my love of comics. I was skipping classes and instead staying home and drawing comics all day.



And the character I kept drawing was Norton Sinclair. Norton's story had grown in scope and the vast conspiracy he was hunting for in the trash had evolved into a sprawling sci-fi/horror story, the details of which I barely remember now. And I had come up with another character too, a guy named Fred. I was juxtaposing his story with Norton's in this grand opus I was planning. The Fred in this early comic was very, very different from Father Fred in *GIDEON FALLS*. All they really shared was their first name. He wasn't a priest, nor was he in the country. That all came much later. As I—barely—finished the film program in 2000, I started working at various restaurants around Toronto to pay the rent so that I could draw comics all day. And I spent three years trying to draw this massive three-hundred-page graphic novel starring Norton and this other Fred that was now being called "Soft Malleable Underbelly." It was a frustrating but necessary three years. I was self-taught when it came to drawing and cartooning, so my style and my abilities were evolving rapidly, and I kept having to go back and redraw the old pages to match my changing style. After three years of starting and stopping and redrawing and rethinking the story, I finally burnt out on Norton. I realized I needed to focus on shorter stories so that I could experiment and let my style grow. In 2003, I self-published my first mini-comic. It was photocopied, and I

silkscreened the covers myself. I printed three hundred copies using every bit of savings and overdraft I had. I had done a few short stories I liked and decided to include the first ten or so pages of Norton's story in this comic. The idea being I would serialize the story like this. I only ever did two issues of this anthology zine/mini-comic, which I titled "Ashtray," and Norton's story actually only made it into the first issue. After that, I ended up moving on and drawing my first graphic novel, *Lost Dogs*, in 2004. In 2005, I got a grant to self-publish that and never did more "Ashtray," or any more of Norton's story. *Essex County* came next and then *Sweet Tooth* and then...well, then a lot of stuff. My career took off, and over the next decade I wrote and drew dozens of different comics and comic series. I left Norton's story in some box stored away somewhere and never really looked back... until *Green Arrow*, and the great Andrea Sorrentino, came into my life.

In 2011 I was a big part of DC Comics' "New 52" relaunch. Say what you want about that initiative now, it was great for me. I landed *Animal Man* and *Green Arrow* and was really able to build a new branch of my career writing comics for other artists as a result. I had seen Andrea's art in the New 52 book *I, Vampire* and really liked it. When I landed the gig writing *Green Arrow*, I knew we

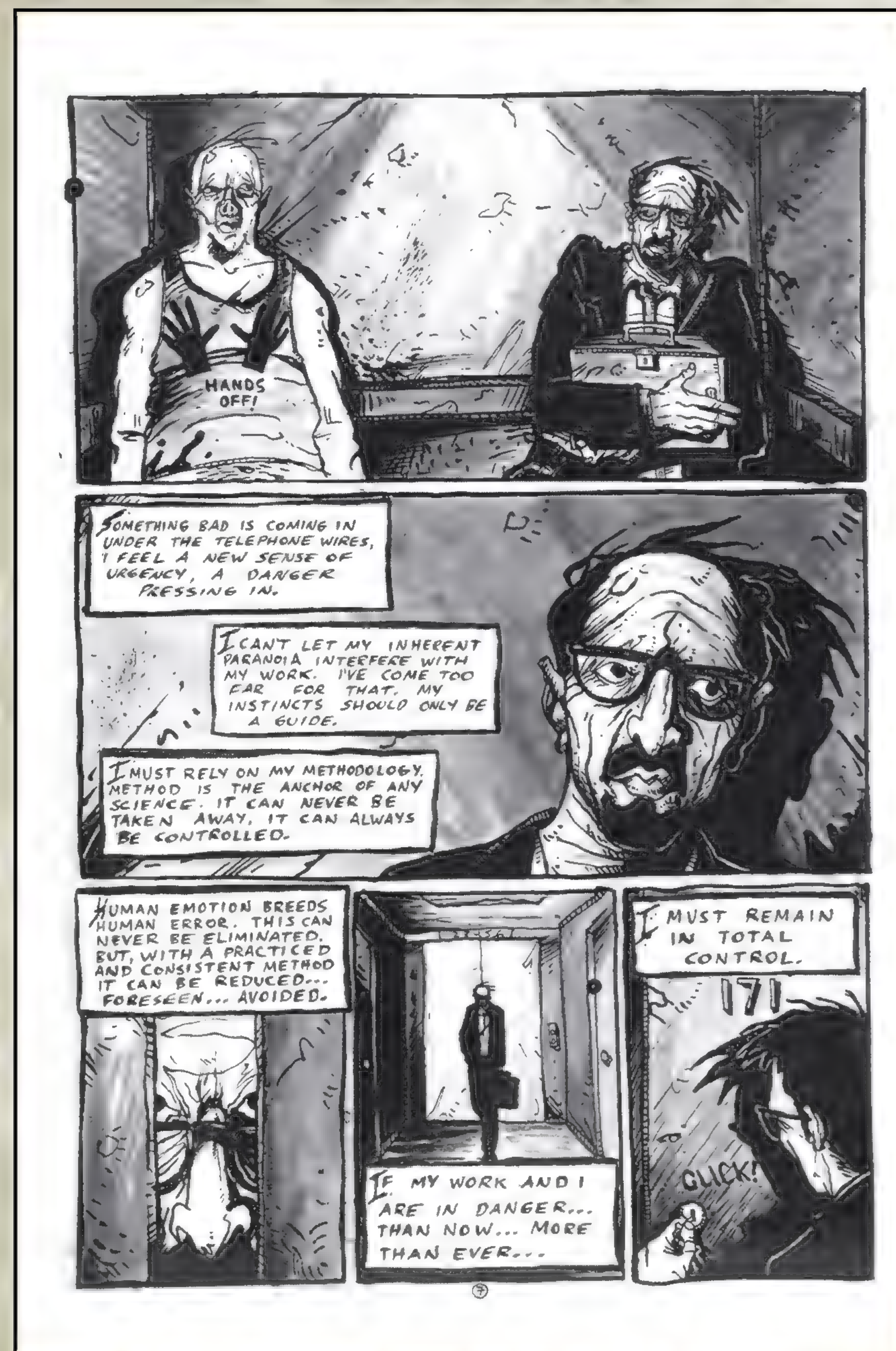


needed an artist who was not your typical mainstream superhero type. We needed someone darker, with a more unique voice and style, and I fought with DC editorial to consider getting Andrea on the book. My lobbying worked, mostly because *Green Arrow* was in the toilet creatively and sales-wise before we got it, so they were desperate to try anything to revive it. Andrea and I immediately had this give-and-take chemistry. We just worked together. I'd try and write ambitious scripts and he would top them with even more ambitious artwork. Then I would up my game and play off what he did, and it just grew.

A few years later, I had moved on to work for Marvel, and Andrea and I managed to get reunited on the *Old Man Logan* series there. Again, we took off and our chemistry and relationship just grew and grew. At that time, around 2016 or 2017, we started talking about doing a creator-owned book together and getting away from the editorial mandates of the "Big Two" publishers. We wanted to do something all our own that we owned and that we could make into whatever we wanted without answering to anyone. I started fishing around for ideas. I wanted something that suited Andrea's dark, bold style. He also wanted to do horror.

Okay, one slight step backwards...a couple of years before, around 2015, I had come up with this idea for a series called *The Black Barn*. It was a rural supernatural horror story about a priest sent to a small town battling demonic forces, and this mysterious Black Barn that seemed to be the source of the evil. That idea was good but not great. I probably could have hammered it into shape and made a decent rural horror comic out of it, but I knew then that there was something missing. I abandoned that idea and moved on to others.

...Okay, back to 2017 and Andrea Sorrentino. So, as I said, I was fishing for ideas for our big creator-owned collaboration and this *Black Barn* idea I had stuffed away in some folder popped back up. I started playing with that again, but it still failed to really spark for me. And then somehow...I remembered Norton Sinclair. I remembered his obsessive hunt through the city's trash. Then I thought, what if what Norton had been hunting for all that time in the trash were pieces of this Black Barn? Then it all fell together. Father Fred's rural horror story on the farm and Norton's urban conspiracy tale. I put them together. They say opposites attract and in this case the opposites that were Norton and Fred, city and country, sparked big time with the legend of the Black Barn, uniting it all. *GIDEON FALLS* was truly born.



Writing GIDEON FALLS and seeing Andrea's stunning artwork come in every week has truly been a highlight of my career. It was one of the most satisfying books I've ever worked on. It all just flowed. It was never a struggle. The story just came out and I followed it. But I never forgot the book's more difficult origins. Looking back, I needed to go through all the false starts and struggles of that early version of Norton's story to become the writer and artist I am now. And of course it was all worth it, but at the time it was truly difficult. In my twenties I was suffering

from serious depression and anxiety, and all of that was channeled into Norton. I've never reprinted those early Norton comics or any of my first two self-published "Ashtray" mini-comics. Until now...

Including this comic is as close to me bearing my soul as you're likely to get. The first chapter of my very first attempt at a comic. The birth of Norton Sinclair. I've never shown these pages to anyone since publishing that first edition of "Ashtray." I've even

reprinted that comic's hand-silkscreened cover here. I hope you enjoy this peek at the early prototype of Norton. At the time, I could never imagine what he would become, or what my life and career would become. I could never imagine being able to work with such talented people as Andrea, Dave Stewart, Steve Wands, and Will Dennis. I could never have imagined winning an Eisner for this story. I could never imagine *any of it*. I was just a 22-year-old guy, struggling to pay rent and to fight my way through depression and get through the days.

Comics were all I had to keep me sane.

And you know what?

They still are.

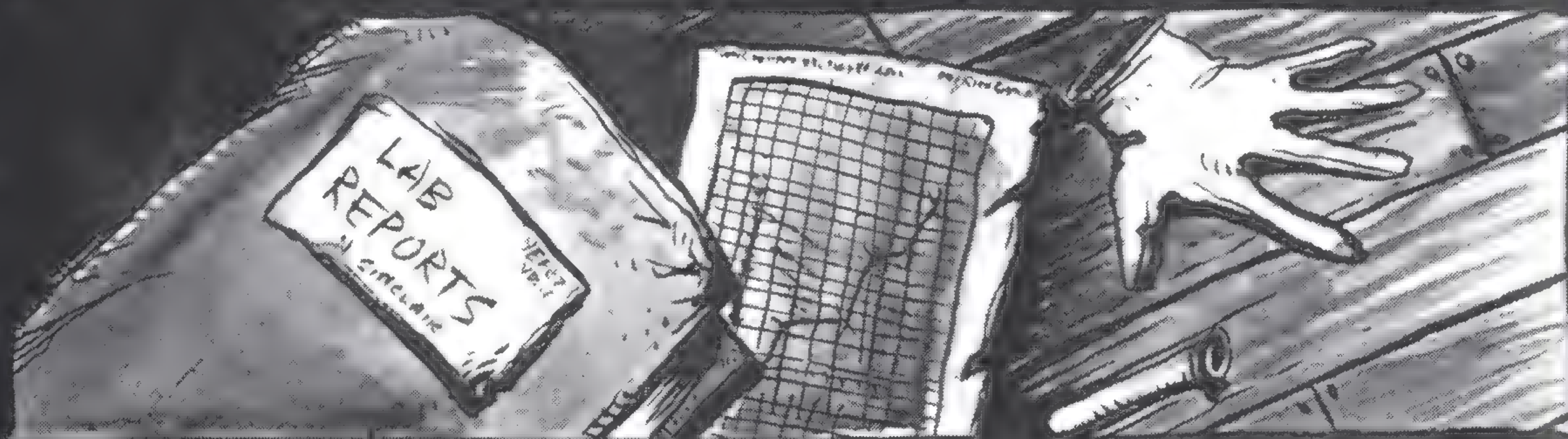
Jeff Lemire
Toronto 2021

ONE HAS TO LOOK
AT THE SMALLEST
THINGS TO FIND THE
BIGGEST ANSWERS.

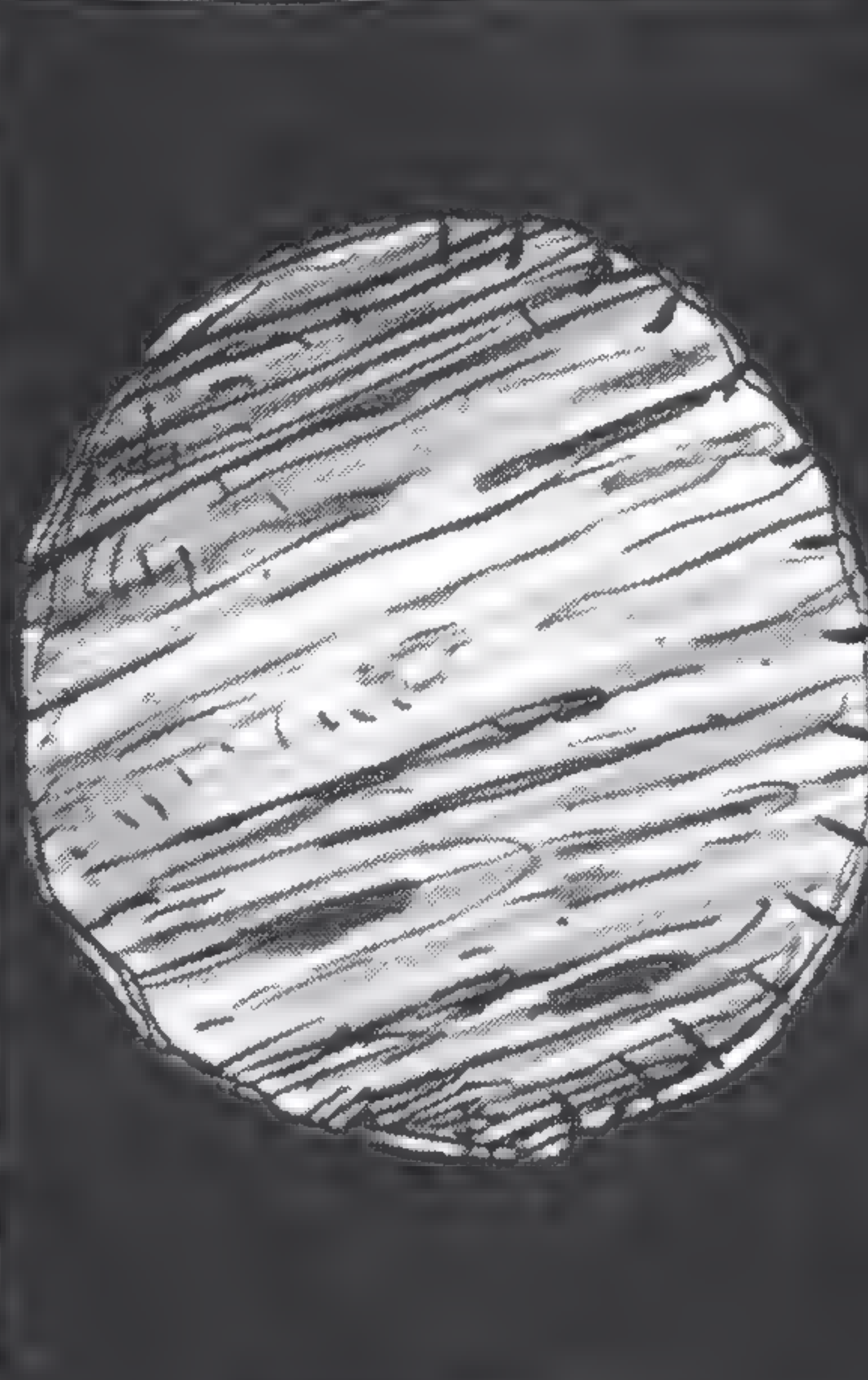
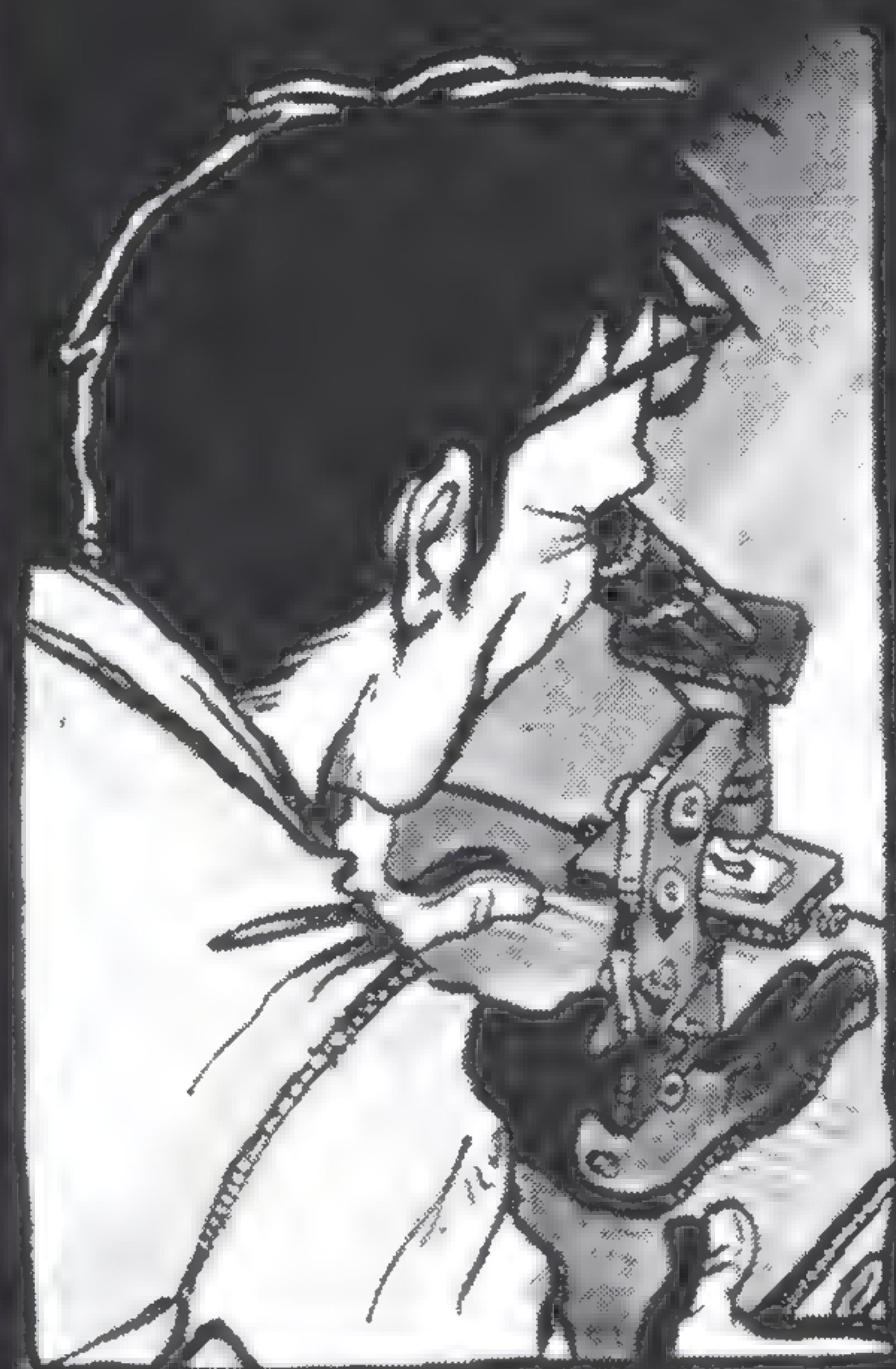


EVEN NOTHING IS
SOMETHING IF YOU
KNOW HOW TO LOOK.

IT ALL SAYS
SO MUCH.



ALMOST TOO
MUCH.



THIS PAPER FASTNER IS 3.3cm IN LENGTH. ITS "STEM" IS 0.3cm IN WIDTH. ITS "HEAD" IS 1.2cm IN DIAMETER.

ITS BRASS FINISH HOLDS TWO TINY SCRATCHES. THE FIRST IS ABOUT 0.00061cm IN LENGTH. THE SECOND 0.003cm.

THAT IS THE EXTERIOR, INSIDE THERE IS MUCH MORE...





DAY 116/YR.1: I PICK UP A TORN HALF OF A PLAYING CARD, THE 8 OF HEARTS, OUTSIDE OF A CANNERY IN THE FACTORY DISTRICT. ITS COATING IS THE SAME WAX COMPOUND FOUND IN THE SCRATCHES ON THE FASTNER.

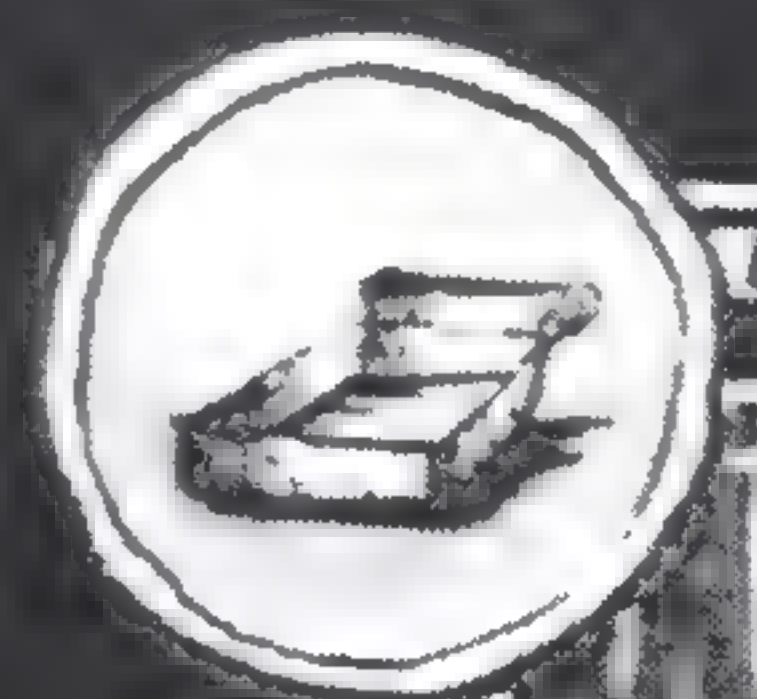
TODAY I CHOOSE THIS BRASS PAPER FASTNER. THE TWO SURFACE SCRATCHES HOLD TRACES OF A WAX COMPOUND AND A LIQUID, 1.65mg COMMON RAIN WATER, LACED WITH 0.48mg OF FORMALDEHYDE AND 0.098mg OF HYDROGEN CYANIDE.



MOST COINCIDENCES ARE PASSED OVER AFTER A MOMENT OF INITIAL ASTONISHMENT.



BUT WHAT IF ONE DID NOT MERELY PASS THEM OVER? WHAT IF HE FOLLOWED THESE COINCIDENCES? ONE LEADING TO ANOTHER AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER...



DAY 212/YR.1: I FIND A SARDINE CAN IN CHINATOWN. FURTHER INVESTIGATION CONFIRMS THAT IT WAS MADE AT THE SAME CANNERY WHERE I PICKED UP THE PLAYING CARD.



DAY 171/YR.2: I COLLECT A CRUSHED PLASTIC COLA BOTTLE BEHIND AN EAST END APARTMENT COMPLEX. INSIDE THERE IS A MOULDY PIECE OF CARDBOARD. RECONSTRUCTION OF THE WORN INK AND TEAR MARKS CONFIRM IT AS THE MISSING PORTION OF THE 8 OF HEARTS.



A WEEK LATER I FIND A BOTTLE CAP IN FRONT OF A SMALL DOWNTOWN LIBRARY BRANCH. ITS BROKEN SEAL MATCHES THE COLA BOTTLE PERFECTLY. INSIDE THE CAP IS A SMALL PORTION OF LIQUID... 1.65mg COMMON RAIN WATER, LACED WITH 0.48mg OF FORMALDEHYDE AND 0.098mg OF HYDROGEN CYANIDE.



THIS IS WHERE
LOGIC ENDS,
METHOD DIES.

SUCH SYNCHRONICITY
CANNOT BE PUT IN
A JAR, CANNOT BE
LABELLED, DEFINED.
WHAT I CAN'T
DEFINE TERRIFIES
ME.

THEY ARE INCREASING IN
FREQUENCY. DOZENS OF
THESE "TRASH CIRCLES"
IN THE LAST SIX
WEEKS ALONE.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
WHERE ARE THEY
LEADING ME?

I CAN ONLY BELIEVE
THAT THE MAN OF THE
PAST IS ALIVE IN THE
MAN OF TODAY, AS
JUNG PROPOSED. THAT
I AM CONTINUING
THE QUEST OF THIS
COLLECTIVE MAN.

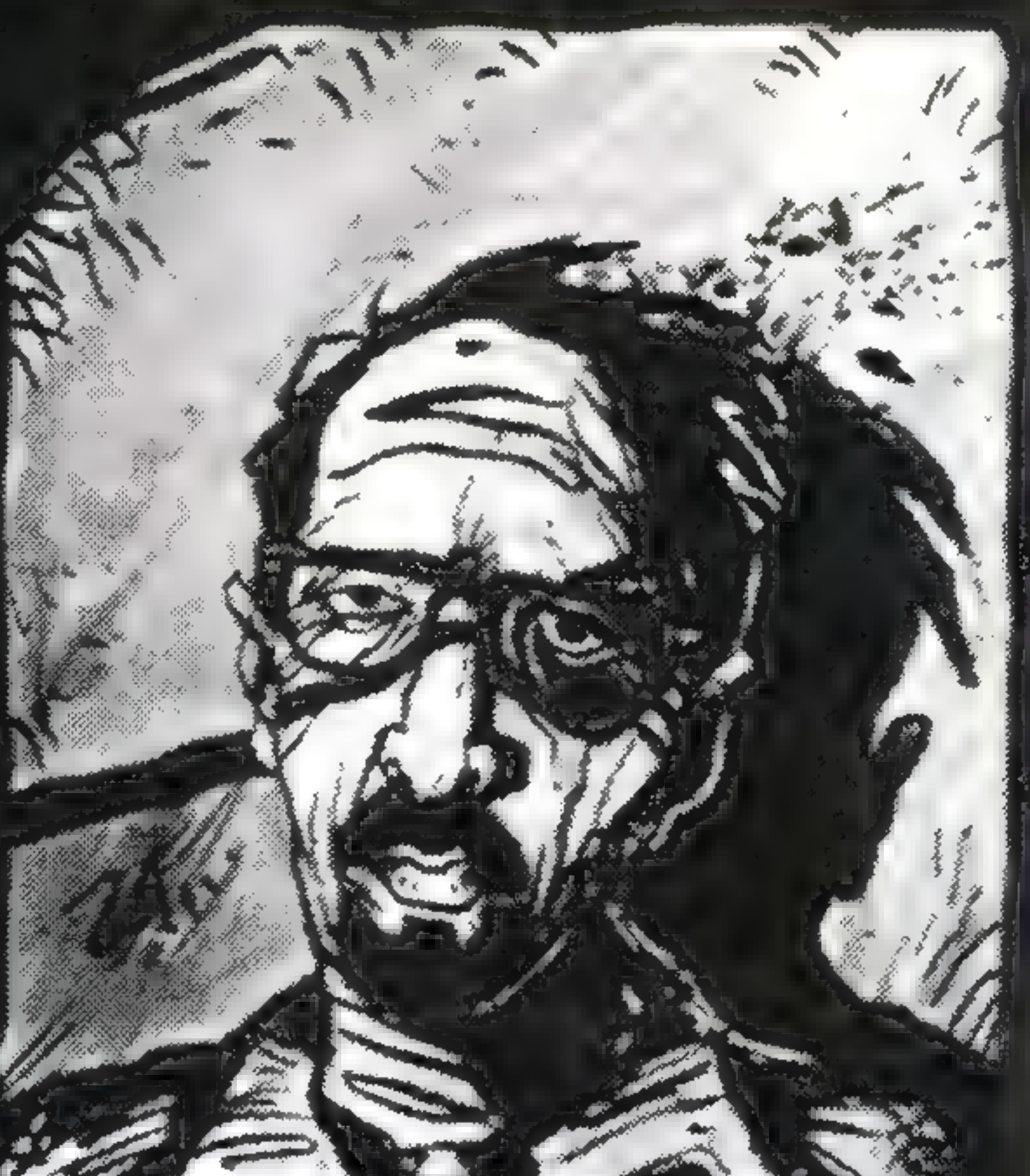
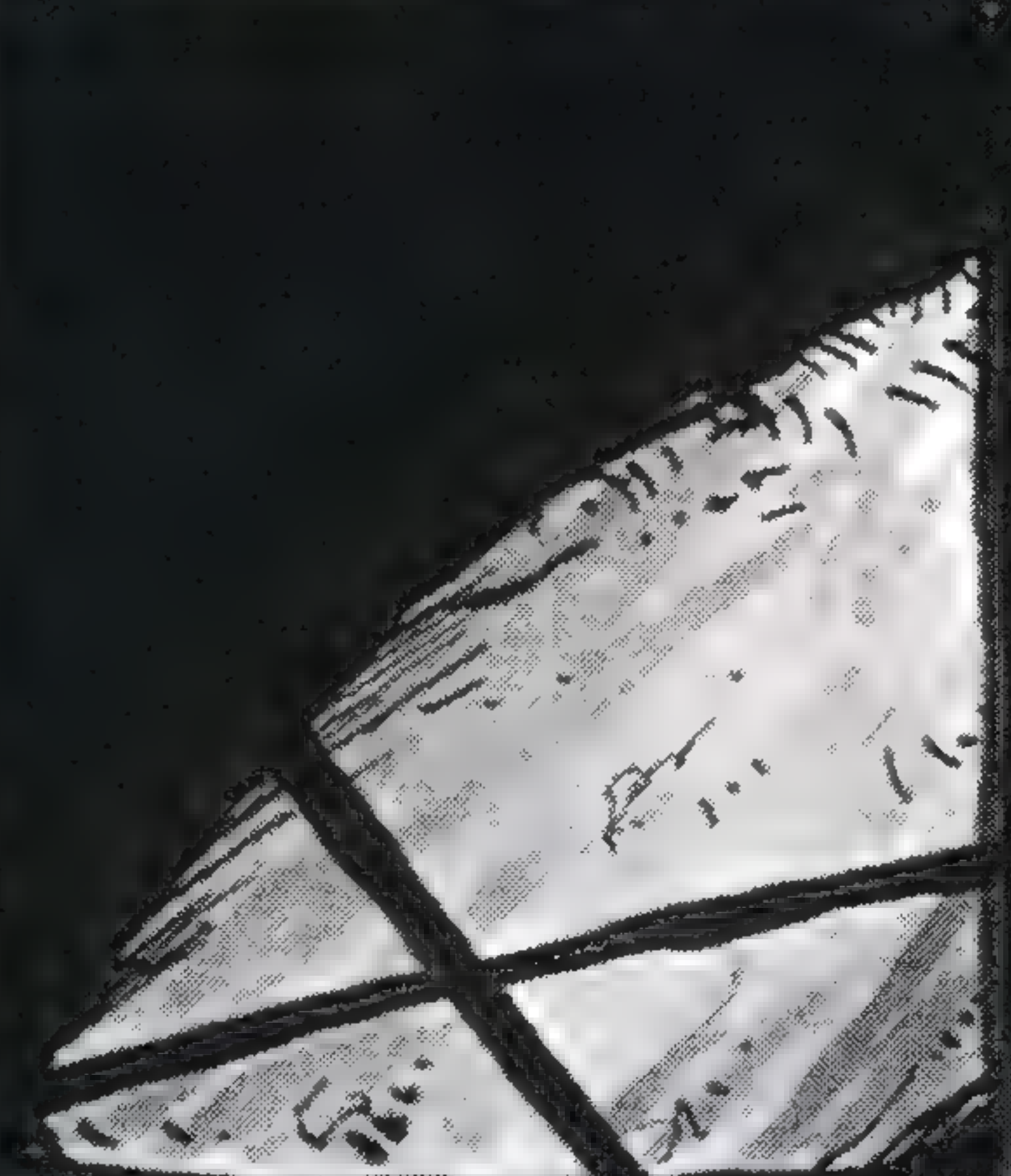
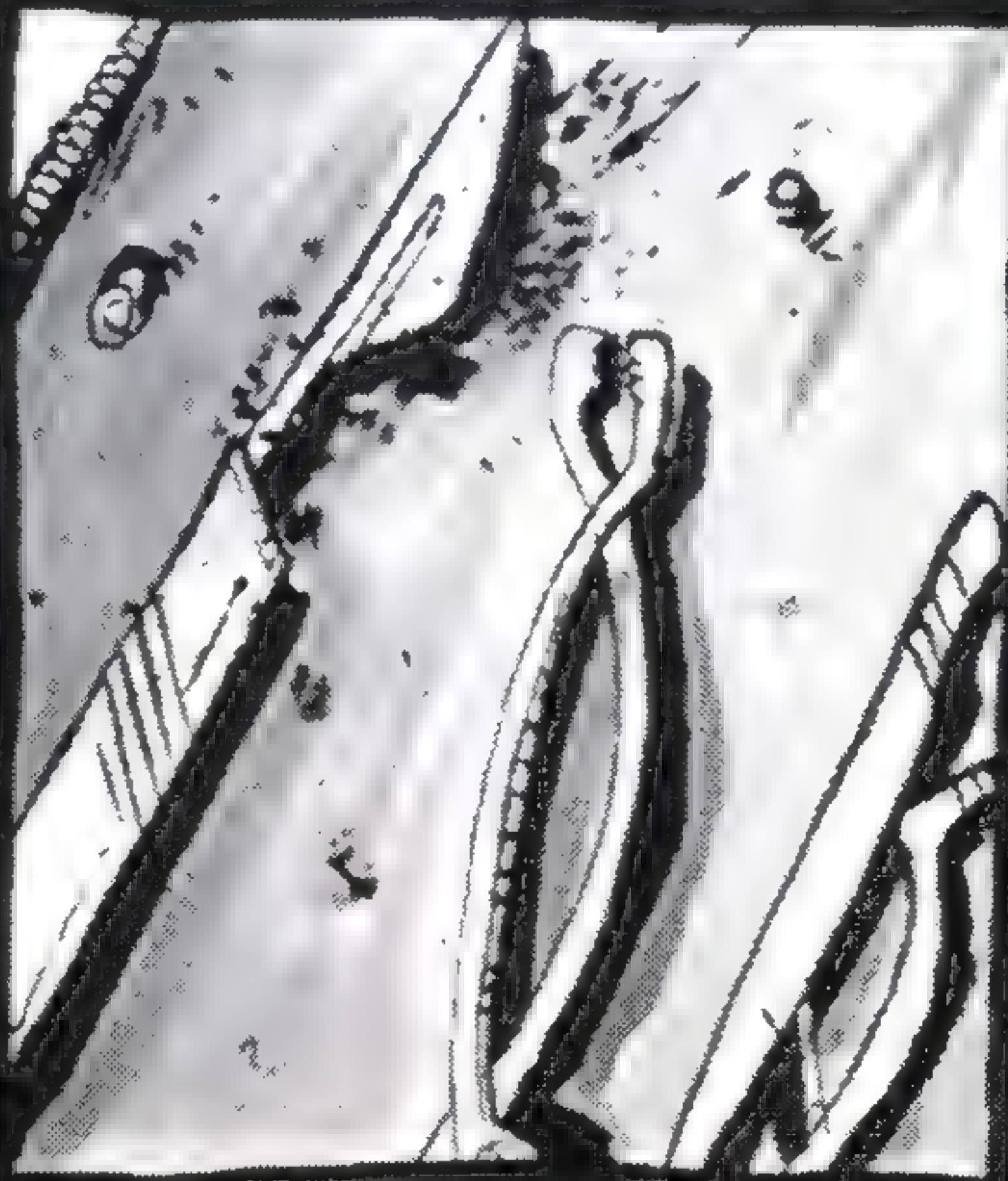
HIS CLUES ARE IN
ME, WAITING TO
BE FOUND, EXPOSED.

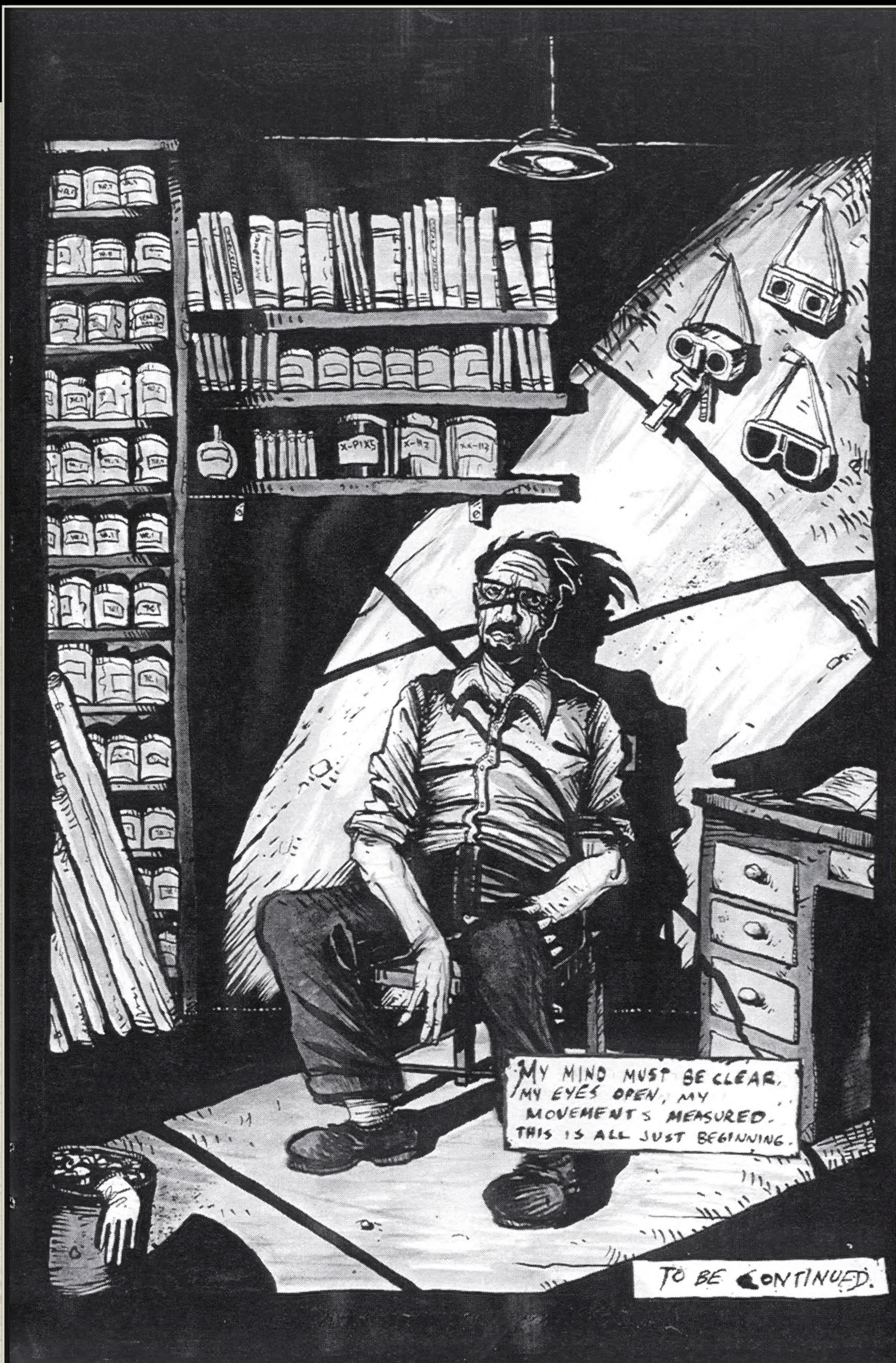
THIS IS WHERE THEY
ARE HIDING... IN THE
DISCARDED, THE
UNWANTED, WHAT'S
LEFT BEHIND.

OR AM I JUST CHASING
CRYPTIC, ARBITRARY
CIRCLES?

FOR AN INSTANT THE
THOUGHT OF QUITTING
CRIPPLES ME...

BUT I KNOW I CAN'T
STOP...









"Saturated with a horrific sense of anxiety."

—*Entertainment Weekly*

The first book of the Eisner Award-winning horror series from writer JEFF LEMIRE (*ASCENDER*, *Sweet Tooth*, *Black Hammer*) and artist ANDREA SORRENTINO (*Old Man Logan*, *Joker: Killer Smile*) collected in a deluxe edition hardcover!

The lives of a washed-up Catholic priest arriving in a small town full of dark secrets and a reclusive young man obsessed with a conspiracy in the city's trash become intertwined around the mysterious legend of the Black Barn—an otherworldly building alleged to have appeared in both the city and the small town throughout history, bringing death and madness in its wake.

Rural mystery and urban horror collide in this character-driven meditation on obsession, mental illness, and faith from the creators that writer BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS said "will go down as one of the greatest comic teams of all time!" This edition features plenty of extras including a special origin essay from Lemire—with behind-the-scenes insight into the series' genesis—plus a special variant cover gallery from some of comics' best artists, like CLIFF CHIANG, JOCK, TULA LOTAY, SKOTTIE YOUNG, and many more!



RATED M / MATURE
HORROR / OCCULT & SUPERNATURAL

D.R. & QUINCH

